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LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

VOL. VIII.

OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

BY

AGNES STRICKLAND

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VOL. 8.

LONDON.
HENRY COLBURN, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1844

LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

FROM

THE NORMAN CONQUEST;

WITH

ANECDOTES OF THEIR COURTS,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM

OFFICIAL RECORDS AND OTHER AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS,

PRIVATE AS WELL AS PUBLIC.

BY

AGNES STRICKLAND.

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"The treasures of antiquity laid up
In old historic rolls, I opened."

BEAUMONT.

VOL. VIII.

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HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
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1845.

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LONDON:
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TO

HER MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,

Our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria,

THE LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND

ARE BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION INSCRIBED,

WITH FEELINGS OF PROFOUND RESPECT AND LOYAL AFFECTION,

BY HER MAJESTY'S FAITHFUL SUBJECT

AND DEVOTED SERVANT,

AGNES STRICKLAND.

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HENRIETTA MARIA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF CHARLES I. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

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When the beautiful daughter of Henry the Great became the bride of Charles I., two centuries had elapsed since France had given a queen-consort to England. The last was Margaret of Anjou—that queen of tears. Perhaps the crowned miseries of Margaret had offered an alarming precedent to her country-women of high degree, for though several French princesses had been wooed by English

monarchs, not one had accepted the crown matrimonial of England; till in 1625, Henrietta Maria wedded Charles, and at the same time became the partaker of a destiny so sad and calamitous, that she, in the climax of her sorrows, surnamed herself, *La reine malheureuse.*

The father of this princess was the most illustrious sovereign in Europe; she was the youngest child of Henry IV. of France, and of his second wife, Marie de Medicis. Unfortunately the mind of the Italian queen was by no means congenial with that of the royal hero of France; she was weak, bigoted, and petulant, and to the failings in her character most of the future misfortunes of her children may be traced. Neither was Marie de Medicis well treated by her husband, and perpetual jealousy and flagrant wrongs did not improve her disposition. One great point of dispute between the royal pair, was that Henry IV. had never permitted his wife to be crowned, although she had brought him a beautiful family, consisting of three living sons and two daughters. He used to say himself, "that his children were the prettiest creatures in the world, and that his happiest moments were passed in playing with them;"[1] nevertheless a weak superstition prevented this great monarch from settling some disputes regarding his marriage with their mother,[2] by consenting that her coronation should take place.

The queen obtained this concession just before she added to his family a sixth child and third daughter, by the birth of the subject of this biography. The princess was born at the Louvre, Nov. 25, N.S., 1609. The king, his ministers, and council, with all the princes of the blood, were as usual present at the birth of the royal infant, who was, according to custom, presented to her father before being dressed. Henry took the babe, held it up, acknowledged her as his offspring, and then delivered her to the royal governess, madame de Monglat, who had thus received all her brothers and sisters[3] at the time of their births; this lady then retired to dress the little princess. The babe was reared in the same

[1] See a quotation from one of his letters in the Mémoires de Sully.

[2] Mémoires de Sully, vol. ii. The disputes arose from his pre-contract with his insolent mistress Verneuil.

[3] Official memoir of the births of the children of Henry IV. by the medical attendant.

nursery with her brother Gaston, who was at that time an infant about fifteen months old.

While the queen kept her chamber after the birth of this child, by her tears and importunities she induced her royal husband to give orders[1] that her coronation should take place directly after her recovery. Meantime the infant had a grand baptism; she was presented at the font by the Cardinal Maffeo Barbarini,[1] the papal nuncio at Paris, afterwards the celebrated pope Urban VIII., who was one of the most learned men in Italy, and an elegant poet. This sponsor gave the princess the name of Henrietta Maria, called in France, Henriette Marie. She was the most lovely of a lovely family; she was the darling of her illustrious father, being the child of his old age, his name-child; and she resembled him in features and liveliness more than any other of his family.

Henriette was just five months old when all the preparations for the long-delayed coronation of her mother were completed at the abbey of St. Denis. Henry IV. still put off this ceremonial as long as he could, for some fortune-tellers, who were most likely bribed by his audacious mistress, madame de Verneuil, had predicted that he would not survive his queen's coronation one day.[2] Strange it is that the mind of so great a man should be liable to such weakness, but so it was. It is probable that the rumour of this prediction, and of the importance that the king placed on it, first excited the insane fanatic who murdered him to fulfil it, and thus it brought its own accomplishment.

This fatal coronation at last took place on May 13, 1610. Notwithstanding her tender age, the infant Henriette was present at St. Denis. She was held in her nurse's arms on one side of her mother's throne,[3] and was surrounded by her elder brothers and sisters, who likewise assisted at the grand ceremonial, and were, with her, recognised as the children of France. These were, Louis the Dauphin,

[1] Bossuet, Funeral Oration on Henriette Marie.

[2] For some months before it took place, Sully in his memoirs mentions repeatedly the prediction, and Henry's reluctance to the queen's coronation. Sully was quite as superstitious as his master; but this is a weakness they shared with queen Elizabeth, and all the leading characters of their day.

[3] Life of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

who became, a few hours after, Louis XIII.; Elizabeth (afterwards the wife of Philip III. of Spain); Henry, duke of Orleans (who died young); Christine (afterwards married to the duke of Savoy); and the infant Gaston, duke of Anjou, so well known in history afterwards as duke of Orleans.

The king and his children returned to Paris after the coronation, but the queen remained at the abbey, in order to make her grand entry into Paris on the following Monday, which was considered the most important part of the pageant.

The next day the mind of Henry IV. was utterly overwhelmed and depressed by the remembrance of the prediction which threatened him; and to divert his thoughts, he ordered his youngest son, Gaston, in whose infant frolics he took the greatest delight, and the baby princess Henriette, to be brought to him; and in the wholesome relaxation of playing with these dear ones, the hero recovered his usual hilarity, and despising his superstitious fears, he went out as usual in his coach,[1] through the streets of Paris. He was brought home pierced to the heart by the knife of the maniac regicide, Ravaillac. Thus was our Henriette, with all France, rendered fatherless.

The whole of the dreary night of the 14th of May, the melancholy and terrified inmates of the Louvre kept watch and ward over the body of their murdered king, and his little children. At first it was believed that the blow was struck by some political enemy, and that a great insurrection would succeed. The royal little ones, the eldest of whom, Louis XIII., was but nine years old, were barricaded in the guard-room of the Louvre, and the king's guards, in armour and with their partizans crossed, surrounded them.[2] During this awful vigil, all hearts beat high with anxiety, and no eyes closed except those of the infant, Henriette, whose peaceful slumbers in her nurse's arms formed a contrast to the alarm around her. It was soon discovered that the murder of Henry the Great arose from private malice or madness, and that all the French people mourned his loss as much as his family; on which the royal children were restored to their mother, and returned to their usual apart-

[1] Mémoires de Sully. [2] L'Etoile.

ments. There the little Henriette remained secluded till the 25th of June following, the day she was six months old; when her great father's obsequies took place. She was carried forth in the arms of madame de Monglat, and made one in the long, doleful procession from Paris to St. Denis. She was required personally to assist in the sad solemnity. An asperge being put into her innocent hand, she was made to sprinkle his murdered corpse with holy water,[1] in that part of the funeral ceremony, where the nearest relatives and friends of the deceased walk in procession round the bier, and perform this picturesque act of remembrance. It is still a national custom in Normandy for infants to be thus carried.

The next public appearance of the royal babe was at the coronation of the little king, her brother, Louis XIII., which took place in the cathedral of Rheims, October 17, 1610, when she was little more than ten months old. Henriette was carried, at this ceremony, in the arms of the princess of Condé[2], herself an historical character of no little interest. The princess of Condé had just returned, with her high-spirited husband, from exile in Flanders, whither the lawless passion of the late king had driven them.

Since the death of Henry the Great, his widow had been appointed to the regency of France, during the minority of the little king. Then the folly and weakness of her character became manifest by her conduct in dismissing her husband's popular ministers, and exalting her own unworthy countryman and domestic, Concini, to the head of the French government. This outrage produced the natural consequence of a violent insurrection, led by the princes of the blood; the little Henriette and the rest of the royal children were hurried from Paris to Fontainbleau, till the faction was appeased.[3] It was the first movement of civil war, which never ceased to rage in France during the domination of Marie de Medicis as queen-regent.

Blois and Fontainbleau were the two palaces where

[1] Memoirs of the Life and Death of Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I., dedicated to Charles II., 1671. A very scarce and valuable private history of this queen. We have been favoured with the copy by the kindness of sir George Strickland, M.P., from the library of his learned and lamented brother, Eustachius Strickland, Esq., of York.

[2] Ibid. [3] L'Etoile.

Henriette resided chiefly in her infancy. About twelve months afterwards, the duke of Orleans, the second brother of Henriette, sickened and died. A great outcry was made against M. le Maitre, the physician who attended on the royal infants; for no one connected with royalty was believed, in that age of crime and slander, to die by the visitation of God, but all by the malice of man. The consequence was, that the queen-regent was forced to effect a temporary reconciliation with the relatives of her royal husband, and invite all the princes and princesses of the blood to see the five surviving children.[1]

Before the little Henriette had completed her third year, she was carried to the nuptial festival of her eldest sister, Elizabeth, with the king of Spain, which was kept with the utmost splendour at the palace of the Place Royale.

Henry IV., from the first moments of their existence had, with his own hands, severally consigned his infants to the care of madame de Monglat, a lady who was distantly related to the queen. The beautiful daughter of madame de Monglat, who was about the same age with the elder princesses, had an appointment in the nursery of Henriette; she exercised through life no little influence over her mind. The young king (who was treated with great severity by the queen-regent) was excessively fond of madame de Monglat, and called her Mamanga; and the princess Henriette called mademoiselle de Monglat, who superintended her infant toilette and arrangements, by the same endearing appellation, as we shall see in her letters. The word is an Italian amplification of endearment, meaning mamma: the children of France had probably learned it from the lips of their Italian mother. Meantime the love of the infant, Henriette, for her own mother amounted to passion, for with the partiality often noted in weak parents, the queen indulged her not a little, and probably spoiled her.

Of all persons that ever reigned, Marie de Medicis was the worst calculated to train a future queen-consort for England, and the sorrows of her daughter in future life, doubtless were aggravated by the foolish notions of the infallibility of sovereigns which had been instilled into her young mind.

Henriette, and her young brother, Gaston, received the

[1] Life of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

practical part of their education from M. de Brevis, a very learned man, who had been attached to several embassies. How this nobleman managed the princess is not known: he controlled her brother Gaston, by tying a rod to his sash when he deserved punishment.

There is a miniature oil-painting, in beautiful preservation, to be seen at this hour, with other curiosities, in the Hotel de Cluny, at Paris, which quaintly represents the princess and her brother Gaston in their childhood. Their mother, queen Marie de Medicis, is seated at dinner, in a chamber at the Louvre, or perhaps the Place Royale. The croissié windows open on a garden with orange trees and embroidered parterres; to the left of the royal dinner table is a state bed of scarlet velvet, with a scarlet velvet counterpane: the queen sits at the head of the table in a grand velvet fauteuil. Madame de Monglat is at dinner, seated at her left hand, and in an angle, screened from general observation by the draperies of the queen and their governess, are seated, both in the same low chair, very near the ground, the *petite Madame* (princess Henriette) and the *petit Monsieur* (Gaston, duke of Orleans). They are about the ages of three and four, but their costumes are, according to the usages of the era, grotesque miniatures of the reigning fashions. The little Henriette wears the ruff, the hood, cap, and puffed sleeves of that era; and her childish brother has the broad beaver hat, looped up, a scarlet velvet cloak, and hose. The conduct of this infant cavalier is by no means in unison with his mature garb. The queen has just given her little ones "somewhat from the dinner table." Henriette holds on her lap the dish, out of which both are eating; she looks askance on Gaston, somewhat disdainfully, without condescending to turn her head, for he has abstracted a large piece, more than his share, from the dish, and is devouring it greedily. The little princess seems equally shocked at his breach of etiquette as at his gluttony. She is in the act of raising her elbow to admonish him: the expression of her face is most amusing. The queen, in profile, slily notes the proceedings of her infants. Two beautiful maids of honour wait behind them. The whole gives a lively picture of the queen-regent's court, in home life. No male attendant is present in this scene.

The religious education of the princess Henriette was

guided by an enthusiastic Carmelite nun, called Mère Magdelaine. She visited this votary at stated times during her childhood, and consulted her constantly respecting her conduct in life.[1] It is possible that the Carmelite might be sincere and virtuous, and yet not calculated to form a character destined to a path in life so difficult as that of a Roman-catholic queen in protestant England.

The taste for solid learning in the education of princesses was somewhat on the decline in the seventeenth century; and in the place of the elaborate pedantry which had prevailed in the preceding age, the lighter acquirements were cultivated. Henriette, and her play-fellow duke Gaston, had inherited inclinations for the fine arts from their Medician ancestors: they were distinguished for passionate love of painting, practical skill in architecture, and scientific knowledge of music. In after life the princess Henriette lamented her ignorance of history to madame de Motteville, declaring that she had had to learn her lessons of human life and character solely from her own sad experience, which was acquired too late, when the irrevocable past governed her destiny. Marie Antoinette made nearly the same observation, when educating her children in the doleful prison of the Temple. The ancient pedantry had at least the advantage of introducing its pupils to the startling facts contained in the pages of Tacitus and Livy. In place of such acquirements the youngest daughter of France learned to dance exquisitely in the court ballets, and to cultivate a voice, which was by nature so sweet and powerful, that if she had not been a queen, she might have been, as Mr. D'Israeli truly observes, prima donna of Europe. The education of the young princess was perpetually interrupted by the recurrence of some gorgeous state-pageant or other, in which her presence was required. When she was but six years old her mother took her to Bordeaux, to be present at the imposing ceremonial of delivering her eldest sister Elizabeth to the young king of Spain, as his wife, and receiving in exchange Anne of Austria, the Spanish bride of Louis XIII.[2] The family intercourse between Henriette and her sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, thus began at a very tender age; and she was domesticated with this sister-in-law most intimately for ten years before she left France.

[1] Bossuet. [2] Life of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

The political position of the princess Henriette, as a younger daughter, in a country where the salique law prevailed, did not seem to authorize her mother in thus perpetually bringing her before the public. Perhaps the queen-regent used her infantine beauty, and the passionate tenderness with which it was well known the people of France regarded this child of their great Henry, as a means of counteracting her own deserved unpopularity. With this view the young princess formed one in the grand entry of Paris, which took place at the pacification between the queen-regent and the princes of the blood, May 11, 1616. This peace proved but a short respite to the civil war which desolated France during the regency of Marie de Medicis. Her reign was, however, soon after brought to a conclusion, by the slaughter of her favourite Concini, and the assumption of power by the boy-king of France and his boy-minister the duke of Luynes. The queen-mother was sent under restraint to the castle of Blois, where her captivity was softened by the society of her favourite daughter. Nearly three years of the life of the princess Henriette were passed in this seclusion, till she was drawn from her mother's prison to be present at the wedlock of her second sister, Christine, with the duke of Savoy. Henriette was not suffered to return to her mother after this ceremony. She was the only unmarried daughter of France; and her own marriage now became matter of consideration by her brother's ministry. The next year, 1620, a reconciliation was effected between the queen-mother, Marie de Medicis, and her son, Louis XIII. By means of her almoner, who afterwards obtained such notoriety as cardinal Richelieu, she acquired more influence in the government of France than ever, and of course took a decided part in the disposal of her daughter. The count of Soissons, a younger prince of the Condé branch of the royal family, pretended to the hand of the princess very pertinaciously. He claimed it, in reward of his great services at the siege of Rochelle. His addresses were not discouraged, although hopes were entertained that the young princess would become queen of Great Britain. This prospect did not appear till after the marriage between Charles, prince of Wales, only surviving son of James I., was broken off with the long-wooed infanta.

The early youth of Charles has already been detailed in

the biography of his mother, Anne of Denmark: we left him in 1619 by her deathbed. Since that time he had become the most elegant and accomplished prince in Europe, both in mind and person. Deeply impressed with the idea that a man's affections must be possessed by his wedded partner, whether he were prince or peasant, if he had any hopes of leading a virtuous and happy domestic life, he had early set his mind on wooing in person the bride to whom his hand was destined. The Scottish princes, since the time of their high-spirited ancestor, James V., had shewn consideration to the feelings of the princesses they had married, seldom known in the annals of royalty.[1] Instead of receiving a bride as a shuddering victim, consigned to the mercy of a perfect stranger, James V. and James VI. had encountered considerable dangers to make acquaintance with their wives, and induce some friendship and confidence before the nuptial knot was tied. This family example was implicitly followed by Charles when he undertook the romantic voyage incognito to Spain, accompanied by the duke of Buckingham, in order to woo Maria Althea, the second daughter of Philip III. of Spain, and the sister of the young sovereign Philip IV. On this expedition, as they passed through Paris, the prince of Wales and Buckingham, disguised in perukes, and attired in dresses which they considered in keeping with their travelling names of Tom Smith and John Brown, obtained a view of the royal ladies of the French court. The duke de Montbazon, lord chamberlain to the queen of France, seeing two Englishmen among the Parisian crowd, who thronged as usual to gaze on the royal family, gave them places without recognising their persons. The prince and his friend witnessed the rehearsal of a ballet in which the beautiful young queen of France danced, accompanied by her sister-in-law, the princess Henriette, who was childish in person, and had scarcely attained her fifteenth year. Although she had not seen the prince in his disguise, yet when she heard of his adventures, so captivating to the

[1] Melville mentions in his Memoirs that, while the second marriage of James V. was debated in his council, that prince secretly departed from his palace in the disguise of a court page; and after he had arrived at the court of France he rejected the princess of Vendôme, to whom he had been destined, and chose the lovely widow of the duke of Longueville for his queen.

female heart, she was heard to say, with a sigh, "The prince of Wales need not have gone so far as Madrid to look for a wife."[1]

The contemporary French memoirs of count de Brienne and madame de Motteville, surmising causes by events, affirm that the love which struck Charles for Henriette at this view, occasioned the whole failure of his purpose in Spain; and that, in consequence, he entered that country resolved to break his engagement with the infanta. But we must go a little nearer to the fountain-head for truth in this matter. Anne of Austria, the young queen of France, (sister to the one lady, and sister-in-law to the other,) spoke differently. Forgetting her sisterly interest in the infanta out of zeal for her new country, she said, "She regretted that when the prince of Wales saw her and *madame* (Henriette) practise their masque, that her sister-in-law was seen to so much disadvantage by him, afar off, and by a dim light, when her face and person have most loveliness considered nearer."[2] The attention of Charles was assuredly wholly absorbed in surmising whether the infanta he was going to woo bore any resemblance to her eldest sister, this beautiful young queen of France. His feeling is apparent in a letter he wrote to his father after this adventure, in which he says:—

"Since the closing of our last we have been at court again, (we assure you we have not been known,) where we saw the young queen of France, little *Monsieur* (Gaston, duke of Orleans) and *Madame royale*, (Henriette Marie,) at the practising of a masque, and in it danced the queen and madame, with as many as made up nineteen fair dancing ladies, amongst whom the queen of France is the handsomest, which hath wrought in me a greater desire to see her sister."

It is useless to follow the future husband of Henriette of France through the delusive mazes of his imaginative passion for the infanta, Maria Althea. The woeful matrimony of the Spanish princess, Katharine of Arragon, with Henry VIII., had filled the Spaniards with distrust of an English alliance, on the one hand, and the horrid persecution of the protestants during the wedlock of Philip II. with Mary I., had given the English people still greater cause

[1] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

[2] It was again repeated to madame de Motteville by queen Henrietta Maria herself. See her Memoirs, vol. i.

for disgust at Spanish marriages. The treaty with the infanta was broken off by reason of the extreme unpopularity of the union in both countries, although the court-poet of Madrid, Lope de Vega, composed verses on the wooing, which have obtained an historical celebrity, and the following quatrain was sung to many a guitar at Madrid:

"Carlos Estuardo soy,
Que siendo amor mi guia,
Al cielo d'Espana voy,
Per ver estrella Maria."

Charles himself translated the lines—

"Charles Stuart I am,
Love guides me afar,
To the heavens of Spain,
For Maria my star."

It was in vain that poetry, romance, and mutual preference impelled the marriage; the reasons we have detailed above prevented it. Charles had his heart returned on his hands; and the infanta, after she lost hopes of becoming his wife, resolved to devote herself to a religious life. Some authors actually believe that Maria Althea died a nun professed; she, however, lived to be empress of Germany.[1]

The first idea of a marriage taking place between Henriette of France and Charles, prince of Wales, was suggested to him by her eldest sister Elizabeth. This princess, as the young queen of Spain, wife of Philip IV. was greatly admired by Charles, while at Madrid. He wished to converse with her, but she was so sedulously guarded, by the jealousy of the Spaniards, that it was with the greatest difficulty he obtained the opportunity of addressing to her a few words in French. Although a Frenchwoman, the young queen dared not be heard to answer in her native language. She said, however, in a very low voice, "I must not converse with you in French without permission, but I will endeavour to obtain it." She succeeded, and made use of the opportunity to tell him, "That she wished he would marry her sister Henriette, which, indeed, he would be able to do, because his engage-

[1] Madame de Motteville, who, being the confidante of her sister, Anne of Austria, and herself of Spanish descent, must have known what became of the sister of her royal mistress.

ment with the infanta would be certainly broken." Charles, in the course of this conversation, expressed a hope that he might again renew it at the theatre, where, in the royal box, it appears, the interview took place. But she warned him, very kindly, "never to speak to her again, for it was customary in Spain to poison all gentlemen suspected of gallantry towards the queens." After this charitable intimation, which was perhaps rather premature, the prince of Wales never saw the queen again, for when she went to the theatre, she sat secluded in a latticed box. This incident was related by Charles himself to his wife after his marriage.[1] It is a curious illustration of the manner in which young queens were trained in Spain, and the romantic notions instilled into their minds.

The Spanish wooing certainly smoothed the way for the marriage of Charles and Henriette. It had accustomed the English people to the idea of a catholic queen. Moreover, the alliance with the daughter of the protestant hero, Henry IV. of France, was not by many degrees so offensive as that with the granddaughter of the persecutor of their faith, Philip II. The ice had in some degree been broken with the pope. This pontiff, who was one of the best men that ever filled the papal chair, had a great objection to the marriage with either princess, predicting the utmost misery to Charles if he wedded a catholic; but the powerful catholic sovereigns of France and Spain induced some degree of compliance from him. The marriage articles of the infanta, and the programme of the ceremony, as previously agreed on at Rome, formed a precedent for the terms of the wedlock that actually took place between Charles and Henriette.

Before the engagement with the infanta was formally broken off, James I. sent Henry Rich, lord Kensington, to France, on a secret mission, to ascertain whether the hand of Henriette Marie of France could be obtained for his son.[2] Marie de Medicis, the queen-mother, since the early death of her enemy Luynes, (the boy-minister of her son,) governed the state with greater power than in her ostensible regency, and with her lord Kensington was directed to discuss the alliance.

When the Spanish ambassador resident in Paris guessed the errand of lord Kensington, he endeavoured to raise

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 285.
[2] D'Israeli, p. 97.

distrust at the court of France, by exclaiming to some of the French courtiers, "How! does the prince of Wales, then, mean to wed two wives, since he is nearly married to our infanta?"

These words being carried to the queen-mother of France, had no worse effect than inducing a curious dialogue of explanation between her and lord Kensington.

After some diplomatic manœuvring on both sides, Marie de Medicis drew from the English envoy an admittance that the Spanish engagement was wholly broken, and that king James was desirous of matching his heir with her daughter. The queen-mother observed, "That however agreeable such union might be to all parties, yet as no intimation of such desire had been sent to the court of France, she could not consider the matter seriously," adding, significantly, "the maiden must be sought, she may be no suitor."[1]

The ambassador then owned that he was authorized in what he said; and that his mission, though at present secret, was direct from his king and the prince of Wales.

The object of lord Kensington's visit to the French court soon became public there. Of course it occasioned very earnest discussion among the ladies of the royal household, who eagerly crowded round the handsome Englishman, and questioned him regarding the person and acquirements of the prince of Wales. The ambassador wore a beautiful miniature of Charles enclosed in a gold case, hanging from a ribbon at his bosom. Often when he entered the circle at the Louvre, the French ladies used to petition him to open the miniature, that they might look at the resemblance of the future husband of their young princess. Charles's portrait had been seen by every one but by the lady most interested in it. But Henriette of France was forbidden by the laws of etiquette to mention a prince who had not yet openly demanded her hand. She complained "that the queen and all the other ladies could go up to the ambassador, open the miniature, and consider it as much as they liked, while she, whom it so nearly concerned, could hardly steal a glance at it afar off." In this dilemma she recollected "that the lady at whose house the English

[1] D'Israeli's Commentaries.

ambassador sojourned, had been in her service, and she begged of her to borrow prince Charles's picture, that she might gaze on it as much and as long as she chose." This was done, and when the lady brought it to her, Henriette retired to her cabinet, and ordered her to be called in, and to remain alone with her, "where," continues the ambassador,[1] "she opened the case in such haste as shewed a true indication of her passion, blushing at the instant at her own guiltiness. She kept it an hour in her hands; and when she returned it, gave many praises of your person. Sir, this is a business so fit for secresy as I know it shall never go farther than unto the king your father, my lord duke of Buckingham, and my lord of Carlisle's knowledge. A tenderness in this is honourable, for I would rather die a thousand times than it should be published, since I am by the young princess trusted, who is for beauty and goodness an angel."

It was the intention of lord Kensington to promote favourable inclinations between the prince of Wales and the princess of France before they met, by dwelling on their fine qualities to each other. This course he pursued very successfully, by the means of his prettily-written letters addressed to Charles, and by his eloquent discussions on the beauty, graces, and accomplishments of that prince, during his interviews with the queen-mother and her ladies, and subsequently with Henriette herself.

He says, in one of his letters to the prince at this period—"She is a lady of as much beauty and sweetness to deserve your affections as any woman under heaven can be; in truth, she is the sweetest creature in France, and the loveliest thing in nature. Her growth is little short of her age, and her wisdom infinitely beyond it. I heard her, the other day, discourse with her mother and the ladies about her, with extraordinary discretion and quickness. She dances—the which I am witness of—as well as ever I saw any one; they say she sings most sweetly; I am sure she looks as if she did."[2] In the course of a few days he heard

[1] Correspondence of Lord Kensington (afterwards the earl of Holland) with Charles; printed in the Cabala, February, 1623-4.

[2] Memoir of Henrietta Maria, 1671, quoted from a letter of Kensington to Charles, prince of Wales, dated February 28, 1624, printed nearly the same in the Cabala.

this wonderful voice, and adds to his information, "I had been told much of it, but I found it true, that neither her singing master, nor any man or woman either in France or Europe, sings so admirably as she doth. Her voice is beyond all imagination, and that is all I will say of it."[1] The musical and vocal powers of the queen-mother, Marie de Medicis, were likewise of the first order, and her daughter inherited from her gifts so lavishly bestowed on the children of Italy.

While lord Kensington was thus negociating between the affections of the young royal pair, without having any ostensible responsibility regarding a marriage treaty between them, he experienced very uncivil behaviour from the disappointed suitor of the princess, her cousin, the young count of Soissons. When lord Kensington bowed to him as one of the princes of the blood, he received the salute very scornfully, turning away his head. Count de Grammont, his friend, advised him not to make his displeasure so manifest. Upon which Soissons declared, "that the negociation for the hand of Henriette went so near to his heart, that were it not in behalf of so great a prince, he would cut the ambassador's throat. Nay," continued he, "were it any prince of Savoy, Mantua, or Germany, here in person, soliciting for themselves in this marriage, I would hazard my life against them."[2]

When it was ascertained, by the means of lord Kensington, that the marriage would be agreeable to both royal families, and that the religious prejudices of neither were strong enough to prevent it, James I. sent over an ambassador extraordinary, in the foppish person of one of his favourites, Hay, earl of Carlisle, a courtier chiefly distinguished for his ingenuity in hanging 40,000*l.* worth of finery on his dress. Carlisle being a mere state puppet, the diplomatic part of the marriage treaty was still carried on by the agreeable and elegant Kensington, who was now ostensibly joined with him in the mission. When Marie de Medicis and her daughter gave audience to the English ambassadors, letters and a portrait of Charles were offered by them, in form, to the princess, who, turning to her mother, requested permission to receive them. Leave

[1] Memoir of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 8; Cabala, Feb. 24 to 28, 1624.
[2] Ibid.

being granted by the queen-mother, Henriette took the portrait she had so earnestly desired to possess, and, according to the testimony of the ambassadors, read the letter of the prince with tears of joy, and when she had perused it twice, put it in her bosom, and placed the epistle of the king, his father, in her cabinet. When James I. read this account, he said, in his jocose manner, "The young princess means, by this proceeding, to intimate that she will trust me and love my son. Yet I ought to declare war on her, because she would not read my letter without her mother's consent; but I suppose I must not only forgive her, but thank her, for lodging Charles's letter so well."[1]

In return, a beautiful miniature of the princess was sen to Charles, who was transported at the contemplation of those charms, which, though at present in the bud, when fully developed, rendered her renowned as one of the loveliest queens in history. The only fault that could be found in the person of Henriette at fifteen, was, that she was diminutive in stature; but, as our contemporary memoir states, "the wooing ambassador" assured the king and prince "that the princess Christine, her sister, was not taller at her age, and was at present grown into a very tall and goodly lady."[2]

Lord Kensington requested the queen-mother to authorize a private interview between the princess and him, because he had a message from his prince which he wished to deliver in person. The queen-mother, perhaps for the purpose of eliciting a lively dialogue with the handsome ambassador, appeared to demur as to whether the interview ought to be granted. "She would," writes lord Kensington,[3] "needs know what I meant to say to her daughter."

"Nay, then," quoth I, smiling, "your majesty would needs impose on me a harder law than they in Spain did on his highness" (alluding to the visit the prince made to court the Spanish infanta). "But the case is now different," said Marie de Medicis, "for the prince was in person there; here you are but his deputy." "Yet a deputy," answered I, "who represents his person." "For all that," returned the queen, "what is it you would say to my daughter?" "Nothing," I answered, "that is not fitting

[1] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 10. [2] Ibid.
[3] Cabala, p. 295—4.

the ears of so virtuous a princess." ".But what is it?" reiterated the queen-mother. "Why, then, madam," quoth I, "if you will needs know, it shall be much to this effect, that your majesty having given me liberty of freer language than heretofore, I obey my prince's command in presenting to your fair and royal daughter his service, not now out of mere compliment, but, prompted by passion and affection, which both her outward and her inward beauties have so kindled in him, that he was resolved to contribute the uttermost he could to the alliance in question, and would think success therein the greatest happiness in the world. Such, with some little more amorous language, was to be my communication with her highness." "*Allez—allez!*" smilingly exclaimed the queen-mother of France, "there is no great danger in that." "*Je me fie en vous,*" she continued; "I will trust you."

"Neither did I abuse her trust," continues the elegant ambassador; "for I varied not much from what I said in my interview with madame Henriette, save that I amplified it a little more. She drank it in with joy, and, with a low curtsey, made her acknowledgments, adding, that she was extremely obliged to my prince, and would think herself happy in the occasion that would be presented of meriting a place in the affections of his good grace." The flattering courtier had previously informed Charles "that his reputation, as the completest prince in Europe in manners and person, had certainly raised in the heart of the sweet princess, madame Henriette, an infinite affection."[1]

Notwithstanding this propitious commencement, difficulties, which appeared almost insurmountable, beset the arrangement of every article of the marriage treaty. It even seemed impracticable to agree on a marriage ceremony which should be considered legal and binding, both by the protestants and catholics. Pope Urban was extremely averse to the union, which he predicted would be a disastrous one, and the most dangerous step that his young god-daughter could take. The opinion of the pontiff was founded on his knowledge of the temper of the English people, derived from the information of the seminary priests, actively employed on proselyting missions. He rightly anticipated, that if the royal family of Stuart relaxed the

[1] Cabala, p. 287.

bloody penal laws against the catholics, that their people would not suffer them to reign long. If, on the other hand, King James, or his son, continued those persecutions, how could the princess enjoy one moment's happiness in her wedlock? Thus arguing, pope Urban Barbarini delayed the dispensation, in hopes of frustrating the marriage of Charles and Henriette.[1]

The queen-mother of France was, however, determined to expedite the marriage, whether pope Urban approved or not. After great debate, the English procurators agreed, that the princess and her attendants, with their families and followers, should enjoy the free exercise of their religion in England. To this end she should be provided with chapels, oratories, and chaplains, in the same manner, and with the same privileges as those conceded to the infanta; that her portion should be 800,000 crowns, one moiety to be paid on the day preceding the marriage, the other within twelve months afterwards; and that she should, for herself and for her descendants, solemnly renounce all claim of succession on the French crown.[2] A clause, fraught with evil consequences to both countries, and with ruin to the house of Stuart, was inserted; this was, "that all the children of Henriette should be brought up under her care till their thirteenth year;" thus giving to the catholic mother the opportunity of infusing into their infant minds a bias towards the faith she professed. It is often asserted in history that, by the marriage articles, the children of this union were to be brought up catholics till they arrived at their thirteenth year; this was not expressed, but all reasoning persons will agree that facilities were allowed for it. This clause was broken by Charles I., but of course considered valid by his queen, whenever she had an opportunity.

The treaty was solemnly ratified, Dec. 12, 1624. One of the marriage articles secretly stipulated for a relaxation of the persecution against the catholics; and, in proof that King James meant to observe his promise, he issued instructions, ordering all persons imprisoned for religion to be released, and all fines levied on catholic

[1] Dodd's Church History, edited by Tierney, vol. v. p. 154.

[2] This clause was inserted to prevent a renewal of such fatal wars as arose from the marriages of Isabella of France and Katherine of Valois, which made France desolate and England bankrupt.

recusants to be returned; likewise commanding all judges and magistrates to stop the executions of papists convicted under the penal laws. From this moment may be dated the origin of the direful dissensions between the English parliaments and the Stuart monarchs.

Pope Urban still delayed delivering his dispensation for Henriette's marriage. He required that the toleration on which James had acted should be confirmed publicly; and he forbade his nuncio at Paris to deliver his *breve* of dispensation till this article was ratified.

King James died before the nuncio, Spada,[1] delivered the *breve* of dispensation to the queen-mother of France, and the royal betrothed of Henriette ascended the throne of Great Britain under the title of Charles I. He immediately renewed the marriage treaty on his own authority. Pope Urban's reluctance to grant his dispensation greatly displeased the queen-mother of France, who resolved to follow the precedent of the marriage of Margaret of Valois and Henry of Navarre, and celebrate the marriage without the licence of Rome.* When pope Urban found such was the case, he ordered Spada to deliver the *breve* to the French ministers. "Yet Urban," says one of the Barbarini MSS., "still presaged misery to this marriage. After delaying the *breve* as long as possible, he only granted it to avoid the greater scandal of the princess being wedded without the papal benediction."[2]

The duke de Chevreuse, a prince of the house of Guise, and (through the mother of Mary, queen of Scots) a near kinsman of Charles I., on that account was appointed to represent his person, and give his hand by proxy to Henriette. The ancient custom of marrying at the church door was revived on this occasion. The formula drawn up at Rome, for the direction of the infanta's wedlock with Charles, was observed. This ordained, "that the bride, as soon as the ceremony was over, should enter the cathedral and assist at the mass. Meantime, the English prince should, on the threshold of the cathedral, recognise her as his wife, according to the rites of the catholic church, and with the authority and benediction of the whole pon-

[1] Dodd's Church History, vol. v, and D'Israeli, vol. 1, p. 241.

* The original Italian, from which the above is translated, is printed in Dodd's Church History, vol. v., p. 159.

tificate."[1] It was noticed, as a point of delicacy in the conduct of the duke de Chevreuse, that, although a zealous catholic, when he represented the person of Charles I., his kinsman, he made no more religious concessions than if he had really been a protestant.[2] He withdrew from the mass, and joined the two English ambassadors, who were waiting apart, ready to take their proper places in the bridal procession from Notre Dame. This ceremony took place, May 21, 1625.

Scarcely was the marriage over at the door of Notre Dame, when the duke of Buckingham arrived, quite unexpectedly, with a splendid train of English nobles, in order to escort the young queen of England home.

The whole court and royal family of France prepared to accompany the bride of Charles I., in magnificent progress, to the coast opposite to England; during which they were to be entertained with all the pageantry ingenuity could devise. These diversions, suited as they were to the semi-barbarous magnates of the middle ages—who, fierce as they might be, were in intellect like grown-up children—had begun to be tedious in an age which had produced Sully, Bacon, and Shakespeare. The only pageant of historical interest was one in which the young queen was greeted by representatives of all the French princesses that had ever worn the English crown.[3] They certainly formed a group distinguished by calamity—one was wanting to complete that tableau of beauty and sorrow; and that one, when she took her place on the historic page, is found to be Henriette.

The young king of France was attacked with an illness so violent, that he was forced to give up his intended journey to the coast. The queen-mother, Marie de Medicis, was struck with a dangerous malady on the route at Compeigne, which seems to have occasioned a delay in the arrival of the young queen in England, who was detained by the alarming illness of her mother a whole fortnight at Amiens.[4] Different reports were circulated, assigning secret reasons of this delay; the puritan party invented one which has taken its place in history.

[1] Translated from the Barbarini MS., edited in the Italian by Mr. Tierney Dodd's Church History, vol. iii. p. 160.

[2] Madame de Motteville. [3] D'Israeli's Commentaries, vol. i. p. 133.

[4] Madame de Motteville.

This was that the pope had imposed a fortnight's penance on Henriette, to punish her for wedding a heretic king! The dangerous illness of her mother was the simple, and therefore the more probable cause. At length the queen-mother was convalescent in health, and had acquired sufficient firmness of mind to take leave, as she thought for ever, of her favourite child. As she bade her farewell, she placed in her hand the following letter, the composition of which had been the occupation of her sick chamber:—

THE QUEEN-MOTHER, MARIE DE MEDICIS, TO THE YOUNG QUEEN OF ENGLAND, HENRIETTE MARIE.

"1625, June 25.

"My daughter,

"You separate from me, I cannot separate myself from you. I retain you in heart and memory, and would that this paper could serve for an eternal memorial to you of what I am; it would then supply my place, and speak for me to you, when I can no longer speak for myself. I give you it with my last adieu in quitting you, to impress it the more on your mind, and give it to you written with my own hand, in order that it may be the more dear to you, and that it may have more authority with you in all that regards your conduct towards God, the king, your husband, his subjects, your domestics, and yourself. I tell you here sincerely, as in the last hour of our converse, all I should say to you in the last hour of my existence, if you should be near me then. I consider, to my great regret, that such can never be, and that the separation now taking place between you and me for a long time, is too probably an anticipation of that which is to be for ever in this world.

"On this earth you have only God for a father; but, as he is eternal, you can never lose him. It is he, who sustains your existence and life; it is he who has given you to a great king; it is he who, at this time, places a crown on your brow, and will establish you in England, where you ought to believe that he requires your service, and there he means to effect your salvation. Remember, my child, every day of your life, that he is your God, who has put you on earth intending you for heaven, who has created you for himself and for his glory.

"The late king, your father, has already passed away; there remains no more of him but a little dust and ashes, hidden from our eyes. One of your brothers has already been taken from us even in his infancy;[1] God withdrew him at his own good pleasure. He has retained you in the world in order to load you with his benefits; but as he has given you the utmost felicity, it behoves you to render him the utmost gratitude. It is but just that your duties are augmented in proportion as the benefits and favours you receive are signal. Take heed of abusing them. Think well that the grandeur, goodness, and justice of God are infinite, and employ all the strength of your mind in adoring his supreme puissance, in loving his inviolable goodness; and fear his rigorous equity, which will make all responsible who are unworthy of his benefits.

"Receive, my child, these instructions of my lips; begin and finish every day in your oratory, with good thoughts, and, in your prayers, ask resolu-

[1] Henri, duke of Orleans; his brother Gaston took his title.

tion to conduct your life according to the laws of God, and not according to the vanities of this world, which is for all of us but a moment, in which we are suspended over eternity, which we shall pass either in the paradise of God, or in hell with the malign spirits who work evil.

" Remember that you are daughter of the church by baptism, and that this is, indeed, the first and highest rank which you have, or ever will have, since it is this which will give you entrance into heaven; your other dignities, coming as they do from the earth, will not go further than the earth; but those which you derive from heaven will ascend again to their source, and carry you with them there. Render thanks to heaven each day, to God who has made you a Christian; estimate this first of benefits as it deserves, and consider all that you owe to the labours and precious blood of Jesus our Saviour; it ought to be paid for by our sufferings and even by our blood, if he requires it. Offer your soul and your life to him who has created you by his puissance, and redeemed you by his goodness and mercy. Pray to him, and pray incessantly to preserve you by the inestimable gift of his grace, and that it may please him that you sooner lose your life than renounce him.

" You are the descendant of St. Louis. I would recal to you, in this my last adieu, the same instruction that he received from his mother, queen Blanche, who said to him often ' that she would rather see him die than to live so as to offend God, in whom we move, and who is the end of our being. It was with such precepts that he commenced his holy career; it was this that rendered him worthy of employing his life and reign for the good of the faith and the exaltation of the church. Be, after his example, firm and zealous for religion, which you have been taught, for the defence of which he, your royal and holy ancestor, exposed his life, and died faithful to him among the infidels. Never listen to, or suffer to be said in your presence, aught in contradiction to your belief in God and in his only Son, your Lord and Redeemer. I entreat the Holy Virgin, whose name you bear, to deign to be the mother of your soul, and in honour of her who is mother of our Lord and Saviour, I bid you adieu again and many times.

" I now devote you to God for ever and ever; it is what I desire for you from the very depth of my heart.

" Your very good and affectionate mother, MARIA.[1]

" From Amiens, the 10th of June, 1625."

The maternal tenderness, and even the sublime moral truths which occur in this elegant letter, ought not to mislead the judgment from the fact, that the spirit of the concluding section was a very dangerous one to instil into the mind of the inexperienced young girl, who was about to undertake the station of queen-consort in a country where the established religion differed from her own. It was calculated to exaggerate and inflame those differences; for wherever the word *Christian* occurs, *Roman catholic* is exclusively meant; and the queen-mother evidently wishes to imply, that in any country where the host was not

[1] This letter is among the Stuart Papers in the secret archives of France, Hotel de Soubise. It has been copied by one of the children of James II., at St. Germains, and is much worn with being often read and unfolded.

worshipped, the deity of Christ was blasphemed, and that her daughter was going among a people whose creed was similar to deists or Jews. Part of the letter evidently urges the young queen to enter England as if she were a missionary from the propaganda, about to encounter the danger of martyrdom; and a comparison is drawn, in most eloquent language, between Henriette and the English, and her ancestor St. Louis and the heathens; and, instead of inculcating a wise and peaceful tolerance, the utmost zeal of proselytism is excited in a young and ardent mind. To this letter may be attributed the fatal course taken by the young queen in England, which aggravated her husband's already difficult position as the king of three kingdoms, each professing a different faith.

The original plan of the progress of the bride to England was by way of Calais, but she was obliged to embark at Boulogne, because Calais was infected with the plague. At Boulogne another detention occurred, owing to the whims of the duke of Buckingham, who, having previously amazed the French court by the extravagances of his insolent passion for the beautiful young queen of France, Anne of Austria, took it into his head that he would see her once more. Buckingham pretended that he had received despatches of great importance from his court, and rushed back to Amiens, where the young consort of Louis XIII. remained with the queen-mother, and conducted himself there with unparalleled absurdity.[1] The young queen of England took no little affront at being detained, while her escort was amusing himself with these freaks.

Charles I., meantime, had travelled to Dover, where he was waiting impatiently the arrival of his queen. Instead of which he received intelligence of her mother's dangerous illness, and her wish for a few days' delay, which he granted courteously, and requested that she would not come till she could feel perfectly at ease in her mind. During this interval the king retired to Canterbury. The discharge of ordnance from the opposite shores of France, announced the embarkation of the royal bride, June 23rd. After a stormy passage, she arrived before Dover on Sunday evening, at seven o'clock, where she stepped from her boat on "an artificial

[1] Madame de Motteville, who affirms she had all particulars relating to Henrietta Maria from her own lips.

bridge" the king had ordered to be constructed on purpose for her accommodation. Charles was then at Canterbury, where he remained out of a point of delicacy, that the queen might be somewhat recovered from the fatigues of her voyage, before the agitating circumstance of a first introduction took place between them. A gentleman of the royal household, one Mr. Tyrwhit, brought the tidings of the queen's arrival to Charles I. with extraordinary speed; it is said he was but thirty-six minutes riding from Dover to Canterbury. The king came to Dover castle to greet his bride at ten o'clock the following morning. His arrival was unexpected—she was at breakfast—she rose hastily from table, although she wished to wait for the conclusion of the meal. The royal bride hasted down a pair of stairs to meet the king, and then offered to kneel and kiss his hand, "but he wrapt her up in his arms with many kisses."[1] The set speech that the princess had studied to greet the royal stranger, whom she had to acknowledge as her lord and master, was, "*Sire, je suis venue en ce pays de votre majesté pour être commandée de vous.*" "Sire, I am come into this, your majesty's country, to be at your command." But the firmness of the poor princess failed her, she finished the sentence with a gush of tears; and very natural it was that they should flow. The sight of her distress called forth all the kindness of the heart of Charles; he led her apart, he kissed off her tears, protesting that he should do so till she left off weeping; he soothed her with words of manly tenderness, telling her, "that she was not fallen into the hands of enemies and strangers, as she tremblingly apprehended, but according to the wise disposal of God, whose will it was that she should leave her kindred and cleave to her spouse;" adding, "that he would be no longer master himself, than while he was a servant to her."[2]

This mingled softness and gallantry reassured the weeping girl; her dark eyes brightened anew, and she soon fell into familiar discourse with the royal lover. In the course of conversation, he seemed surprised that she appeared so much taller than she had been represented to him; for, finding she reached to his shoulder, he glanced downward at her feet to see whether her height had not been increased by

[1] Contemporary news letter.

[2] Life of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

artificial means. With her natural quickness of perception she anticipated his thoughts, and, shewing him the shoes she wore, she said to him in French, "Sire, I stand upon mine own feet; I have no help from art; thus high am I, neither higher nor lower."

At the conclusion of this interview, the young queen presented all her French servants to his majesty, recommending them to him particularly by name. Madame St. George, the daughter of madame de Monglat, the queen's governess, was the principal of her ladies, and to her king Charles took a very early antipathy.[1] That beautiful coquette, the duchess de Chevreuse, was of the party, but she seems to have arrived in the quality of guest; she was the wife of the king's cousin, the duke de Chevreuse,[2] who had represented his royal person by proxy at the recent marriage ceremony, and completed his trust by escorting the royal bride to England. The absence of madame de Chevreuse[3] from Paris was, in fact, a species of banishment inflicted on her as penance for some of the vagaries with which, from the pure love of mischief, she had been bewildering all the heads and hearts she could captivate at the French court. Nor did she lack English admirers, for the "wooing ambassador," lord Kensington, was passionately in love with her. Charles I. received the duke de Chevreuse graciously, and treated him as a kinsman; he conducted him himself to the presence chamber, in Dover castle, where he found the fair duchess of Chevreuse, and bade her welcome.[3]

The royal party left Dover the same eventful day that saw the king introduced to his queen. On the road to Canterbury, the royal party passed Barham Downs, where there were pavilions and a banquet prepared, and all the English ladies of the queen's household were waiting to be presented to their royal mistress.

The king assisted her to alight from her carriage, and on

[1] Life of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

[2] Madame de Motteville. The duchess was a princess of the house of Rohan, married, portionless, for love, by the boy-minister and favourite of Louis XIII., the duke de Luynes. Her husband died in early life, and left her rich and in the bloom of her beauty. She bestowed her wealth and charms on the duke of Chevreuse. Claud de Lorraine, duke de Chevreuse, died 1657.

[3] Sir John Finett's Observations touching Foreign Ambassadors.

the green sod, that June morning, the royal bride held her first court, and was introduced to her English ladies. At Canterbury, a magnificent feast awaited them, at which Charles served his beautiful bride at table, performing the office of carver to her, with his own royal hands. The queen, that she might not refuse the viands he offered her, ate both of the pheasant and venison he laid on her plate, although her confessor stood by her, and reminded her it was a fast, being the vigil of St. John the Baptist, and entreated her not to give cause of scandal, by eating forbidden food in a strange land, at her first arrival. But the young queen, either determined to conciliate her new subjects, or being very hungry with her journey, paid no heed to these injunctions, but ate, without scruple, the meat the king had carved for her.[1]

The same evening, the 24th of June, it is asserted that Charles and Henriette "were personally married," at Canterbury.[2] The ceremony took place in the great hall of that ancient city, where they sojourned till the 26th of June.

Charles I. chose to enter his metropolis by the old state highway of the river Thames, and for this purpose took the ancient route from Canterbury to Gravesend. Ostensibly he wished to shew his bride that magnificent navy, which was always the pride of the Stuart sovereigns, but the chief motive was to avoid passing through the narrow and infected streets of the city of London, then reeking with the plague. At Gravesend, the royal bride was escorted to a state barge by the king; hundreds of beautiful barges, belonging to the nobility and merchants of London, floated around ready to fall into the royal procession, which was greeted by the thundering salutes of the noble navy riding at anchor near Gravesend.

Newspapers were then in their infancy; their places were supplied by news letters, which were manuscript epistles, written by professed intelligencers, to the different nobles distant from court, who could afford to treat themselves with such luxuries. Some of these letters are extant,[3] and con-

[1] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, pp. 11, 12.

[2] Memoirs of Maria Henrietta, 1671, p. 12; and Dr. Lingard, last edition, vol. ix. p. 238.

[3] Historical Letters, edited by Sir Henry Ellis.

tain minute particulars of the queen's progress to London from her embarkation.

"Yesterday, betwixt Gravesend and London, our queen had a beautiful and stately view of that part of our navy which is ready to sail, which gave her a volley of fifteen hundred shot." And indeed it required firm nerves to stand a royal salute in those days, for all the guns fired were shotted, and some awkward accidents happened now and then in consequence. At five o'clock, in a warm, thundering June afternoon, the queen drew near the metropolis. A heavy shower was falling at the time, but thousands of boats and ornamental vessels followed or surrounded her royal barge. "Fifty good ships discharged their ordnance, as the gay floating pageant passed up the river, and last of all the Tower guns opened such a peal, as I think, the queen never heard the like. The king and queen were both in green dresses; their barge windows, notwithstanding the vehemence of the shower, were open, and all the people shouting amain. The queen put out her hand, and shaked it to them. She hath already given some good signs of hope that she may, ere long, by God's blessing, become ours in religion." One of these signs, was the rather doubtful one of eating the wing of a pheasant on the vigil of St. John the Baptist; and another, more hopeful, in the answer she made to one of her English attendants, who venturing to ask, "If her majesty could endure a Huguenot?" "Why not," replied the queen, "was not my father one?"[1] It had been well for her majesty, if she had remembered whose daughter she was more frequently; but this speech, uttered some time in the course of her progress to the metropolis, comprehends the whole of the religious toleration she was ever known to practise, though the utmost moderation was required from her, both as a wife and queen, professing a different religion from her husband and his people.

The royal barge, after shooting London bridge, made direct for Somerset house, the queen's dower palace; before the procession arrived there, an accident happened which caused great alarm. The banks of the river were literally lined with spectators, who stood on barges, lighters, and ships' hulls; one of these vessels capsized for want of ballast,

[1] Historical Letters, edited by Sir Henry Ellis.

and immersed above a hundred persons in the Thames. But the boats that were shooting about in all directions, soon picked up the unfortunate sight-seers, with no other damage than a thorough ducking.

Public rejoicings for the queen's entry prevailed throughout London. That evening the bells rang till midnight, bonfires blazed on every side, and as much revelling was kept up as the plague-smitten state of the city would permit.[1] Such, however, was the appalling pestilence which prevailed, that king Charles withdrew his young bride from it as soon as he had opened his parliament, at which she appeared, seated on a throne by his side.[2] Soon after this splendid scene, the royal pair retired to Hampton Court, where they passed the first weeks of their married life. The French ladies, who had accompanied the young queen from Paris, attended her hither, and formed some of the most brilliant ornaments of her circle. Apartments were assigned to the duke and duchess de Chevreuse at Richmond palace, which favour excited the jealousy of all the ambassadors of different courts then resident in England. King Charles replied, that this favour was granted to them, not as ambassadors but as relatives, and that it was occasioned by the anxiety his young queen felt on account of the situation of her cousin, madame de Chevreuse. This celebrated lady afterwards gave birth to a daughter in England; but the queen's anxieties respecting her health were not much required, since, in the course of the summer, among other freaks, she astonished the English court by her exploit of swimming over the Thames one hot evening, and obtained in consequence the surname of the female Leander.

The queen's confessor, father Sancy, very early gave offence to king Charles, who sent him back to France in the course of six weeks, for officiously insisting on the performance, to

[1] The state of the metropolis, at this juncture, may be gathered from the description of Judge Whitelock, father to the parliamentary historian. It was needful for the judge to go to Westminster Hall to adjourn the Michaelmas term to Reading. He arrived, early in the morning at Hyde Park Corner (which he spells High Park), where he and his retinue dined, spreading the provisions they had brought with them in the coach, on the ground, in the park. He was then driven to Westminster Hall as fast as his coach could go, through the streets overgrown with grass, and forsaken by the people. He went straight to the King's Bench; adjourned the court, and then quickly left the infected metropolis.

[2] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 13.

the very letter, of every article in the queen's marriage contract respecting the establishment of her Roman-catholic chapel. Afterwards, it was stated that this dismissal took place because he had ordered her majesty a very extraordinary penance of walking barefoot to the gallows at Tyburn, to pray for the souls of the persons executed for participation in the Gunpowder Plot. St. James's day, 1625, is the precise time pointed out for this strange exploit. The queen had then been only one month in England, of which time we can trace scarcely a day of her residence in London; assuredly the visits of the court to the metropolis must have been few and hurried in July 1625. The statement was, nevertheless, formally made by the privy council, and most circumstantially denied on the part of the queen, as will be seen subsequently.

The infected state of the metropolis deprived it of the presence of the court; and all the public rejoicings, concomitant to a new reign and royal marriage, were postponed till the summer heats had abated. The king and his bride remained principally at Hampton Court and Windsor till the winter, when they were established at Whitehall, and the queen began to hold her courts.

The sweetness and urbanity with which the queen had at first captivated the hearts of her new subjects, ever and anon gave way before sallies of haughty and stormy fits of temper. Perhaps the earliest of these indications took place the first time she kept court at Whitehall, and was perceived by a bystander, Mr. Mordaunt, who wrote the following description of her majesty. "The queen, howsoever little in stature, is of a most charming countenance when pleased, but full of spirit, and seems to be of more than ordinary resolution. With one frown, divers of us being at Whitehall to see her, she drove us all out of the chamber, the room being somewhat overheated with fire and company. I suppose none but a queen could have cast such a scowl."[1]

"Our queen," wrote sir Tobias Matthew, to the duchess of Buckingham, from Whitehall, "arrived here yesterday, and I was glad at the heart to see her such as she hath seemed; she is more grown than I thought, being higher by half a head than my lady marquess. Whatsoever they say, believe

[1] News letter in Sir Henry Ellis's Historical Letters. First series.

me, she sits already on the skirts of womanhood. Madam, upon my faith, she is a most sweet, lovely creature, and hath a countenance that opens a window into the heart, where man may see all nobleness and goodness; and I dare venture my head on the little skill I have in physiognomy, that she will be extraordinarily beloved in this kingdom."[1] Another contemporary[2] has left a graphic portrait of the young queen at this time. "We have now a most noble new queen of England, who in true beauty is much beyond the long-wooed infanta. The Spanish princess had fading flaxen hair, was big lipped, and somewhat heavy eyed; but this daughter of France, this youngest flower of the Bourbon —being but in her cradle when her sire, the great Henry, was put out of the world—is of a more lovely and lasting complexion, of a clear brown, with eyes that sparkle like stars." The pens of all writers were eloquent in praise of the brunette beauty of the queen, even before the pencil of Vandyke had made it indisputable. "She is black eyed and brown haired," declares another writer; "in truth, a brave lady." A more finished and intellectual description of the queen has been preserved by her countrywoman, the accomplished La Fayette.[3] "At the epoch of her marriage, she had only attained middle height, but she was extremely well proportioned; her complexion was perfectly beautiful, her face was long, her eyes large and black—now touchingly soft, and now brilliant and sparkling. Her hair black, her teeth fine; her forehead, nose, and mouth, all somewhat large, but well formed; her air *spirituelle*, with an extreme delicacy of features, and an expression grand and noble throughout her whole person. Of all the princesses of her family she most resembles her great father. Like him, she has true greatness of mind, full of tenderness and charity, of a sweet and agreeable temper, entering into the griefs of others, and willing to alleviate all the sorrow in the world. Charles I. loved her with passion, and well she reciprocated this tenderness, as he found in the hour of peril and misfortune."

[1] Cabala. [2] Letter of Howell, the historian.

[3] This lady was, like madame de Motteville, a lady in the household of Henrietta's sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, queen of France, and was, like her, intimately acquainted with Henrietta, both in her prosperity and adversity.

This picture is, perhaps, sketched with too partial a hand; the writer evidently loved the original; yet the power of inspiring gratuitous love, which endures through changing fortune, is one proof that the fine traits here drawn were not altogether fictitious. However, if we are guided entirely by the conclusions drawn from facts, the young queen must be considered at this time as a lively and vivacious child, somewhat spoiled by her mother and her flattering female court.

The king's first admiration of his wife, in the course of a few months, assumed the feelings of deep and intense passion, full of disquietudes. He soon felt jealous of the influence her French attendants had over her. In all regal marriages, in whatever country they may take place, the native attendants of the bride are invariably dismissed in a few days; for they are always objects of suspicion either to the king or to his people. Assuredly the marriage articles stipulated for the retention of a greater number of native followers than had ever been previously permitted to remain in the household of a queen of England. The king knew it was against his agreement to remove the large colony the queen had brought with her, but he was not for that the less anxious to get rid of them, nor could his people hate them more intensely than he did. Among other grievances was the toleration of the mass at Whitehall,[1] where the queen claimed the right of her chapel or oratory for the celebration of the rites of her religion. This was granted with reluctance, and, instead of a chapel according to the marriage articles, the most retired chamber in the palace was assigned for the purpose. The first mass that was celebrated in England since the winter of queen Elizabeth's accession, is thus described in the words of an angry news letter:[2] "The queen, at eleven o'clock, came out of her chamber in a petticoat, and with a veil over her head, supported by the count de Tilliers, her chamberlain, followed by six of her women, and the mass was mumbled over her. Whilst they were at mass, the king gave orders that no Englishman or woman should come near the place. The priests have been very importunate to have the chapel finished at St. James's, but they find the king slow in doing that. His answer was, 'That if the

[1] Madame de Motteville. [2] Ellis's Historical Letters.

queen's closet, where they now say mass, was not large enough, let them have it in the great chamber; and if the great chamber be not wide enough, they may use the garden; and if the garden were not spacious enough to serve their turn, then was the park the fittest place. With all their stratagems, they cannot bring him to be the least in love with their fopperies. They say there came some English papists to hear the queen's mass on Sunday, but that she rebuked them, and caused them to be driven out."

The queen of Charles I. is known to all readers of history by the name of Henrietta Maria; but she was not called so by her husband or at her own court. The king chose to call her Mary; and when those in his household remonstrated with him that this name, owing to the Marian persecutions, had become very unpopular to English ears, he still persisted in calling his bride "Mary," declaring that the land should find blessings connected with her name which would counteract all previous evils.[1] Most persons will agree with Charles in his tasteful appreciation of the name of Mary; but his feelings, as lover and poet, ought to have yielded to the good policy of the above suggestion, for popular prejudice is governed by a mere breath, and the slightest association of ideas will raise the fury of the multitude. Yes, history will prove Shakespeare's aphorism, "that there is magic in a name," especially for the working of evil. The political agitators who give nicknames are guided by this aphorism. How many martyrs have not fallen victims to the ridiculous or ill-sounding epithets of Lollard, Papist, or Quaker!

The influence of the French household over the mind of the queen became daily more intolerable to Charles; for she lived among them, and thought and spoke according to their direction. He considered that they interfered between her heart and his, and that she never would become attached to him while they remained in England.

These feelings influenced his determination of dismissing the French household, which he had taken very early after his marriage; he notified this intention to the duke of

[1] Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs. This admirable lady, though the wife of one of the regicides, always speaks with the utmost respect of the great abilities of Henrietta Maria; neither does she censure her for anything, but "haughty temper and papistry."

Buckingham, who was then at Paris as ambassador extraordinary, requiring him to break this matter to the queen-mother, Marie de Medicis :—

KING CHARLES TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

(Private) "Nov. 20, 1625.[1]

"Steenie,

"I writ to you, by Ned Clarke, that I thought I should have cause enough, in a short time, to put away the *monsers*[2] (monsieurs) either by (their) attempting to steal away my wife, or by making plots with my own subjects. For the first I cannot say certainly whether it was intended; but I am su it is hindered; for the other, though I have good grounds to believe it, or I am still hunting after it, yet seeing daily the maliciousness of the *monse* by making and fomenting discontentments in my wife, I could tarry no longer from advertising you that I mean to seek for no other grounds to cashier my *monsers*. That you may (if you think good) advertise the queen-mother (Marie de Medicis) of my intention; for this being an action which may have a shew of harshness, I thought it was fit to take this way; that she (the queen-mother), to whom I have had many obligations, may not take it unkindly; and, likewise, I think I have done you no wrong in my letter, though in some place of it I may seem to chide you.

"I pray you send me word, with what speed you may, whether ye like this course or not, for I shall put nothing of this in execution *while* (till) I hear from you. In the meantime I shall think of convenient means to do this business with the best mien; but I am resolved it must be done, and that shortly. So, longing to see thee, I rest,

"Your loving, faithful, constant friend, "CHARLES R."

"Hampton Court."

This letter was accompanied with one meant to be shown to the mother of the young queen, commencing, like the former, with "Steenie," but written in a very sensible and reasonable style, which is not exactly the case with the first. For the idea that his wife would be stolen from him, is more like a boy, jealous of the possession of a new plaything, than a king of the personal dignity of Charles. However, he was a young husband, passionately in love with his own wife, and he must be allowed his share in the excuses made for the irrationality of lovers in general. Buckingham assuredly communicated to the queen-mother of France the king's last letter, and by that means broke to her the intention of dismissing the French household, since Henrietta afterwards gave him all the credit of that measure, and hated him as if he had been the author of it. Yet Charles found no excuse for "cashiering his monsers," as he calls them, till full six months after.

[1] Edited by the learned translator of Bassompierre's Embassy, p. 123. The orthography is here modernized.

[2] The queen's French retinue.

Another letter to Steenie occurs soon after the foregoing, in which the king makes the following rather ungracious comment on his queen's conduct: "As for news, my wife begins to mend her manners. I know not how long it will continue; they say she does so by advice."[1]

He was meantime seriously annoyed by the proceedings of madame St. George, who, by virtue of her office as first lady of the bedchamber, insisted on a place in the queen's coach, even when the king was there. One day his majesty put her back with his own hand,[2] as she was following the queen into the royal carriage. He likewise prevented her from taking precedence of the English ladies of his queen's household, and this produced strife between the queen and himself, and sometimes between her and madame St. George. It was, we may suppose, after one of these wrangles that Henrietta Maria wrote the following familiar note to her friend:—

THE QUEEN TO MADAME ST. GEORGE.[3]

[No date of any kind.]

"Mamangat,

"I pray you excuse me if you have seen my little vertigo (*vertingo*) which held me this morning. I cannot be right all of a sudden; but I will do all I can to content you meantime. I beg you will no longer be in wrath against me, who am and will be all my life, Mamangat,

"Your affectionate friend,

"HENRIETT."

The most serious cause of displeasure that Charles I. had against the French domestics of his young wife was, that they infused or strengthened her refusal to share his coronation. This piece of bigotry was at once most injurious to the king, and of mischievous consequences to the queen herself, since it gave occasion for her enemies afterwards to affirm "that she had never been recognised as the consort of Charles I."[4] So dangerous is it to neglect or scorn the ancient institutions of a country, while they continue to be reverenced by the great body of the people.

Charles I. was crowned in Westminster abbey, solus, for no representations of his, nor the temptation of being

[1] Hardwicke State Papers, vol. ii. p. 12.

[2] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 17.

[3] Inedited letter, Imperial Library, St. Petersburgh, with which we have been favoured by permission of his imperial majesty, the emperor of Russia.

[4] Madame de Motteville.

the admired of all beholders, and the *belle des belles* in so splendid a scene, could induce his young and lovely partner to share in it. She refused to conquer her religious prejudices sufficiently to be consecrated by the prelates of the church of England. Henrietta presents the first instance of a queen of England who refused to be crowned. This foolish obstinacy gave the death-blow to her popularity in England, for her people never forgave the contempt she had manifested for their crown. She stood at the bay window over the portal in the gate-house at Whitehall,[1] where she had a view of the procession going and coming, and it was observed that her French ladies were all the time dancing and frisking in the room before her.

The queen's absence from the coronation caused likewise the absence of the count de Blainville, the French ambassador. He declared, "that he would have risked a small strain to his conscience which forbade him to be present at the prayers of the English church, but it would be incongruous that he should be a spectator where the queen, his master's sister, not only refused her participation, but even her presence, at the solemnity of crowning." Thus, in consequence of Henrietta's perverse bigotry, an affront both personal and national was offered to her husband by the representative of her brother, who ought to have been wiser than to have followed the lead of a spoiled, wilful child. King Charles had endeavoured to persuade his queen to be present in the abbey during his coronation, were it only in a latticed box, but she positively refused even that small concession.

The coronation of Charles took place on February 2nd,[2] being Candlemas day, a high festival of the Roman-catholic church, and it was kept as such by Henrietta and her French household; and this circumstance, doubtless, strengthened her aversion to be present at a ceremony with which the liturgy of the English church was connected.

Had she attended her husband's coronation, and listened to the oath imposed on him, she would have found that this ceremonial, which she loathed as Huguenot, obliged him to keep the church of England in the same state as did Edward

[1] This must have been the gate-house leading to King-street, pulled down in the last century; it was an ancient Gothic structure, and led from Whitehall to the Abbey.

[2] Historical Letters, edited by Sir Henry Ellis. First Series.

the Confessor!![1] The most liberal manner of construing this oath must have been, that the English people required that whatsoever monarch they invested with the power of king and head of the church, should use that power to keep the church of England as near to the model of the Anglo-Saxon church as possible.[2]

The marriage of Charles with a catholic queen naturally aggravated his difficulties; nor was Henrietta of an age and temper likely to afford him aid in steering dexterously between the adverse currents which beset his course. The parliament believed that the king spared twenty priests condemned to death, through his wife's influence. Henrietta was assuredly unable to influence him in much smaller matters; and if the most thorough annoyance and vexation could have led a good man to have immolated every priest in England, in hopes of including his wife's domestic establishment of chaplains among them, Charles was angry enough at this crisis to have done so.

Henrietta was so far from meeting with any extraordinary indulgence from her husband at this juncture, that his mind was wholly bent upon a step which he knew would overwhelm her with grief. He resolved to break that part of her marriage articles which stipulated that her household and ecclesiastic establishment should be composed of people of her own country. The commencement of this contest is detailed by Charles himself in a letter to his brother-in-law, Louis XIII., in justification of his proceedings. Henrietta had determined to grant the principal places of profit connected with her revenue-lands to the Frenchmen attached to her household, a proceeding which her husband very properly opposed in the following dialogue, which took place after the royal pair had retired to rest:—

[1] Sandford, Arthur Taylor's Glories of Regality.

[2] Lest readers should actually consider the coronation oath taken by all the Anglo-Stuart sovereigns (till the era of Mary II.) as a positive act of insanity, both as regards the sovereigns and their people, it is needful to remind them that the primitive church of England, under Edward the Confessor, (cited in the oath as the model for the guidance of the British sovereigns in the 17th century,) allowed of the marriages of the secular clergy, and of the translation of the Scriptures in the vernacular tongue. It must be remembered, too, that James I. took the oath as he found it, and as his predecessor had taken it. If the people of England had desired the alteration or modification of this oath, never could Providence have presented a fairer opportunity, since he entered England unarmed, and was utterly in the power of the nation—no great proof of his cowardice, by the way.

"One night," wrote king Charles, "after I was a-bed, my wife put a paper in my hand, telling me 'it was a list of those that she desired to be officers of her revenue.' I took it, and said 'that I would read it next morning,' but withal, I told her 'that, by agreement in France, I had the naming of them.' She said, 'there were both English and French in the note.' I replied 'that those English, which I thought fit to serve her, I would confirm, but for the French it was impossible for them to serve her in that capacity.' She said, 'all those in that paper had breviates from her mother and herself, and that she would admit no other.' Then I said, 'it was neither in her mother's power nor hers to admit any without my leave, and, if she relied on that, whomsoever she recommended should not come in.' Then she plainly bade me 'take my lands to myself, for if she had no power to put in whom she would, into those places, she would have neither lands or houses of me;' but bade me 'give her what I thought fit by way of pension.' I bade her 'remember to whom she spoke,' and told her 'she ought not to use me so.' Then she fell into a passionate discourse—'how she is miserable, in having no power to place servants, and that business succeeded the worse for her recommendation.' When I offered to answer, she would not so much as hear me, but went on lamenting, saying 'that she was not of such base quality as to be used so!' But," continues Charles, "I both made her hear me, and end that discourse." [1]

A stormy scene at court occurred soon after this royal curtain lecture; the bishop of Mantes, a young ecclesiastic at the head of Henrietta's catholic establishment, actually contested publicly with the earl of Holland (late lord Kensington), which of them was to act as steward of her dowry. The bishop shewed the queen's warrant, and the earl that of the king. Marie de Medicis, with her usual want of judgment, had appointed, as her daughter's almoner, a youth of twenty years, who had been advanced to a bishopric on account of his family connexion with Richelieu. It is certain that all the suavity and experience in human nature ever possessed by the wisest bishop of the ancient church, were required to guide an ecclesiastic in the difficult position in which the head of the queen's band of unwillingly tolerated priests must have found himself. Lord Holland is the same person as lord Kensington, who negotiated the queen's marriage. There is no very great manifestation of her partiality to him, although her name has been linked with his in the malicious histories of the times. The origin of these reports seems to have been the praises he bestowed on her in his letters to the court at the time of her marriage. But after she was queen, this nobleman shewed all the indications of a disappointed courtier. The king's discontent at the conduct of the French colony

[1] Edited by D'Israeli, in his Commentaries of the Life and Reign of Charles I.

established within his gates, reached its climax in June, 1626, before he had been married a twelvemonth. As his wrath effervesced on a very small provocation, or none at all, it is natural to suppose that the quarrel was rather a forced one on his part. "Monday last,[1] about three in the afternoon, the king passing into the queen's side (the queen's suite of apartments, at Whitehall), and finding some Frenchmen, her servants, *un*reverently curvetting and dancing in her presence, took her by the hand and led her into his *lodgings* (apartments), locking the door after him, and shutting out all, save the queen. Presently lord Conway signified to her majesty's French servants, that, young and old, they must all depart thence to Somerset House, and remain there till they knew his majesty's pleasure. The women howled and lamented as if they were going to execution, but all in vain; for the guard, according to lord Conway's orders, thrust them all out of the queen's apartments, and locked the doors after them."

While this scene was transacting in her own apartments, the queen, who was detained by the king in his chamber, became very angry, and when she understood that her French train were being expelled from Whitehall, she flew into an access of rage. She endeavoured to bid them a passionate farewell from the window, whence the king drew her away, telling her "to be satisfied, for it must be so." However, the queen continued to break the windows with her fist, as she was prevented from opening them. Charles was obliged to use all his masculine strength to control his incensed partner, by grasping her wrists in each hand. "But since," adds the news-letter, "I hear her rage is appeased, and that the king and she went to Nonsuch, and have been very jocund together."

The French servants of Henrietta were kept at Somerset House, while the king detained their royal mistress at his country palaces. A few days after he had separated them from the queen, he came in person to Somerset House, attended by Buckingham, Holland, and Carlisle, and addressed the French household in a set speech, informing them of the necessity of dismissing them to their own country. The young bishop requested to know his fault, and madame de St. George passionately appealed to the

[1] News-letter from John Pery to Joseph Meade. Historical Letters, edited by Sir Henry Ellis. First Series.

queen. "I name none," replied Charles; and then peremptorily ordering their return to France, and promising that they should receive their wages with gratuities, to the amount of 22,000*l.*, he withdrew with his attendants.

The French retinue, by various pretences, delayed their departure from day to day, throughout the whole of the month of July. They retained possession of the queen's clothes and jewels as perquisites, and actually left her without a change of linen, and with difficulty were prevailed on to surrender an old satin gown for her immediate use; they brought her in immensely in debt to them for purchases, which she (notwithstanding her partiality in their favour), allowed to the king were wholly fictitious. At last Charles, exasperated, by their struggles to remain in England, wrote to Buckingham the following letter to expedite their expulsion:—

"Steenie,

"I have received your letter by Dick Greme. This is my answer. I command you to send all the French away to-morrow out of the town—if you can by fair means, but stick not long in disputing—otherwise force them away, driving them away like so many wild beasts, until you have shipped them, and so the devil go with them. Let me hear of no answer but of the performance of my command.

"So I rest your faithful, constant, loving friend,[1]

"C. R."

"Oaking, on the 7th of August, 1626."

Although a numerous collection of coaches, carts, and barges, were waiting the next day at Somerset House, the French retinue unanimously resolved not to depart, saying, "they had not been discharged with the proper punctilios." On which the king sent a large posse of heralds, trumpeters, and a strong body of yeomen. The heralds and trumpeters having formally proclaimed his majesty's pleasure at the gates of Somerset House, the yeomen then stepped forward to execute his majesty's orders, which were no other than that, if the French still continued refractory, to thrust them out head and shoulders. This extremity was not resorted to, for the French departed the same tide. A great mob had been gathered in the Strand by these proceedings, and withal most riotously disposed. As the beautiful madame de St. George was departing, gesticulating with the utmost

[1] Ellis's Letters.

vivacity, and pouring forth a torrent of eloquence on the atrocity of tearing her from her queen, one of the leaders of the mob threw a large stone at her head, which knocked off her cap. An English noble of the court, who was leading the aggrieved fair one to the barge, drew his sword, and ran the man through the body on the spot.[1] Certainly, a person who could assault a woman thus murderously deserved little sympathy; but surely the people, of all classes, in the last century but one, had little reason to consider themselves as civilized beings.

The only French attendants left with the queen were her nurse, her dresser, and madame de la Tremouille; the king sent his orders to the housekeeper at St. James's, to prepare suitable apartments for the residence of the latter lady. The official returned answer, "that her majesty's French retinue had so defiled that palace, that it would be long before it could be purified."[2]

The metropolis was in an infected state with the plague, and the royal family made a progress that autumn in search of salubrious springs; perhaps in imitation of the fashion of the continent, where it had become the custom to frequent watering-places and spas. The king and queen came to Wellingborough this year for the benefit of drinking at the Red Well there, and actually resided some days in tents, that they might drink the waters at the fountain-head.

The whole summer the young queen was restless and unhappy; she attributed her troubles, perhaps unjustly, to the malign influence of Buckingham; she wrote perpetually home, stating how wretched she was, deprived of her French household, and talked of visiting her native country. The resident ambassadors, Tillières and Blainville, who appear to have been the most formal fools ever sent on missions of delicate diplomacy, fomented her griefs. At last, the queen-mother of France appointed a man of sense and spirit to mediate this matrimonial difference. The duke de Bassompierre, one of the old friends and fellow-soldiers of Henry IV., was sent to England to inquire into the wrongs of Henrietta, and hear, from her own lips, a recapitulation of her injuries, which her banished household had represented to her mother as most flagrant. One outrage was

[1] Ellis's Letters. [2] Ibid.

offered to king Charles, which was, no doubt, to be attributed to the incorrigible folly of Marie de Medicis. Father Sancy, whose fanaticism had caused him to be dismissed from Henrietta's train on her first arrival in England, was now thrust back to this country as the chaplain to the embassy; as if no one could be found to perform such an office, but a person who had made himself personally odious to Charles and his people. Before Bassompierre entered into any other discussion, there was a lengthy controversy regarding this obnoxious person. Charles insisted that he should be sent out of his dominions before he would discuss any point with the French ambassador. Nevertheless, Sancy remained, and did his best to embroil the king and queen irreconcileably.

Bassompierre was certainly the most sensible and honourable person that France had sent to England since the embassy of the great duke de Sully. His notation of his interviews with the young queen prove that he neither flattered nor spoiled her.[1] He found her at open hostility with her husband's favourite and prime minister, Buckingham, of whom she made the most bitter complaints; they had quarrelled violently, and perhaps their enmity was aggravated by the fact that the queen knew no English, and Buckingham very little French; no doubt their angry dialogues were amusing enough. Buckingham, nevertheless, made the queen understand a speech which she never forgave: she quoted it, long years after his death, in confidence to madame de Motteville. He insolently told her "to beware how she behaved, for in England, queens had had their heads cut off before now." Henrietta averred that Buckingham, jealous lest she should possess influence with the king, made mischief perpetually between them, and was the cause of all the unhappiness of the early days of her married life. Bassompierre found this feud between the young queen and the favourite of Charles I. at its very height.

Although four months had passed since her separation from her French retinue, the mind of the queen was in so great a state of excitement regarding it, that Charles I., just before he gave the audience of reception to Bassom-

[1] Bassompierre's Embassy in England, written by himself

pierre, at Hampton Court, sent Buckingham to him, to direct that nothing relative to this subject might be mentioned or alluded to at the public interview. "For I cannot," said king Charles, "help putting myself in a passion when discussing these matters, which would not be decent in the chair of state, in sight of the chief persons of the realm; likewise the queen, my wife, seated close to me, grieved at the remembrance of the dismissal of her servants, might commit some extravagance, and would at least cry in the sight of every one." Bassompierre, when he found this representation was no diplomatic *ruse* of Buckingham, concerted with him a plan to defer the discussion of the grievance till he had a private audience with the queen, in London.

"The duke of Buckingham," pursues Bassompierre, "then introduced me to the audience. I found the king and queen seated on two chairs raised on a stage of two steps. They rose at the first bow I made. The company was magnificent, and the order exquisite." After answering inquiries regarding the health of the queen's brother and mother, Bassompierre, as had been concerted previously, was told by the king, "that her majesty was impatient to inquire after them more particularly, and to receive their remembrances and greetings in a private interview with him, therefore, in consideration of her feelings, he would delay the communication of his state mission, till after that conference had taken place." The queen then added a few words, saying, "that the king had given her leave to go to London, where she would see him and speak to him at leisure." But these few words overcame her spirits; she rose, and was obliged to retire with madame de la Tremouille, or the tears which filled her eyes would have been seen to overflow her cheeks.

Subsequently, the queen, the king, and Buckingham, discussed their grievances severally, in long private interviews with Bassompierre. A quotation or two from his journal gives a pretty clear view as to which side found most favour in his eyes. "Oct. 24th: I was with the queen when the king came in, with whom *she picked a quarrel.* The king took me to his chamber and talked a great deal to me, making me complaints of the queen, his wife." The next day, Sunday, was the time on which Bassompierre resolved to bring about the reconciliation he had prepared between

the king and queen, and the queen and Buckingham. "Then I went for the duke, whom I took to the queen, who made his peace with her, which I had brought about with infinite trouble. The king came in afterwards, and he also was reconciled to her," on account, it may be supposed, of the quarrel the fair tyrant had picked with his majesty the day before. "Then," resumes the ambassador, "the king caressed her very much; he thanked me, as he said, for reconciling the duke and his wife, then took me to his chamber and shewed me his jewels, which are very fine."

Her majesty, nevertheless, considered that her father's old friend had not evinced sufficient partiality to her cause; for the very next day, after dinner, he went to see the queen at Somerset House, "and she fell out with him." The reconciliation which poor Bassompierre had effected with such waste of time and eloquence, and so many journeys between Whitehall, Somerset House, and Hampton Court, was all null and void in a fortnight, and the parties more angry with each other than ever. The cause of wrath was, that the king found that the temper of the times would not permit him to fulfil his engagement of granting to his wife the indulgence of her domestic worship, so openly as the marriage contract specified. He had left her three chaplains when he expelled her French ecclesiastics; and he was reluctant to permit more. At sixteen, Henrietta was no judge of the state of her husband's affairs; it is not an age when the faculties which produce foresight are much developed in any class of human beings; those who placed a petulant child in a situation that required all the calm temper and clear judgment of which a woman of twenty-five is capable, were responsible for the whole of the mistakes she committed as queen. Unfortunately the effects of her childish errors in judgment weighed heavily against her in after life. Yet there was no moral wrong in the conduct of the young queen; her errors merely proceeded from a fervent attachment to her religion, manifested without wise calculation on the prejudices of her new country. Alas! in political history, crimes committed with tact are often viewed with complacency, but small mercy is shewn to blunders, even if they may be traced to the virtuous affections. It may be noticed, too, that false chronology has occasioned a very great deal of calumny on Henrietta; for

instance, the crime more particularly charged against her, was the fanatic penance she is said to have performed at Tyburn. This, if ever done, was limited within the first few weeks after her arrival. If it were, as she averred, a fabrication, it must have originated with her husband's most intimate friends and trusted councillors, perhaps with Buckingham himself; for a most notable quarrel broke out between the queen and him, while this matter was discussed in council before Bassompierre.

That nobleman acted throughout with impartiality, unawed by the title of queen, borne by the petulant little beauty, who was the youngest child of his old friend, Henry IV. He sharply reproved her for picking quarrels with her husband, and threatened to tell her friends in France of her perversity. With the same spirit of independence he pointed out to his own government their errors in judgment, in his letter to Herbault, the French minister. "You know," wrote he,[1] "the extraordinary manner in which the domestics of the queen of Great Britain were sent back to France. It was said that she lived very ill with her husband, and that there seemed no way but open war to enforce the terms of the marriage treaty. At first I proved what I had expected, that the company of father Sancy would do little good, and a very great deal of harm to my design. You have seen how much I have suffered, and been impeded on this head. You know the principal objects which my king had in sending me hither, were to render the queen, his sister, content, the state of her conscience easy, her personal attendants agreeable to her, her health and convenience, and the union and intelligence between her majesty and her royal husband perfectly cemented, likewise to obtain better treatment for the English catholic priests."[2]

In the course of this negotiation, Bassompierre was, in a

[1] The whole of this despatch, in French, may be consulted in Mr. Croker's Journal of Bassompierre, p. 148. The wisdom of Bassompierre, and the real desire he shewed for the happiness of Henrietta, and to reconcile all parties, by according to each their due, shews him to have been an honest statesman. Very different is the manner in which this noble soldier speaks of Charles and England to those evil agents of *Richelieu* who called themselves ambassadors.

[2] Bassompierre's Journal, p. 112. Bassompierre took seventeen catholic priests, under condemnation of death for saying mass, away with him to France, thus commuting their sentence to banishment, to the indignation of Charles's parliament. New victims soon accumulated, whose deaths and

cabinet council, given a memorial of the causes of complaint that king Charles had to bring against the queen's French domestics. Against the bishop of Mantes, Henrietta's almoner, (who was a Du Plessis, a near relative of the wily and inimical Richelieu, then rising into power,) was brought in this document an accusation "of fomenting plots in England; moreover, the queen's French domestics discovered all that passed between the king and her majesty, and laboured to create in the gentle mind of her majesty a repugnance to all that the king desired or ordered, and they fomented discords between their majesties, as a thing essential to the welfare of their church. They endeavoured to inspire her with a contempt for England, a dislike of its habits, and made her neglect the English language, as if she neither had nor wished to have any common interest in the country. They subjected the person of the queen to a monastic obediénce, in order to oblige her to do many base and servile acts, beneath the majesty of a queen, and very dangerous to her own health. Witness what has befallen a person of distinction among her attendants, who died thereof, and complained at her death that that was the cause of it." That is, the queen's French lady died of the severities of the penances inflicted on herself, not on her royal mistress; the narrative is not very luminous on this point. As to the penances imposed on the young queen, they are reported in a letter of court news, with which we must interpolate the grave state paper, which says the same, but in duller language; and if we may credit the affirmation of Bassompierre, and the queen herself, one narrative is as inventive as the other. "No longer agone than on St. James's day,[1] these hypocritical dogs made the poor queen walk a-foot from her house at St. James's, (the palace,) to the gallows at Tyburn, thereby to honour the saint of the day, in visiting that holy place, where, forsooth, so many martyrs had shed their blood in defence of the catholic cause! Had they not also made her dabble in the dirt, in a foul morning, from Somerset House to St. James's, her Luciferian

tortures were points of dispute between the king and his parliament. In the present times, all sects will rejoice that England was spared the disgrace of butchering the priests that Bassompierre carried away. He says, by mistake, (as supposed,) that he carried away *seventy* of these victims.

[1] The queen would have kept this festival, 1625, July 15, new style. All this is retrospective discussion of the council.

confessor riding by her in his coach? Yea, they have made her spin, to eat her meat out of *treen*[1] dishes, to wait at table, and serve her servants; and if these rogues dare thus insult over the daughter, sister, and wife of great kings, what slavery would they not make us, the people, undergo?"

Bassompierre spent the beginning of November in conferences, respecting the above statements, between the queen, the king, and Buckingham; and in each conference they had a separate quarrel. He inquired of the queen how he was to answer the various particulars which had been offensive to the king, as to the wooden trenchers, and other trifling matters? She either disdained to reply to them, or admitted them by silence; but in regard to the pilgrimage to the gallows at Tyburn, she most earnestly denied it. Bassompierre made so animated an harangue before the privy-council, when he defended Henrietta from having committed this absurdity, that he lost his voice for some days—a very serious loss for this vivacious foreigner, who, however, in his journal, expresses himself dubiously as to whether his affliction was owing to his exertions in behalf of the queen, or to a London fog in November, to which, poor man, he was not accustomed. In his speech he declared that the queen had instructed him to say, "that the king her husband had permitted her to gain her jubilee[2] in the chapel of the fathers of the oratory at Saint *Gemmes* (St. James), within a month of her arrival in England, which devotion had terminated with vespers; and as at that time the heat of the day was passed, she had walked in the park of *St. Gemmes*, and in the *Hipparc*[3] which joins it, a walk she had often taken in company with the king her husband; but, that she made it in procession, or that she ever approached within *fifty paces* of the gallows, or that she made there any prayers, public or private, or that she went on her knees there, holding the hours or chaplets in her hands, is what those who impose these matters on others do

[1] Dishes made of *tree, i. e.* wooden trenchers.

[2] This is some kind of indulgence granted by the pope in reward of a certain number of prayers performed at some place of worship. Queen Mary and her sister Elizabeth are described by Noailles, as very earnestly engaged in gaining one of these jubilees at Greenwich Palace, in the absence of Philip the Second.

[3] Hyde Park, often called High Park in old books, probably because St. James's Park is marshy.

not believe themselves." This oration lasted an hour. "And when I came out," says Bassompierre, in his journal, "I shewed the queen the fine statement they had made to me, and what I had replied and protested, with which she was much obliged."[1]

It is proper here to observe, that out of the numerous witnesses who must have beheld Henrietta performing such extraordinary genuflexions at the gallows-tree, not one was examined before the privy-council; therefore the statement is utterly without evidence. Indeed, every person who reads this well-known accusation against the queen of Charles, must have wondered how her majesty could have arrived on a summer's evening at the gallows barefoot, without being followed in such a public place by a vast mob of gazers. But it seems the gibbet, with all its foul and ghastly garniture, was a perennial ornament, abutting on Hyde Park; and there it stood, near where the fashionable throng now turn into the ring at Cumberland Gate—a horrid terminus to the vista—assuredly always within the view of their Britannic majesties, when they chose to enjoy the cool of the evening by taking their accustomed walk from St. James's Park to Hyde Park. The national gibbet, fed as it was from the era of Henry VIII. with almost daily food, was marvellously convenient for Henriette's pilgrimage, had she ever taken it; but she indignantly repelled the idea. She acknowledged she had often walked that way with her husband, but she denied that she ever approached the gibbet *nearer* than fifty paces![2] What times! what manners! what an admission! To us it appears still more abhorrent, that a fair royal bride, in her honeymoon, leaning on the arm of her loving lord, should take a summer stroll for pleasure within fifty paces of a gibbet, than that she should approach it, in sorrow and humiliation, to meditate on the agony, sin, and grief, that had throbbed at the hearts of the miserable fellow-creatures who had perished on the horrid spot. The circumstance that such an appendage abutted on the royal parks, more than ever marks the brutality of the 16th and 17th centuries, which had much receded in common decency from the era of the early Plantagenets. Probably the young

[1] Bassompierre's Journal, collected with the Minutes of the Privy Council, Nov. 1626. [2] Ibid.

queen, when she first beheld the grim object so near her courtly promenade, crossed herself in a fright, and repeated some Latin prayer or adjuration, and from thence the whole story grew; perhaps she did so whenever she saw it—who can wonder? This circumstance occasioned the removal of the gibbet, with general approbation, to the vicinity of Paddington.[1]

The gallant Bassompierre remained for some time an unwilling mute, having, by his own account, lost his voice in her majesty's vindication.[2] But the vindication only set the belligerent parties quarrelling again, with greater vivacity than ever. The pains-taking ambassador had to commence anew his series of separate visits, and his course of suitable exhortations, to the queen, the king, and Buckingham. "I came," continues Bassompierre,[3] "in the morning to Somerset (House) to meet the queen, who had arrived there to see the lord mayor go on the Thames, on his way to Westminster, to be sworn in, with a magnificent display of boats. There the queen dined, and afterwards got into her coach, and placed me at the *same door* with her." The royal carriages were huge fabrics, gaudily ornamented; they had no glass as yet, but were sheltered with leather curtains; they were capable of holding eight inside passengers, two of whom were perched in niches, called boots, at each door, places usually reserved for some favoured guest or friend of the king or queen. "The duke of Buckingham, by the queen's commands, likewise got into her coach," observes Bassompierre; "and we went into the street called *Shipside* (Cheapside), to see the ceremony, which is the greatest made for the reception of any officer in the world. While waiting for the lord mayor to pass, the queen played at primero with the duke, the earl of Dorset, and me; afterwards the duke of Buckingham took me to dine with the lord mayor; and after the lord mayor's dinner I went to walk in Moorfields."[4] The early hour of the lord mayor's dinner may be judged by Bassompierre finishing this festival-day (Nov. 9) with an evening walk in Moor-

[1] Hence it is called Paddington Tree, and its precincts Paddington Pound, in the songs of the seventeenth century.

[2] Bassompierre's Journal. [3] Ibid., pp. 80-82. [4] Ibid., p. 83.

fields, then a sort of garden or park of recreation for the citizens.

In the course of a few days, Bassompierre considered that he had arranged all the disputed points, and made a fair agreement for the future comfort of the queen; the particulars of which he details thus in his letter to the French government, addressed to M. d'Herbault:[1] "You will now find, monsieur, that the satisfaction is complete, and that the queen, his majesty's sister, rests infinitely obliged with what I have done for her; and deeming herself content and happy, she lives now with the king in perfect amity. First, she has re-established—and this is for her conscience—a bishop[2] and ten priests, a confessor and his coadjutor, and ten musicians for her chapel; that at St. James's is to be finished with its cemetery, and another is to be built for her at Somerset (House), at the expense of the king, her husband. In attendance on her person she will have, of her own nation, two ladies of the bed-chamber, three bed-chamber-women, one *lingère*, and a clear-starcher. In regard to her health, two physicians, an apothecary, and a surgeon. For her house, a grand chamberlain, a squire, a secretary, a gentleman-usher of the privy-chamber, one of the chamber of presence, a valet of the privy-chamber, a *baxter-groom* (that is, a baker). All her officers of the mouth and the goblet are to be French." Here were foreign domestics sufficiently numerous to cause Henrietta to be the most unpopular queen-consort that ever shared an English throne in the best of times; the establishment was, however, scanty, in comparison with the army of impracticable people located at the English court on the strength of the first treaty, when they amounted to more than four hundred.

The queen was not really in quite so complacent a state of mind as her father's old friend hoped; a more stormy scene took place than had yet occurred. Bassompierre, out of all patience at seeing Henrietta continue to play the vixen, after all her grievances had been redressed, told her his mind without caring for her rank. In his brief journal

[1] Bassompierre's Journal, p. 150. French document.

[2] This, we think, was not carried into effect directly. The priests were capuchins, who concern themselves less in politics than other orders.

he notes: "Nov. 12. Came to the queen's, where the king came, *who* fell out with one another, and I afterwards with the queen, on this account. I told her plainly, that I should next day take leave of king Charles, and return to France, leaving the business unfinished, and should tell his majesty (Louis XIII.) her brother, and the queen her mother, that it was all her fault."

This was the best way of settling Henrietta's mind and affairs. She had been told by her flattering retinue, that all her little tyrannies and lovers' quarrels with Charles were entirely becoming to a queen, and what (as Napoleon truly said) was far better, a pretty woman. But the few plain words of her father's comrade informed her that she behaved unlike a wife, and that he should so report her to her own family. And this honest dealing secured the lovely queen nearly eighteen years of conjugal happiness, with undisputed possession of a true heart that adored her, till it ceased to beat—a rich reward for listening to a few words of truth from a real friend.

The acute mind of Bassompierre had fathomed the real cause of Henrietta's perverse conduct. He has left an observation, shewing the imprudence of her confidences. "When I had returned home, father Sancy, to whom the queen had written about our falling out, came to make it up with me"—that is, to bring an apology for the queen's conduct—"but with such impertinences, that I got very angry with him." But whether the impertinences originated with the queen, or her messenger, Bassompierre deposeth not. Henrietta had, however, a most imprudent habit of giving confidence without due consideration; she herself told madame de Motteville, "that her hastiness in telling her mind to all about her, had been of infinite injury to herself and to the political affairs of her husband."

Bassompierre returned to France, carrying with him this father Sancy, who certainly always kept the queen's mind in a most mischievous state of agitation, while he was near her. One would have thought that Bassompierre's exertions would have been repaid, with the utmost approbation, by his own country. Far from it; he had behaved too honestly, and told every one the truth too plainly, and had avoided extremes in his mediatorial capacity too decidedly, to give

satisfaction to his weak and bigoted master. The learned and dignified king of England could admire the calm majesty of this ambassador's reply, when he asked him, in the course of the recent dispute, "Whether he had come to declare war on him?" "I am not a herald to declare war," was the noble retort of Bassompierre, "but a marshal of France, to make it when declared." Even the spoiled royal beauty, Henrietta, listened to the blunt reproofs of her old friend, and was grateful when her anger was over. But the foolish queen-mother of France, and her weak son, were enraged because every article of the original marriage treaty was not carried into effect. Bassompierre was frowned upon at his own court. Louis XIII., animated with the desire of nullifying the wise toleration his great father had given to the French protestants, pressed on the siege of Rochelle, and war between England and France was the result.

It is very doubtful, whether the modified arrangement of Henrietta's French household was carried into effect, till after the peace with France, since it is certain that the ten capuchin friars were not appointed for her chapel till the year 1630.[1] Charlotte de la Tremouille, lady Strange,[2] who, having married the heir of Derby, had become naturalized as an English subject, indubitably filled the place of one of the two ladies of the bed-chamber, mentioned in the French list. The relationship of this lady to the heroic deliverer of Holland, William, prince of Orange, rendered her less offensive to the English people, than any other foreign attendant of the queen. Her mother, the duchess de la Tremouille, had returned to France a few days before the ambassador departed.

A war with France soon after broke out, notwithstanding which, the queen enjoyed more tranquillity than when her French household was about her. The king wrote, on occasion of the capture of the Isle of Rhé, to Buckingham, who commanded on that expedition, the following remarkable postscript at the end of a familiar letter: "I cannot omit to tell you, that my wife and I were never on better

[1] MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache, one of those capuchins.

[2] Charlotte de la Tremouille, afterwards so renowned as the heroic defender of Latham House.

terms; she, upon this action of yours, shewing herself so loving to me, by her discretion on all occasions, that it makes us all wonder at and esteem her."[1]

Meantime great enmity against king Charles prevailed in France, originating in the dismissal of Henrietta's French retinue; and the most sinister reports were circulated among the populace, which were fostered by the servants of the cashiered officials. All classes of the French people thought that their beautiful young princess was the victim and martyr of the heretic king. This state of the public mind caused belief to be given to a very strange imposture.

A girl—who was, without doubt, a monomaniac—took it into her head that she was the persecuted queen of England, and while Louis XIII. was carrying on the siege of Rochelle, presented herself at a convent at Limoges, and claimed the hospitality of the nuns as such. She declared that she had fled from king Charles, and from England, because she was persecuted on account of the true faith. She spoke and carried herself with remarkable dignity. When she was questioned, she gave a very plausible description of the English court, and of the great lords and ladies who composed the household of Henrietta Maria. Her statements were correct—at least, as far as the good people of Limoges were aware—for the whole of that city and neighbourhood flocked to see the distressed queen, and were thoroughly persuaded of her identity. Louis XIII. was exceedingly enraged at what he considered the impudence of this imposition, being attempted at a time when his sister was in peace and prosperity, surrounded by her own court. He sent orders to the lieutenant-general of Limoges to bring the girl to public trial. During the whole of this process, the representative of queen Henrietta abated not a jot of her assumed majesty, answered all questions with great presence of mind and cleverness, and very coolly signed her legal examination, "Henriette de Bourbon." She was condemned to make the *amende honorable*, that is, to confess her delinquency, at the end of a public religious procession, with a lighted taper in her hand, and to be imprisoned during the pleasure of the king of France. What further became of her is not known.[2]

[1] Hardwicke State Papers, vol. ii. p. 14.
[2] Causes Célèbres, vol. ii. p. 204.

While this self-constituted double was assuming the character of Henrietta in her native land, the queen herself was experiencing the sweet hopes of maternity, but unfortunately she could not rest contented without endeavouring to read the future destiny both of her unborn infant and herself. The prophetess to whom she had recourse on this occasion was no juggling gipsy or sordid witch, but a high-born lady of her court,—one of the most extraordinary characters of her day. This was lady Eleanor, the daughter of the earl of Castlehaven, and wife to the king's attorney-general, sir John Davys. The study of the original scriptural languages, and a mystical and fanatical belief of her own devising, had turned this noble dame's brain, so as to cause her to believe that a prophetic mantle of no little power had descended upon her. Under its influence she had foretold the death of her first husband, to the infinite indignation of Charles I.[1] How she ever obtained a second, her curious autobiography does not explain; regarding her inspirations, she was more communicative. The idea that she was a prophetess arose from finding that the letters of her name, twisted into an anagram, might be read in this line:—*Reveal, O Daniel.*

Her prophetic pride was, however, somewhat rebuked by one of the king's privy council, who having occasion to reprove her for venting some mischievous political predictions, by a suitable exordium in the star-chamber, very wittily attacked her with her own weapons, by assuring her that the letters which composed her name she had not rightly construed, for the real anagram should be read thus: Dame Eleanor Davys, *Never so mad a lady.*

Such was the prophetess to whom queen Henrietta applied, to read the destiny which was in mercy withheld from her. The odd dialogue that passed between her majesty and the prophetess is best given in lady Eleanor's own words. "About two years after the marriage of king Charles I., I was waiting on the queen as she came from mass or evening service, to know what service she was pleased to require from me. Her first question was, 'Whether she should

[1] Ballard's Celebrated Women.

ever have a son?' I answered, 'In a short time.'"[1] The queen was next desirous to know what would be the destiny of the duke of Buckingham and the English fleet, which had sailed to oppose her brother, and relieve the siege of Rochelle? "I answered," lady Eleanor continued, "that the duke of Buckingham would bring home little honour, but his person would return safely, and that speedily." This reply gave little satisfaction to the duke's enemies, who would have been best pleased to have heard of his death. The queen then returned to her hopes of a son, and I shewed that she should have one, and that for a long time she should be happy. 'But for how long?' asked the queen. 'For sixteen years,' was my reply. King Charles coming in at that instant, our discourse was interrupted by him. 'How now, lady Eleanor,' said the king, 'are not you the person who foretold your husband's death three days before it happened?' to which his majesty though fit to add, 'that it was the next to breaking his heart.'" And probably most husbands will be of the opinion of Charles I.

Although the king had thus successfully cut short the conference with lady Eleanor, he could not prevent the maids of honour from crowding round that prophetess, and assailing her with the questions which their royal mistress had intended to ask. Lady Eleanor informed these ladies, "It was indeed true that the queen would shortly have a son; but it was no less true that it would be born, christened, and buried, all in one day." Perhaps this vexatious prophecy was made on purpose to plague the king for his interruption and sharp reproof.

Probably the evil prediction of this mad gentlewoman dwelt on the mind of the young queen; others say she was hurried and alarmed by some trifling accident; she was, however, taken very ill, and rather unexpectedly gave birth to a son, May 13, 1628. A contest took place between Charles I. and the queen's confessor, whether the heir of England should be baptized according to the church of England or the church of Rome; but the king carried his point, and the boy was named Charles James, by Dr. Webb,

[1] This was on All Saints' Day, Nov. 1st, 1627. The queen's son was born seven months afterwards.

the chaplain in attendance. As the royal babe had been born a little before its time, it was in a languid state, and died the day of its birth, an hour after its baptism, and was buried just before midnight, by Dr. Laud.

The king forbade the queen to consult dame Eleanor any more on the destiny of their offspring. But if we may believe the testimony of the sybil herself, and the reports of the day, this prohibition only made her majesty the more eager for the forbidden conference, when, in a short time after, she again had hopes of maternity. Lady Eleanor plumed herself very much on the fulfilment of her divination regarding the death of the queen's first-born, and forthwith vented such a tirade of impertinent prophecies on politics, religion, and affairs in general, which did not concern her, that king Charles, much annoyed at her proceedings, sent Mr. Kirke, one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, to complain to her husband, and desire him to make her hold her tongue. But this was a piece of discretion seemingly beyond her own power; neither could her husband ever succeed in controlling that unruly member. Nevertheless, the king's dutiful law-officer, sir John Davys, did all he could to impede the promulgation of his lady's prophecies, by throwing a large bundle of them in manuscript behind the fire.

The king's messenger proved a very unfaithful one, for after delivering his royal master's message, he added a request on his own account, to know "if the queen's second child would be a son?" "And I," says lady Eleanor, "unwilling to send him empty away, assured him of a prince and a strong child, which he not sparing to impart, the news was solemnized with bonfires." This last is a piece of perversity almost too ridiculous for belief. How thoroughly tormented must the king have been with the absurdity of his messenger, who, when sent to reprove lady Eleanor's conjuring spirit, took the opportunity of exciting her to exercise it anew, by the request of his queen.

The sudden death of Buckingham, by the stroke of a fanatic's dagger, August, 1628, removed one to whose influence the queen attributed all the differences which had occurred between herself and her husband. It is certain that the matrimonial happiness of the royal pair improved after the decease of this powerful minister.

The queen was little more than eighteen; her reason had not been cultivated, and her tastes were as yet childish. Among other frivolities, she had a great fancy for dwarfs, and was a noted patroness of those mannikins; one of them proved something like an historical character, and about this time stepped out of a cold pie into her majesty's service. This incident occurred in one of the royal progresses, when Charles and Henrietta were entertained by the duchess of Buckingham. The queen was induced to partake of a noble venison pasty in the centre of the table; when some of the crust was removed, the little man Geoffry Hudson rose out of the pie, and hastened to prostrate himself before her majesty's plate, entreating to be taken into her service. She was greatly diverted with this odd addition to her retinue, especially at the mode of his appearance. He was then but eighteen inches high, a Gulliver among the Brobdignagians, and almost as accomplished a character. The queen entertained him as her dwarf *par excellence*, although, according to the taste of her era, she was already provided with a pair of these little monsters, whose marriage was celebrated by the courtly strains of Waller. Master Geoffry proved a very valiant and sensible modicum of humanity, fit to be employed in state messages of small import. In 1630, for instance, he was despatched to France by the queen, to escort over the channel the French *sage femme*, her royal mother deemed the best to preside over her approaching accouchement. The homeward voyage was disastrous: a Dunkirk privateer, being no respecter of persons, captured both the *sage femme* and Master Geoffry, and plundered them of all the rich presents they were bringing to the queen from her mother, Marie de Medicis; and, what was worse, the *sage femme* was detained in captivity till her office was no longer needed by the royal patient.

Matters of more import at this time gave no little pain to Henrietta. The prospect of the royal line being continued by a Roman-catholic queen excited party rage in a violent degree, and political pamphlets were published full of reviling epithets against her. In these she was termed a daughter of Heth, a Canaanite, and an idolatress, whose hopes of progeny could give no general joy, God having

provided much better for England, in the hopeful issue of the queen of Bohemia. This idea had thus taken possession of the calvinistic party in England, previously to the birth of Charles II.[1] This prince was born on the morning of May 29, 1630, at the palace of St. James. He was a strong, fine babe, but by no means remarkable for his infantine beauty. The king rode in great state that very morning, to return thanks for the birth of his heir, and the safety of his queen, at St. Paul's cathedral. During the royal procession, a bright star appeared at noon-day, to the great astonishment and admiration of the populace. An accident so poetical was immediately seized by one of the learned gentlemen in the king's retinue. A Latin epigram, with the following elegant translation, was presented to him, as a congratulation on the birth of the prince:—

> "When to Paul's Cross the grateful king drew near,
> A shining star did in the heavens appear.
> Thou that consultest with bright mysteries,
> Tell me what this bright wanderer signifies?
> 'Now there is born a valiant prince i' the west,
> That shall eclipse the kingdoms of the east.'"[2]

Prince Charles was baptized the Sunday before the 2nd of July, the same year, "in the chapel at St. James's, but not the queen's chapel," as one of the news-letter informants[3] especially notes, and not without reason, for Henrietta Maria's chapel was a retired apartment in the palace, fitted up as a Roman-catholic place of worship. The ceremony of the royal baptism was the first time performed in this country for an heir to the throne, after the form prescribed in our Book of Common Prayer; Laud, bishop of London, dean of the royal chapel, officiated, assisted by the bishop of Norwich, royal almoner. The sponsors were the zealous Roman catholic, Louis XIII., his bigoted mother, Marie de Medicis, and that protestant champion, the unfortunate Palgrave, who joined in answering that the heir of Great Britain should be brought up in the tenets of the church of England, which neither of them professed. The duke of Lenox, the old ostentatious duchess of Richmond,

[1] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 20. [2] Ibid., p. 21.
[3] In a letter to Mr. Joseph Mede.

and the marquis of Hamilton, were the proxies for these incongruous sponsors. The duchess's gifts on the occasion outwent her usual boastful profusion, for she presented the prince with a jewel worth 7000*l.* A wet-nurse from Wales[1] was provided for the infant, probably to keep up the old custom and promise to the principality—that the first words of every prince of Wales should be uttered in Welsh. To this nurse the ostentatious duchess presented a gold chain worth 200*l.*; to the midwife and dry-nurse, a quantity of massy plate; and even the rockers received from her a silver cup, salt, and a dozen of spoons. The queen had very politically sent her own state carriage, attended by two lords, many knights and gentlemen, preceded by six running footmen, and drawn by six horses with plumes on their heads and backs, to fetch this bountiful dowager to the christening, from her house in the Strand. The old lady paid dear for her ride in the queen's carriage that short distance, for she gave to the knights fifty pounds each, to the coachman twenty pounds, and to each of the footmen ten pounds. The state dresses at this baptism were white satin trimmed with crimson, and crimson silk stockings. The lady to whom the personal charge of the prince was committed, was Mrs. Wyndham, who, throughout his life, had extraordinary influence over him.[2]

The queen possessed, in a high degree, that talent of writing charming little letters, for which Frenchwomen have always been admired. One of the earliest letters from her pen, which is extant, is replete with the fascination of playful *naïveté*; it is addressed to her old friend, madame St. George, with whom she constantly corresponded, notwithstanding her unceremonious dismissal by king Charles. This letter proves that Henrietta—despite of the proverb which affirms that even the crows think their own nestlings fair—was not blind to the fact that her boy was a fright. The likeness of some tawny Provençal ancestor of Henri Quatre, must have revived in the person of the prince of Wales, for the elegant Charles I., and the beautiful Henrietta, had no right to expect so plain a little creature as their first-born.

[1] News Letter.

[2] Clarendon Correspondence. Appendix. The gold chain, mentioned in the text, was, in all probability, presented to Mrs. Wyndham, the superintendant of the prince's nursery, and not to the wet-nurse.

It is amusing enough to read the queen's description of the solemn ugliness of her fat baby.

[No date, but written in the first year of the life of Charles II.]

" Mamie St. George,[1]

" The husband of the nurse of my son going to France about some business of his wife, I write you this letter by him, believing that you will be very glad to ask him news of my son, of whom I think you have seen the portrait that I sent to the queen my mother. He is so ugly, that I am ashamed of him; but his size and fatness supply the want of beauty. I wish you could see the *gentleman*, for he has no ordinary mien; he is so serious in all that he does, that I cannot help deeming him far wiser than myself.

" Send me a dozen pairs of sweet chamois gloves, and also I beg you send me one of doeskin; a game of *joncheries*, one of *poule*, and the rules of any species of games now in vogue. I assure you, that if I do not write to you so often as I might, it is not because I have left off loving you, but because—I must confess it—I am very idle: also I am ashamed to avow that I think I am on the increase again; nevertheless, I am not yet quite certain. Adieu, the man must have my letter."

Henrietta wrote another letter to her friend as follows, some time before November, 1631:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO MADAME ST. GEORGE.[2]

[No date, probably just before the birth of the queen's eldest daughter.]

" Mamie St. George,

" Barbereau having asked leave to go to France for his particular affairs, I would not let him depart without assuring you of the continuation of my friendship, and also to complain a little, that I have been so long without hearing news of you. I know well you may retort the same thing; but at this time I am out of London, and have no opportunities: also, I am not a little incommoded with my size, which renders me indolent; but assure yourself that I fail not to remember you on all occasions, and that I hope you will always find me,

" Your affectionate friend,

" HENRIETTE MARIE, R.

" Make my commendations to my *niece*.[3] I am having the portraits of my children and of myself done, which I shall send to you very soon."

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[1] Inedited letter, Imperial Library, St. Petersburgh, by favour of is imperial majesty, the emperor of Russia.

[2] Imperial Library, St. Petersburgh. Inedited MS.

[3] Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the eldest daughter of her brother Gaston, duke of Orleans. The beautiful madame de St. George, who played so important a part in the historical comedy of the dismissal of queen Henrietta's French suite, was the daughter of madame de Monglat, governess of the children of Henry IV. and his queen. She was the wife of a noble of the house of Clermont-Amboise. It has been shewn that Henrietta had been reared from childhood with her when she was Mademoiselle de Monglat, which accounts naturally for the excessive love she bore her as madame de St. George. After her return from England, madame de St. George was appointed state-governess to that capricious princess, mademoiselle de Montpensier, daughter to Gaston, duke of Orleans. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, in her

The queen gave birth to her eldest daughter at St. James's palace, Nov. 4, 1631; this infant was baptized Mary, by Dr. Laud, in St. James's chapel. The queen committed the little princess to the care of Catherine, lady Stanhope, who served her with the most attached fidelity through life.

When Charles could no longer delay his Scottish coronation, the queen was invited to share this northern inauguration, which she as firmly refused as she did the ceremony of the English consecration; and she suffered her husband to depart on his northern progress alone. It is here necessary to mention that the attachment of Charles I. to domestic life, had caused him to neglect the royal duty of occasional progress towards distant portions of his dominions. Queen Elizabeth had carried this usage to an abuse, yet, if we closely trace the causes of her popularity, it will be found that it owed much to her progresses.

King Charles probably considered that the difference of the queen's religion excited unpleasant remarks if she visited the protestant magnates of the land, and the furious jealousy of the whole community, if she visited any of the old catholic families. Scotland had been suffering all the pains and penalties of absenteeism since the union of the kingdoms, and these were never alleviated by the circulation of a portion of the royal revenue in that direction. Assuredly the Stuarts had little reason, since the Gowry conspiracy, to be forward in paying a visit unarmed to one of their northern lords. The extreme poverty of the crown, owing to the refusal of the parliament of Charles to grant him the usual tonnage and poundage, unless he put in force the penal laws against the condemned catholic priests, limited his expenses to the most rigid economy; and royal progresses cannot be made without a certain degree of royal expenditure.

autobiography, displays more feeling in her description of the death of madame de St. George, than in any other instance. This lady left several little children; and her pupil gives a very touching account of the manner in which she gave them her last blessing on her death-bed. She begged mademoiselle de Montpensier to permit her to include her in it. The princess received this blessing kneeling, and weeping passionately. "Directly after," says mademoiselle, "madame de St. George entered into her last agonies, and expired a quarter of an hour afterwards. This dear friend of queen Henrietta died February 13, 1642, just before the deaths of Marie de Medicis, Louis XIII., and cardinal Richelieu."—Mémoires de Mad. de Montpensier, vol. i. p. 70.

The following occurrence, which took place in Sept. 1632, increased the unpopularity of the queen to an alarming degree. "On Friday, at eleven in the forenoon, her majesty, with her own hands, helped to lay the two first square corner stones, with a silver plate of equal dimensions between them, in the foundation of her capuchin's church, intended to be built in the tennis court-yard of Somerset House; which stones, in the presence of upwards of 2,000 persons, were consecrated with great ceremony, having engraven upon the upper part of that plate the portraits of their majesties, as founders, and of the capuchins, as consecrators."[1] Another chapel for the queen was commenced at St. James's; but the approaching revolution ripened and strengthened as these establishments for the Roman-catholic church approached completion, and the personal libels on the queen became frequent and furious. The service of the Roman-catholic church was, in the course of about two years, celebrated at these chapels with a splendour and publicity most injurious to the prosperity of Charles I.

The desire of Charles I. to shew his preference for the church of England, perhaps occasioned his attempt to establish it in his northern kingdom. This fatal step appears to be connected with his Scottish coronation; probably the oath which the constitution of the country required him to take was not consistent with the popular religion. Henrietta remained at Greenwich palace during the king's absence in Scotland; it was the first separation which had occurred between the royal pair. Charles shewed no little impatience at its duration; he hurried the latter part of his journey of return, and to avoid entering the metropolis, lest he should be delayed by tedious greetings, he rode across the country almost alone from Waltham to Blackwall, where he was ferried over the river, and gave his queen a loving surprise.

The queen's delicate situation probably occasioned the homeward haste of the king. Within a few weeks of his return was born, at St. James's palace, her second son, Oct. 14,[2] 1633. The child was baptized in St. James's

[1] Pery's News Letter, Ellis's Original Letters. New series, vol. iii. p. 271.

[2] Autograph Memoirs of James II.—Evelyn. History always quotes Oct. 13.

chapel by the name of James, in memory of his grandfather James I. The new archbishop, Laud, officiated on this occasion. Charles I., according to a custom prevalent in the royal family of England since the accession of the line of York, created the child duke of York. The queen committed him to the care of lady Dorset. His infantine beauty, and fair and blooming complexion, somewhat atoned to his mother for the ugliness of his elder brother; he was her best beloved son.[1] King Charles destined him for the marine service of his country, and caused his education to tend to everything naval. He was named lord high admiral in his infancy, and the fleets of England sailed under his flag. No one could at that time tell that he was to be one of the greatest naval warriors the British island ever produced.

The queen's name was involved, about this time, in a desperate quarrel, which took place between lord Holland and the resident ambassador at Paris, lord Weston. The dispute merely related to some letters which the queen had written to her mother and relatives in France. Lord Holland had undertaken to convey them, but they fell into the hands of the English ambassador, who sent them to the king. Great jealousy existed regarding the queen's correspondence with France, especially on the subject of religion. The king justified the proceedings of lord Weston, and placed lord Holland under arrest, for offering "to fight this ambassador to the death." The vague scandals regarding the queen and lord Holland have misrepresented this circumstance.[2]

This was almost the last difference that ruffled the wedded happiness of the royal pair, and, during their future years, the fondest attachment succeeded to the gusty passion which prompted them to a series of lovers' quarrels in the first days of their marriage. An increasing and lovely family cemented their conjugal union. Henrietta was a fond mother, and devoted much of her time to her nursery. Occa-

[1] This was the assertion of the queen's niece, mademoiselle de Montpensier, in her Memoirs.

[2] Howell in one of his letters mentions the circumstance as it really was, and adds, "My lord of Holland takes this in such scorn, that he has defied lord Weston, and demanded the combat of him since his return, for which he is confined to his house at Kensington (Holland House).

sionally her divine voice was heard singing to her infant, as she lulled it in her arms, filling the magnificent galleries of Whitehall with its enchanting cadences. Queenly etiquette prevented her from charming listeners with its strains at other times.

Sometimes little flaws of anger overclouded the serenity of her temper, which all her countrywomen mention as being usually a very happy one. Dean Swift, in his history of his own times, makes a malicious use of the following anecdote, which he, only, has preserved; but it was no great crime, either on the side of Charles or Henrietta:—

"Charles I., in gallantry to his queen, thought one day to surprise her with the present of a diamond brooch, and, fastening it to her bosom with his own hand, he awkwardly wounded her with the prong so deeply, that she snatched the jewel from her bosom and flung it on the ground. The king looked alarmed and confounded, and turned pale, which he never was seen to do in his worst misfortunes." Then follows a long tirade against the uxoriousness of the king, which, to the cynical dean, was the deepest of crimes. Alas! Charles's enemies were woefully at a loss for personal faults when they place *this* at the head of the list.

HENRIETTA MARIA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF CHARLES I. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER II.

Queen deems herself the happiest woman in the world—Poems in her praise—Her portrait by Vandyke—Family portrait, with children (*see vignette*)—Queen's want of sleep—Her pastoral festival—Prynne's abuse of the queen—She intercedes for him—Birth of the princess Elizabeth—Letters to her son Charles—Queen's reception of her mother—Commencement of the queen's own narrative of the civil war—Her grief for Strafford—Departure of her mother—Queen's letters to the king in Scotland—Her conduct till his return—Betrayed by lady Carlisle—Invents the name of Roundhead—Forced from London by tumults—Political measures attributed to the queen—Her voyage to Holland—Leaves her eldest daughter there—Obtains stores for the king—Embarks to return—Adventures in a storm, &c.—Lands at Burlington—Great dangers—Tradition—The queen's pledge—Queen saves an enemy's life—Her march to York—Her letters from thence—Queen at Newark—Her answer to the ladies' petition—Her march from Newark—Meets the king in the vale of Keynton—Medal struck in her honour—Her residence at Oxford—Her illness—Journey to Bath and Exeter—Expected confinement—Her privations—Assistance given her—Birth of the princess Henrietta—Queen obliged to fly—Leaves her infant at Exeter—Danger from rebel army—Her sufferings and perils—Embarks for France—Her vessel cannonaded—Her desperate resolution—Lands near Brest—Adventures—Kind reception in France—Ill state of health—Goes to the baths of Bourbon—Reflections of Charles I. on his separation from her.

AT the epoch when Henrietta Maria was apostrophized by the most popular poet of her day, as

> Great Gloriana! bright Gloriana!
> Fair as high heaven is, and fertile as earth!

she had been heard to consider herself the happiest woman in the world, happy as wife, mother, and queen.[1] All was

[1] Madame de Motteville often repeats this saying of queen Henriette.

peaceful at this juncture; the discontents of the English people, whilst Charles I. governed without a parliament, were hushed in grim repose—it was a repose like the lull of the winds before the burst of the electrical tornado; but she knew it not.

Henrietta Maria was not only the queen, but the beauty of the British court; she had, about the year 1633, attained the perfection of her charms in face and figure; she was the theme of every poet, the star of all beholders. The moral life of Charles I., his conjugal attachment to his queen, and the refined tastes of both, gave the court a degree of elegance till then unknown.

Edmund Waller, a gentleman of senatorial rank, a kinsman of the Cromwell family, who were all, save one, gentlemen of the most ardent loyalty, exercised his poetic talents as honorary poet-laureate. His polished stanzas, descriptive of the beauty of the queen and of the noble ladies of her circle, are now more valuable for their historical allusions than for their poetic merit.

ON THE QUEEN'S PORTRAIT BY VANDYKE.

"Well fare the hand, which to our humble sight
Presents that beauty, which the dazzling light
Of royal splendour hides from weaker eyes,
And all access, save by this art, denies.

* * * * *

The gracious image, seeming to give leave,
Propitious stands, vouchsafing to be seen,
And by our muse saluted—Mighty queen!
In whom the extremes of power and beauty move,
The queen of Britain and the queen of love!
Heaven hath preferred a sceptre to your hand,
Favoured our freedom more than your command.
Beauty hath crowned you, and you must have been
The whole world's mistress, other than a queen."

In the Vandyke room at Windsor castle are four portraits of Henrietta, one of which probably inspired the foregoing verses. Three of these paintings are full lengths; in the first, the queen is evidently a girl in her teens, the features are very delicate and pretty, with a pale, clear complexion, beautiful dark eyes, and chesnut hair. Her form is slight and exquisitely graceful. She is dressed in white satin; the bodice of her dress is nearly high, with a large falling collar trimmed with points. The bodice is made tight

to her form, closed in front with bows of cherry-coloured ribbon, and is finished from the waist with several large tabs richly embroidered. The sleeves are very full and descend to the elbows, where they are confined by ruffles. One arm is encircled with a narrow black bracelet, the other with one of costly gems. She wears a string of pear-shaped pearls about her neck; a red ribbon, twisted with pearls, is placed carelessly among her hair at the back of her head. She stands by a table, and her hand rests on two red roses which are placed near the crown. One of Vandyke's most magnificent paintings represents queen Henrietta in the same piece with the king, her husband, and their two eldest sons, Charles II. and James II. This interesting family group, reduced by Vertue, furnishes the vignette to the present volume of the Lives of the Queens of England.

Henrietta and Charles I. are seated in chairs of state; she has her infant in her arms, whom she holds with peculiar grace, but bestows her attention on the prince of Wales, who is standing by the king, with his little hand caressingly placed on the royal father's knee. Two little dogs are in the foreground, between the king and queen. One sits at the king's foot, the other stands on its hind legs, with its paws on the queen's dress, looking up to the baby in her arms whose attention it has attracted. The infant is about six months old, in long white draperies, black-eyed and intelligent, but has no border to its droll little cap. The appearance of the queen is maternal, but she has an air of care and sadness. Her hair is confined with a string of large round pearls; a cross adorns her bosom. Her dress is of rich brown brocade, with very full lace ruffles, and the graceful little cape, called, in the modern vocabulary of costume, a *berthe*, falls over the bodice, which is finished round the bosom and at the waist with a purple band.

King Charles is very handsome, graceful, and chivalric. He wears the collar and star of the garter, with a regal dress of purple velvet slashed with white satin; a Vandyke collar, and white satin shoes with enormous rosettes. The crowns, both of the king and queen, are placed on a small round table. The palace of Whitehall appears in the back ground.[1]

[1] Very similar to this picture is the noble painting of the family group, by Vandyke, in the state drawing-room at Lambeth palace.

To turn from the characteristics of Henrietta perpetuated by the pencil, to those effected by the pen, we must quote the lines of Waller, inscribed to the "Lady who could do anything but sleep when she chose." In this elegant little poem he has personified Sleep, who, in the first person, is supposed thus to address the insomnolent queen:[1]

"My charge it is those languors to repair,
Which nature feels, from sorrow, toil, and care,
Rest to the limbs and quiet I confer
On troubled minds, but nought can add to her
Whom heaven and her transcendent charms have placed
Above those ills which wretched mortals taste.

Yet as her earnest wish invokes my power,
I shall no more decline that sacred bower,
Where Gloriana, the great mistress, lies;
But gently fanning those victorious eyes,
Charm all the senses, till the joyful sun,
Without a rival, half his course has run,
Who, while my hand that fairer light confines,
May boast himself the fairest thing that shines."

If the queen could be deceived out of a sense of her mortality by such adulatory stanzas as these, the time was fast approaching which would shew that she was in nowise distinguished above other sojourners in this world of trouble, save by the pressure of a double load of sorrow. That insomnolency, which was adroitly turned into compliment by the poetical adulator, was probably induced by the prognostics of the approaching political storm.

Another sketch of Henrietta, in Waller's poetical portraiture, is still more elegant:

"Could nature there no other lady grace,
When we might dare to love with such a face,
Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes,
Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies?
Beyond our reach, and yet within our sight,
What envious power has placed this glorious light?
* * * * *
All her affections are to one inclined;
Her bounty and compassion to mankind,
To whom, while she so far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promise of her face;
For Mercy has, could Mercy's self be seen,
No sweeter look than this propitious queen."

[1] It was probably introduced in some masque.

Queen Henrietta had made such slow progress in the English language, in the first years of her marriage, that her deficiencies, in 1632, became a matter of serious consideration. Previously, Charles I., among other reasons for dismissing her French household, had sent to her mother that his queen obstinately refused to learn the English tongue; this fault was so sedulously mended in subsequent years, that her sons could not express themselves in French when they were resident in Paris. Madame de Motteville likewise complains that queen Henriette had, in her constant practice of English, forgot the delicate idioms of her mother tongue. Mr. Wingate, a learned barrister of Gray's Inn, was, in 1632, appointed her majesty's tutor, and to facilitate her acquisition of English, a grand masque, called the Queen's Pastoral, was acted at Whitehall. The part destined for the queen to learn by rote was so unmercifully long, that her majesty complained piteously to her ladies of the labour of learning it, and said, "that it was as long as a whole play." The parts of her ladies were equally lengthy and heavy, so that the Queen's Pastoral took eight hours in the performance!

The piece was written by a young aspirant, and possessed no literary merit. It was from the pen of Walter Montague, the second son of the earl of Manchester, who finished life an ascetic priest, and the queen's grand almoner, of whom we shall have much to say hereafter. He was in youth a gay gallant of the court, little anticipating his own transmutation. Ben Jonson was usually the poet of the courtly masques; unfortunately, for the queen, he and Inigo Jones had had a furious quarrel, regarding their merits as poet and designer of masques, and on this account the Queen's Pastoral had been furnished with words by the unskilled amateur, Montague. It was the part that the queen took in this luckless pastoral which called forth the furious vituperations of Master Prynne, in his "Histromastrix," yet it was only for her majesty's private exercise in her own courtly circles.

In honour of the birth of the second English prince, and to show how little they participated in the illiberal attacks of the fanatic agitator, Prynne, (which occurred about the same period,) the queen was invited, by the gentlemen of

Lincoln's Inn and of the Temple, to a splendid masque and ballet, given at their charge.[1]

The Lincoln's Inn and Temple masques lasted three days, they put the majority of the people into an ecstasy of good humour, and, for a while, contributed to soften the sour and acrid temper of the times.

These outward glories were, notwithstanding, chequered with dark indications of approaching troubles, a concealed volcano was glowing beneath the feet of those who gaily trod the courtly measures in the elegant and really harmless ballets, which rendered still more furious the fanaticism of Prynne and his coadjutors. The brutal attack of Prynne on the queen, in his Histromastrix, drew down on him the vengeance of Charles, in a manner inconsistent with his former character, though perfectly consistent with the law at that time in force. No one commented on the conduct of Prynne with more terse severity than that honest but mistaken fanatic himself. It is well to conclude the subject with his own words, which he wrote when he was keeper of the records in the Tower, after the accession of Charles II.: "King Charles ought to have taken my head when he took my ears." It is to Henrietta's great credit that she did all in her power to save Prynne[2] from the infliction of the pillory and the consequent loss of his ears, which was part of that barbarous and disgusting punishment.[3]

[1] It is a curious circumstance that the leaders in these stately revels were two gentlemen, who afterwards became the two most celebrated statesmen legalists of their era, but of different parties. Edward Hyde, afterwards lord Clarendon, lord chancellor and royalist historian; the other, Bulstrode Whitelock, lord keeper, (appointed by parliament) and afterwards parliamentary historian. Hyde and Whitelock were the gayest and handsomest gentlemen of the Temple and Lincoln's Inn. These magnificent entertainments to the queen, cost the inns of court 22,000*l.*; and though the puritans at the time made a horrid outcry at the waste and extravagance of the outlay, yet these rich societies did much good by dispensing part of their wealth.

[2] Dr. Lingard's History of England. Charles I.

[3] This punishment was still part of the law of the land in the reign of queen Anne; and was endured by the author of Robinson Crusoe, for some printed reflexion on the corrupt parliaments of that era. It is brutally alluded to by Pope in his line:—

"Earless, on high, stood unabashed Defoe."

The scourge was likewise used as a punishment after the revolution by the government of William III., for political offences, as the answering line shows:—

"And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below."

The queen's favourite residences were Somerset House, St. James's Palace, and the palace of Woodstock. Her partiality to these palaces was principally induced by the facilities they presented for the Roman-catholic worship. Somerset House was settled on her as her dower-palace, in case of widowhood, and this was peculiarly her private residence; St. James's was her family abode and the habitation of her children when they were in London; in each of these residences she had chapels and lodgings for her twelve capuchin almoners. Woodstock was her favourite country palace, and here she likewise had a regular chapel for her worship.[1]

While Waller's lyrics were doing their best to hymn the queen into immortality, Vandyke's glorious pencil was illustrating her personal graces, and Inigo Jones's devising the scenery of the masques and ballets which formed the amusements of her picturesque and stately court, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, wrote dramatic poems, for the purpose of perfecting the queen in our language. Her majesty often took a part in these diversions, but much less publicly than her predecessors. The royal taste for these elegant amusements caused the great nobility to dispense the superfluity of their incomes in encouragement of the fine arts. When their majesties paid visits in their progresses, it was the fashion for their noble hosts to engage some poet, distinguished by their approbation, to

[1] A sketch of that noble sylvan seat of the Plantagenets, now vanished from the earth, and the state in which it existed when inhabited by Henrietta Maria, will be particularly agreeable to those readers who recall its memory through the magic creations of Sir Walter Scott. The following is from the pen of a contemporary:—

"I found that famous court and princely palace, Woodstock, ancient, strong, and magnificent, and situated on a fair hill. We entered into the first spacious court through a large strong gatehouse, where the she keeper of that royal castle commanded her daughter, a pretty modest maiden, to be my guide. So up we mounted many fine steps of freestone, at the further side of the great court, into a spacious church-like hall, with two fair aisles, with six pillars, white and large, parting either aisle with rich tapestry hangings at the upper end thereof, in which was wrought the story of the wild boar. On the left hand of the hall we entered a stately rich chapel, with seven round arches, with eight little windows above the arches, and fifteen in them. A curious font there is in the midst of it; and all the roof is most admirably wrought. And having performed my devotions in that princely chapel, I nimbly ascended with my guide into the guard-chamber, by this means our entrance was free and uninterrupted into the presence-chamber, and the privy-chamber that looks over the tennis-court, the withdrawing-chamber and

compose a dramatic entertainment for their amusement. Such was the case when the earl of Newcastle received the royal pair at his castle of Bolsover, in Derbyshire.[1] On this occasion he obtained the assistance of Ben Jonson to write the verses which formed part of their majesties' entertainment. So much pleased were the royal pair with the literary taste of the earl and his loyal hospitalities at Bolsover, that they agreed in the appointment of Newcastle, as governor to Charles prince of Wales.

The queen brought into the world, at St. James's, January 28, 1635, the princess Elizabeth. The states of Holland sent an especial embassy to congratulate her majesty on the birth of this little one, and propitiated her with rich presents,[2] which are described as "a massy piece of ambergrease, two fair and almost transparent china basons, a curious clock, and of far greater value than these, two beautiful originals of Titian, and two of Tintoret, to add to the galleries of paintings, with which the king was enriching Whitehall and Hampton Court."

It has been said that the queen brought up her children in the exercise of the catholic ritual, till they were thirteen. There exists a great mass of evidence, to prove that this assertion was false, for whatever she might wish to do, it is certain that they had governors and tutors devoted to the church of England.

the bed-chamber, both of which have their sweet prospect over the privy-garden. After which I presumed to rest myself in the waiters' chamber; and after a small time of reposing to refresh ourselves, she conducted me, crossing the privy-chamber, into the queen's bedchamber, where our late renowned queen (Elizabeth) was kept prisoner. There are withdrawing, privy, presence, and guard chambers for her majesty queen Henrietta Maria. Out of the wardrobe-court we come into a fair hall for her majesty's guard. There is also a council-chamber curiously arched, and a neat chapel by it, where queen Henrietta Maria hears mass; and divers other fair and large rooms for the nobility and officers of the court. On the large high leads of the goodly and fair gate-house I had a full prospect of the great and spacious walled park, and the brave lawns and waters of the neat and fair-built lodge for his majesty's chief ranger to inhabit, sweetly seated on a hill near this sumptuous court. One thing more, I desired my fair and willing guide to conduct me to, near this place—the labyrinth where the fair lady was surprised by a clew of silk. I found nothing in this bower but ruins of many strong and strange winding walls and turnings, and a dainty clear-paved well, wherein this beautiful creature did use to bathe herself."—From a Topographical Excursion by three Norwich Gentlemen, in 1636. Edited by Mr. Brayley.

[1] Historical Collections of Noble Families, by Collins, p. 26.

[2] Memoir of Henrietta Maria, 1672.

The first letter the queen wrote to her young son, is preserved in the British Museum; the prince was then but eight years old. He had been obstinate in his refusals to swallow some physical potion, with which his royal mother wished to regale him:

THE QUEEN TO HER SON CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES.[1]

"Charles,

"I am sorry that I must begin my first letter with chiding you, because I hear that you will not take *phisicke*. I hope it was onlie for this day, and that to-morrow you will do it; for if you will not, I must come to you and make you take it, for it is for your health. I have given order to mi lord of Newcastel to send mi word to-night whether you will or not; therefore I hope you will not give mi the paines to goe: and so I rest

"Your affectionate mother,

"HENRIETTE MARIE."

"To mi deare sonne, the prince.

1638."

The prince, in answer to his governor, who made suitable remonstrances, according to the queen's directions, wrote him the following original note, which, though penned between double ruled lines, in a round text hand, gives some indication of the sprightly wit, that afterwards distinguished him—many who dislike pills and potions, will sympathize with the prince:

CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES, TO HIS GOVERNOR, LORD NEWCASTLE.

"My lord,

"I would not have you take too much phisicke, for it doth always make me worse; and I think it will doe the like with you. I ride every day, and am ready to follow any other directions from you.

"Make haste back to him that loves you.

"CHARLES P."

It is possible that Charles I. might have successfully contended with the inimical party, if, at the critical juncture of the year 1638, he had not incurred the uncompromising hatred of cardinal Richelieu, by granting an asylum in England, to the object of that minister's persecution, the queen-mother of France, Marie de Medicis. The affectionate reception given by Charles, to the mother of his queen, was a fresh instance of his conjugal attachment. The king travelled in state to meet Marie de Medicis, at Harwich,[1] where she landed, and escorting her, with the greatest respect, to London, her entry was made there, with as much solemnity

[1] Dr. Lingard, vol. ix, p. 322.

as if she had been at the pinnacle of royal prosperity. In reality, she was a distressed fugitive, impoverished, and hunted from kingdom to kingdom, through the ingratitude of Richelieu, the creature who originally owed his grandeur to her favour.

The filial care of Henrietta was active in providing all that could contribute to soothe the wounded mind of her mother, especially in proving that fallen as she was from her high estate, she was, in the eyes of a dutiful daughter, more a queen than ever. The words of one of the servants[1] of the fugitive queen will prove how warmly she was welcomed to England by her loving child. "You shall only know, that the Sieur Sebat, who officiated as the superintendant of her household, had permission to mark with his chalks, fifty chambers at St. James's as her apartments, the whole furnished by the particular care of the queen of Great Britain, who seemed to convert all her ordinary occupations into attention to give satisfaction to the queen, her mother."

But there was a personal trait of affection in Henrietta, that spoke more to the heart, than any cost or splendour of reception could have done. When the royal carriage, in which were seated, Marie de Medicis and her son-in-law, Charles I., entered the great quadrangle of the palace of St. James, queen Henrietta, at the first flourish of trumpets, left her chamber and descended the great staircase, to receive her august mother. She was accompanied by her children, the little prince of Wales, the duke of York, and the two princesses, Mary and the infant Elizabeth. The queen, being then near her time, and in critical health, a chair was placed for her majesty at the foot of the stairs; but when she perceived her royal parent, such was her anxiety to shew her duty and tenderness, that she arose, and hurrying to her carriage, endeavoured, with her trembling hands, to open the door, which she was too weak to accomplish. The moment her mother alighted, she fell on her knees before her, to receive her blessing, and the royal children knelt around them. Every one who saw it was affected to tears at the meeting.[2]

[1] The Sieur de la Serres, historiographer of France, who accompanied Marie de Medicis to England, and has left a narrative of her visit. It shews the immense extent of the palace of St. James at that era.

[2] Ibid.

The restless spirit of Marie de Medicis, and the selfish turbulence of her numerous and hungry train, made but an ill return to Charles and Henrietta, for their disinterested and loving-kindness to her in her distress. Henrietta related, with tears, to the sympathizing historian, madame de Motteville, "how dreadfully the king was embarrassed by the extravagance of her mother's attendants, and when he could not find means to satisfy their rapacity, they had the folly and malignity to carry their complaints to parliament and petition for larger allowances"—that parliament, which had viewed the visit of the queen-mother with inimical feeling, and had considered the circumstance of a second establishment for the catholic worship at court with angry disgust.

The queen, in the winter of 1640, lost her youngest daughter, the princess Anne, who died, December 8, 1640, at the age of four years. Just before the royal child expired, the necessity of prayer being mentioned to her, she said, that she did not think she could say her long prayer, (meaning the Lord's prayer) but she would say her short one, and repeated: "Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, that I sleep not the sleep of death."[1]

There is an important section in madame de Motteville's work, being neither more nor less than an historical memoir, of which the queen of Charles I. is the authoress, quite as much as the celebrated memoirs of Sully were written by that great man.[2]

This tract is headed *Abrege des Revolutions d'Angleterre,* and is thus introduced by the editress: "Recital made by the queen of England, Henriette Marie, daughter of Henri Quatre and Marie de Médicis in the monastery of the Virgins of St. Mary de Chaillot, of which she was foundress, written by madame de Motteville,[3] to whom this princess dictated."

The regnal history of Charles I. is too wide a field for the biographer of his wife to enter, unless forced upon the portion in which the queen was personally involved. Yet the view taken by Henrietta herself of some parts of that history justly demands a place in her life. The queen re-

[1] Granger, vol. ii. p. 100-2.

[2] They were written by dictation to his secretaries.

[3] Madame de Motteville, vol. i. pp. 242, 260. Edited narrative of the queen.

lates affairs without troubling her head, whether by her admissions, her much loved lord, is convicted of invading the English constitution or not; for she evidently comes to the point in ignorance, that such was a crime. Henrietta declares that when a vast number of books of Common Prayer were prepared to be sent to the Scotch, (at the time of the Liturgy being forced on that unwilling people,) her husband, glad to take the opportunity of her attention being then forcibly drawn to the subject, brought her one of the Common Prayer Books, and sat down by her for a whole evening and prevailed on her to examine it with him. He pressed on her notice, the fact, which no living creature can deny, that though there is much in the mass book not to be found in the Common Prayer Book, yet there are very few pages in the Common Prayer which are not supplied from the mass book and breviary. Henrietta's prejudices were scarcely neutralized by this conviction, for she adds directly, "it was this *fatal* book which occasioned the first revolt in Scotland."

The rage of the people, the queen observed, had been excited against Strafford because he had obtained funds of the Irish parliament, sufficient to enable the king to raise an army. He had likewise proposed to his royal master the plan to gain a greater degree of power by means of this army. The parliament pursued him with vengeance—Strafford boldly requested the king "to let them take their course and do their worst." "The king," she says, "too yielding, did as this generous minister advised, and suffered him to be immured in the Tower; when there, his enemies loaded him with calumnies and crimes; for a long time he was brought every day before the commons to be interrogated, he replied to every impeachment with dauntless spirit and irrepressible wit; many who had been indifferent towards him at first, became his warmest partisans."[1] "The queen," observes madame de Motteville, "while telling me these things, interrupted her narrative by this description of Strafford. 'He was ugly, but agreeable enough in person, and had the finest hands in the world.'"

Notwithstanding the spirited defence of the fascinating and brilliant Strafford, the queen acknowledged that she

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 25.

was dreadfully alarmed for him, and laboured with all the energy of female diplomacy, to save this faithful friend. We suspect that her exertions did Strafford no good, but a prodigious deal of harm; however, she satisfied herself that she was doing wonders in his cause. "Every evening," says her narrative, "was a rendezvous given, and the most *mechant* of his enemies admitted to a conference with her, by the way of the back stairs of the palace, leading into the apartments of one or other of her ladies of honour, who happened to be off duty and away in the country."[1] At the foot of the back stairs the queen often met the leaders of the parliamentary faction alone, "lighted only by a flambeau which she held in her hand;[2] she offered them all things to turn them from their purpose, yet gained no one but lord Dembi," (Digby.) It is to be feared that in these interviews, which resemble the conferences between the beautiful Marie Antoinette and the demagogue Mirabeau, that the wily republicans contrived to elicit intelligence from the vivacious and loquacious Henrietta, which were fearfully injurious to her own party. "Only prevail upon a lady to talk on what is nearest her heart," say the diplomatists, "you have nought to do but listen, and all her intentions are revealed." The observation is true, and ought to be sufficient to keep woman out of the thorny paths of political intrigue.

The next great mistake made by the queen, was her choice of agents in negotiating with the army, which had become disgusted with the parliament, and were inclined to declare for the king. Two gentlemen belonging to the queen's household, held commands in this army, and were entrusted by her majesty as agents to bring it over to the king. These were George Goring, her chamberlain, and Arthur Wilmot; the king determined to send the queen's equerry, Harry Jermyn, to negotiate[3] a dispute which had occurred between them. The queen had reason to believe that it would prove a most dangerous office for Jermyn to mediate this quarrel; she called him into her cabinet, and, after communicating the king's intention, told him "that her fear was, that in case the parliament got an inkling of the busi-

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 25. [2] Ibid.

[3] Both Jermyn and Goring held their offices when Bassompierre was in England; they are mentioned by him. Jermyn was twenty-six years older than the queen.

ness,' they would drive him and every other confidential servant from her household." At that instant the king entered into the cabinet, and said, playfully: "If to be done, it is he that must do it."

"He must not do it," replied the queen; "and when you learn why, you will be of my mind."

"Speak then, madame," replied the king, still smiling, "that I may know what it is that I have commanded, and that you forbid."

The queen then explained seriously "how fearfully inconvenienced they should be if one of their principal servants was discovered in this negotiation, and driven from them." The king allowed she was right, but said "there was no one to whom Goring and Wilmot would listen but Jermyn, who was esteemed by both, and was mild and conciliatory, besides, all ought to be risked for Strafford's sake." The queen yielded to these reasons, and Jermyn departed on this errand. He represented to his two friends, Goring and Wilmot, the message of the king, with which he was charged. The flawy temper of Goring was aggravated by finding that he was not destined to command the army; but, being exceedingly deceitful, he dissimulated his wrath. That very evening he stole forth secretly, and betrayed the whole scheme to the parliament. There can be no doubt that the real object of his envy was Strafford; he was determined that he should die without aid.

The event took place directly, which the queen had anticipated, the parliament sent humbly to request that the king would please to command that no person of the queen's household should quit Whitehall. The king and queen were then morally certain that some person had betrayed their design, and that Jermyn's mission had been discovered; but neither of them suspected the frank, rattling, gallant, George Goring, as the informer—on the contrary, they were peculiarly anxious for his safety, lest the ebullitions of his zealous loyalty should compromise it.

The whole intrigue ended with Jermyn, and several other gentlemen in the royal household, flying to France. It is certain that these courtiers, though descended from the heroes of Cressy and Agincourt, were troubled with very little of their superfluous valour, and evidently deemed discretion the better part of it. But the only man who could

have guided valour by the soul of genius, and righted the car of state, whirled out of its place, now bereft of all aid, by the envy of the little great men of the court, was nearly hunted to the last gasp. Yet, day by day, Strafford defended himself at the bar of the house, with undaunted eloquence, that agitated all hearts. The king and queen witnessed the scene with painful interest from latticed boxes; and every evening they met each other with aching hearts and tearful eyes, as the queen told madame de Motteville.[1]

To the surprise of their majesties, Goring declared himself vociferously against Strafford and the royal party; and when, afterwards, he was reproached by message from the queen for his ingratitude, when he had been her officer so many years, he affirmed that, "his conduct arose from his aversion to having any coadjutor in the service he meant to render their majesties." Thus this man's egotism effected the first fatal blow to the cause of king Charles. Strafford, when he found he had lost his friend Jermyn, gave himself up for lost. "It was not," continues the queen, "that the viceroy of Ireland feared to die; he could easily have saved himself by flight more than once, but he would not do it. All his ambition was bent on confounding the malice of his enemies, by the proofs of his innocence; he ought to have been forced to take more sure means."

The queen's frequent expression, "that the king and herself were left without servants," arises from a political movement of the parliament, by which the whole royal household were changed at a blow. Some of the leaders of the opposition were placed in immediate domestication with the royal family; as, for instance, the discontented peer, lord Essex, was made lord chamberlain, and his brother-in-law, the marquis of Hertford, was appointed governor of the prince of Wales,[2] in hopes that he would act as a rival claimant of the crown, being the representative of the Grays, the hereditary leaders of the Calvinistic party, or Edward VI.'s church.

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 260. Edited Narrative of the Queen.

[2] The marquis of Hertford became much attached to the king; and one of the most gallant and devoted of cavaliers, cherishing more gratitude for the recognition of lady Katherine Gray's marriage with his grandfather, by the house of Stuart, than resentment for the persecution he himself had undergone in his youth, for his first marriage with lady Arabella Stuart.

English history usually affirms that the queen, terrified at the mobs which surrounded Whitehall, yelling for Strafford's head, implored Charles to give him up, and save her and her children, and that he signed Strafford's death-warrant in consequence of her feminine fears. The queen ought, however, to be heard in her own defence, and she declares[1] it was a procession of the bishops which shook the king's resolution, as these prelates represented "that it was better one man should die than the whole realm perish." Henrietta so frankly acknowledges, in general, her erroneous conduct, that there is nothing to hinder her from doing so here, if she had felt herself betrayed by her feminine fears; for terror at the sight of a howling mob is no disgrace to a woman. The truth is, Henrietta's faults arose, not from want of courage, but from loquacious communication. The assertion of the queen's pusillanimity being entirely founded on palace-gossip, we believe that Henrietta has been confounded with the queen of France, her mother, Marie de Medicis, who was domesticated with her at that period, and was exceedingly frightened at the violence of the revolutionary mob.

"Strafford," continues the queen,[2] "himself sent to entreat his royal master to sign his death-warrant, to appease the insurgents, expecting, doubtless, that he should be pardoned when their first rage was over. But as soon as his enemies had the king's signature, without heeding the royal commandment to the contrary, they hurried the victim to death. The more public was his death, the more was seen of the grandeur of his mind and his admirable firmness. He spoke uncompromisingly to his enemies, and, in spite of their barbarity, he forced them to regret him, and tacitly to avow that they had done him injustice."

It has been asserted that the royal friends for whom Strafford sacrificed himself were indifferent to his fate, but these are the actual words of the queen:—"The king suffered extreme sorrow, the queen wept incessantly; they both anticipated, too truly, that this death would, sooner or later, deprive the one of life and the other of all happiness

[1] Queen's Narrative, Mémoires de Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 260-2.

[2] Madame de Motteville, Queen's Narrative, vol. i. p. 260. The queen, perhaps unintentionally, presents some parallel between the execution of Strafford's death-warrant and that of Mary queen of Scots.

in this world." Let no one, after this, say that the high-minded Strafford fell unpitied, a victim to the selfish fears of the queen.[1] In the midst of these awful scenes, the princess royal, a little girl of ten years of age, was espoused in person at Whitehall chapel, by the son of the prince of Orange, a boy of the age of eleven, a truly protestant alliance, which ought to have given the country great satisfaction. This marriage took place May 2, 1641. The day after, the mob broke into Westminster Abbey, pillaged it, and did all the mischief with which revolutionary mobs generally amuse themselves, yelling all the time for Strafford's death, who was executed May 12, 1641. The queen's mother, Marie de Medicis, was so infinitely terrified at the violence of the insurgent mobs, at this crisis, that she insisted on departing forthwith to Holland. This queen was a marked person by the insurgents; they excited the popular wrath against her by every invention within the range of possibility. The means by which they effected this purpose may be guessed by the following proceedings of the House of Lords:—"August 26, 1641. The house have committed to prison the man that printed the scandalous *ballet* concerning the queen's mother going away, and will consider of further punishment; they have ordered that these *ballets* (ballads) be burnt by the hand of the common hangman."[2]

Lord Arundel, the earl-marshal, escorted the queen's mother to Dover, by the orders of the king. Nearly at the same time, when she bade farewell to her mother, the queen was obliged to part from the king, who commenced his journey to Scotland, August 9, 1641, when he abolished that episcopacy which he had recently shaken his throne to enforce. He travelled so rapidly, that by the 15th, the queen received a letter from him, announcing his safe arrival in Edinburgh. Her majesty instantly sent the tidings to the royal secretary, sir Edward Nicholas. Her letter, in broken English, is a curiosity.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO SIR EDWARD NICHOLAS.[3]

" Maistre Nicholas,

" I have reseaved your letter; and that (which) you send me from the king, *which* (who) writes me word he *as* (has) been veré well reseaved in

[1] Madame de Motteville, Queen's Narrative, vol. i. p. 261.

[2] Letter of sir Edward Nicholas, secretary to Charles I., to the king. Printed in Evelyn's Works, vol. iv. p. 7.

[3] Ibid.

Scotland; and that both the armi and the people have *shued* a *creat* joy to see the king, and such that *theay* say was never seen before. Pray god it may (be) *continued.*

For the letter that I *writt* to you *counserning* the *commissionaires,* it is them that are *toe* dispatch *bussinesse* in the king's absence. I thank you for you care of geving me advises of what passes at London; and soe I reste,

" Your frand,

" Henriette Marie R."

" Otelands, the 19th August."

Indorsed—["For mistre Nicholas."]

The manor and mansion of Oatlands had been a favourite dower residence of the queens of England for several centuries. The ancient building was originally built in the lowest part of the domain; for the vicinity of a plentiful supply of fish for fast-days, and of stagnant water for replenishing the moats and fosses which defended such habitations, were the chief recommendations of the site of a castellated dwelling in the middle ages. The old palace of Oatlands was levelled with the dust in the civil wars[1] in common with every other dwelling to which queen Henrietta was particularly attached. Here the queen was residing with all her children excepting Charles, prince of Wales, who often visited her from Richmond or Ham. The parliament, which either could not or would not be prorogued till the end of October,[2] busied itself exceedingly regarding the queen's residence with her children, and testified the utmost jealousy of her confessor, father Phillipps, who underwent several examinations, and many portentous hints were dropped by the roundhead orators in the House of Commons respecting the queen's establishment of capucins at Somerset House.

The storm of civil war meantime was growling and muttering around. Its first symptoms among the middle classes were indicated by large bands of people of eighty or a hundred in company mustering together, and hunting down the king's deer in the day-time in Windsor forest, and even attempting the same incursions in the demesnes of Oatlands.

Sir Edward Nicholas came to reside at his house within three miles of Oatlands park, for the convenience of the royal correspondence. The king's plan of signifying his approbation, as to the events going on in England and in his family, was to send back the letters of his secretary with his

[1] Evelyn's Memoirs, vol. iv. Nicholas Correspondence, p 2

[2] Ibid., p. 16.

opinion written on the margin. The queen is often mentioned in these notations. The king usually mentions her by the appellation of "my wife." As, for instance, he writes to Nicholas, "Your dispatch I received this morning; but tell my wife that I have found fault with you because none of hers was within it." Many measures are discussed in this correspondence, which were likely to incur the displeasure of the queen. Among others, the faithful secretary advises the king to obviate the discussion of the capucins at Somerset House, in the ensuing sessions of parliament, by sending them all away before the attack commenced. Perhaps the secretary thought this measure was as well to take place when his royal master was out of hearing of the queen's lamentations and remonstrances.

The king was dubious on this head. "I know not what to say," he wrote on this letter, "if it be not, to advertise my wife of the parliament's intention concerning her capucins, and so first to hear what she will say?"[1]

It was by no means likely that the queen would say anything reasonable. That elegantly-worded but mischievous letter of her mother, already quoted, was the code on which she always acted in regard to her religion. The utter downfall of her husband's dignity, and the reign of her family, according to the principles she imbibed from it, were to take place before she would give up the least particle of the Roman-catholic observances, that her obstinacy could preserve. The consequence was, that the establishment of capucins remained till about a year afterwards, when the infuriated mob destroyed every vestige of the chapel.

The queen at this period fancied that she obtained very valuable information from her first lady of the bed-chamber, lady Carlisle, regarding the proceedings of lord Kimbolton and Mr. Pym, two leaders of the roundheads, who governed those committees of the lords and commons, which exercised extraordinary power during the recess of parliament. Lady Carlisle was on terms of extraordinary intimacy with both these agitators; but instead of communicating useful intelligence of their proceedings, she betrayed to them every incident that occurred in the royal household, which the queen soon after found to her cost.

[1] Evelyn's Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 24. Sept. 27, 1641.

"Being yesterday at Oatlands, to attend the queen's command," wrote sir Edward Nicholas to the absent king, "her majesty gave me this paper, enclosed, with command to send it this day to your majesty. It was brought to the queen by lady Carlisle, who saith she had it from lord Mandeville.[1] I confess it were not amiss to have it published."

The nature of this paper is not mentioned. It was probably some attack on the queen, or measure regarding the royal children's residence with her. The treacherous spy, in order to obtain more credit with her royal mistress, had given this small piece of information on a subject which was to be public in a few days.

Both houses of parliament met before the king's return, and discussed the fact of the frequent visits of the prince of Wales to the queen.

"And though," wrote sir Edward Nicholas, "the commons asserted 'that they did not doubt the motherly affection and care of her majesty towards him; yet there were some dangerous persons at Oatlands, jesuits and others; and therefore it was desired that the marquis of Hertford should be enjoined to take the prince into his custody and charge, attending on him in person.' This resolution was delivered yesterday at Oatlands, by my lord of Holland to the queen, who, I hear, gave a very wise and discreet answer to the same, as, I believe, her own pen will speedily acquaint your majesty."[2]

The answer that the queen made to Holland was, "that the prince of Wales merely visited Oatlands to celebrate his sister's birth-day."[3]

This is not the only instance in which the earl of Holland appears, in the reality of documentary history, in a displeasing light to queen Henrietta; he is, in fact, usually found acting in direct opposition to her will, despite of the assertions of Horace Walpole, who, having clinked a coarse rhyme, that he thought peculiarly wounding to the reputation of queen Henrietta, deemed himself bound to prove his idle words, by twisting every possibility of scandal into a serious charge against her.

About the same time the queen's confessor, Phillipps, was brought before the House of Commons, as an evidence to enable them to convict Benson, a member of parliament,

[1] Better known by the title of *Kimbolton*, in the civil wars; he was heir to the earl of Manchester: his next brother was a catholic, although this lord was a puritan.

[2] Letter of sir Edward Nicholas to the king. Evelyn's Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 53.

[3] Correspondence of sir Edward Nicholas. Evelyn's Journal, vol. iv. p. 56.

of selling protections to the miserable catholics. In England, be it observed, that every species of persecution, besides its other more apparent evils, formed opportunities for bribery and robbery. Father Phillipps would not be sworn on our translation of the Bible, and the house, instead of allowing him to take an oath which he considered binding to him, commenced a theological wrangle, and eventually committed him to prison for contempt of the scriptures "authorized in England." In this exigence, the queen sent a sensible and conciliatory message to the houses of parliament, saying, "that if her confessor did not appear to have done any wrong against the state maliciously, she hoped, for her sake, they would forgive and liberate him." The House of Lords complied; but the House of Commons refused him bail.[1]

The queen says, in her own narrative,[2] "that the parliament sent to her that she must surrender her young family into their hands during the absence of the king, lest she should take the opportunity of making papists of them." And here it is proper to observe, that from the best authority,[3] it is certain that the queen had, at an early period, tampered with the religion of the princess Mary, her eldest daughter, having secretly given her a crucifix and a rosary, taught the use of them, and made her keep them in her pocket. Probably ambition had a share in this furtive proceeding, because, as a protestant, the princess-royal could only match with a petty prince. The matrimonial destiny of the child was now decided as the spouse of the prince of Orange; therefore less occasion existed for religious jealousy on the part of the parliament. Most likely lady Carlisle had given information of the queen's conduct to Kimbolton and Pym. The queen, unconscious of the spy that was about her, replied to the parliament, "that her sons were under the tuition of their separate governors, who were not papists; and, above all, she knew that it was the will of her husband that they should not be brought up in her religion." To remove all cause of complaint, she left Oatlands and withdrew to Hampton Court, from whence she came occasionally

[1] Nicholas Papers (Evelyn), vol. iv. p. 62.

[2] Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 263. From the Queen's Narrative.

[3] MS. Journal of Père Cyprian Gamache, one of the queen's capucins at Somerset House. Father Cyprian does not mention any attempts on the religion of the queen's sons in their childhood.

to see her little ones, and thus gave up her constant sojourn with them. Then her enemies raised reports that she meant to leave the kingdom, and carry off her children. They sent orders to a gentleman, who was in the commission of the peace at Oatlands, "to hold himself ready, with a certain portion of militia," called by the queen, *paysans armés*, "to serve the king according to their orders." For, among the other anomalies of this revolution, almost to the last all measures in opposition to the king were enforced in his own name, to the infinite mystification of the mass of the people, who were mostly well meaning, though unlearned.

"The parliamentary order to the Oatlands magistrate commanded him and his possé to wait till midnight in the park at Oatlands, where they would be joined by cavalry, whose officers would direct what they were to do. The magistrate immediately sought the queen, shewed her his order, and declared his intentions to obey her commands. She thanked him warmly, but told him that 'she wished him to do exactly what parliament dictated, and then to remain tranquil.' Meanwhile, without raising any alarm, she sent promptly to the principal officers on whom she could rely in London, who were absent from the army on furlough, and she entreated them to be with her before midnight, with all the friends they could muster; then she summoned all her household capable of bearing arms, not even excepting the scullions in her kitchen;[1] without shewing any inquietude, she proposed to spend the evening in Oatlands park, where her muster arrived and joined her party. The night, however, wore away, without the threatened attack from the adverse powers, save that about twenty horsemen, on the road near the park, were seen prowling around, and watching till day-break, but these, perhaps, had only hostile intentions against the deer." There is no doubt but that the queen would have done battle in defence of her little ones, if need had been for such exertion. The family, which the royal mother was thus personally guarding, somewhat in lioness fashion, by nocturnal patrole round Oatlands park, was numerous and of tender ages. They were soon after separated, never again to meet on earth in their original number. Charles, prince of Wales, was then just eleven years of age; Mary, the young bride of

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 263. From the Queen's Narrative.

Orange, was ten; James, duke of York, between seven and eight; Elizabeth, about six; and the little infant Henry, but a few months old, who had been born at Oatlands the preceding year.

"The queen continued her precautions against the abduction of her infants. She had regained the co-operation of Goring," a somewhat doubtful policy, considering the instability of his conduct, and the falsehood of his word. "She told him 'to hold himself ready at Portsmouth, and that, perhaps, he would see her very soon at that place, for the purpose of embarkation; to which, nevertheless, she would not have recourse but at the last extremity.' The queen likewise sent to find her new ally, lord Digby, and entreated him to send her all the friends he could muster, and on whom he could rely, to remain in the neighbourhood of the seats where she and her children were abiding. This was immediately done, to the amount of one hundred cavaliers; then she took the opportunity, when at Hampton Court, of paying a visit to a loyal gentleman who lived in the vicinity, who was noted for the number of fine horses he kept. He put them all at her majesty's disposal."

After the queen had made all these preparations, no enemy appeared to attack her or her infants. On the contrary, the parliament offered the most elaborate excuses for calling out the militia at Oatlands without the king's sanction; and every member of the House of Commons thought fit separately to deny that he was concerned in it.[1]

The two following letters, from the queen to the king's secretary, were written at this crisis. They are composed in the broken English which she then spoke:—

THE QUEEN TO SIR EDWARD NICHOLAS.

"Maistre Nicholas,

"I am *veré* sory that my *lettre* did not come time enouf to go. I have reseaved yours, and I have writt to the king to hasten (h)is coming. I send you the lettre, and if litle Vil Murray is vel enouf, I voud have him go back againe to Scotland, *whitout comin yer, for a voud* (without coming here, for I would) have him go *to-marow* morning, tel him from me; but if he wher not well, then you must provide some bodie that will be sure, for my lettre

[1] Madame de Motteville, Queen's Narrative, vol. i. p. 263. This act of the right of calling out the militia was one of the disputed points between the king and his parliament at that juncture. It was probably a trial of power.

must not be lost, and I voud not *trusted* (trust it) to an *ordinaire* post. I am so ill provided *whitt personnes* (with persons) that I dare trust, that at this instant I have no living creature that I dare send.

"Pray, do what you can to helpe me (if litle Vill Murray cannot goe) to send this lettre, and so I rest your assured frend,

"HENRIETTE MARIE, R."

"For your selfe,
10th Nov. 1641."

The Irish rebellion broke out the same autumn, with one of those atrocious massacres which are the usual consequence of a long series of civil strife and religious persecution on both sides. The roundhead party, founding their accusations on similarity of religion, accused the queen of having fostered the rebellion and encouraged the massacre: not one particle of real evidence has ever appeared to support these calumnies.[1] In fact, it was a deadly calamity to the royal cause, and the queen ever deemed it as such. It was a Celtic rising, in the hopes of breaking the chains of their enemies, while those enemies were quarrelling among themselves. There was scarcely a name among the homicides but what began with a Mac or an O.

The king, after a long stay in Scotland, began, in his homeward despatches, to give preparatory orders for his return to his southern metropolis. The earl of Essex, who at that time filled the office of lord chamberlain,[2] received orders to prepare the palaces for his royal master's reception, which orders were rather pettishly communicated by her majesty through the faithful secretary, in this little billet:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA TO SIR EDWARD NICHOLAS.

"Maistre Nicholas,

"I did desire you not to acquaint *mi lor* of Essex of what the king commanded you touching (h)is *commin*. Now you may do it; and tell him that the king will be at *Tibols* (Theobalds) *Vendesday*, and shall sleep there. And upon Thursday, he shall dine at *mi lor major's* (the lord mayor's), and be at Whitthall only for one *nitgh* (night), and upon Friday will go to Hampton Court, where he *maenes* (means) to stay this vinter. The king commanded me to tell this to mi lor of Essex, but you may do it, for their

[1] The pretended royal commission that Macguire and O'Neale displayed to the ignornnt Celts, was adorned with a broad seal, torn from a patent which they had stolen when the castle of Charlemont was sacked. Rapin, (albeit a deadly enemy of Charles,) notes the forgery, vol. ii. p. 513.

[2] This is not generally known. See the Nicholas Correspondence, Evelyn, vol. iv. pp. 74-78.

lordships *ar to* (are too) great princes now to *receaved* (receive) any direction from mee.

" *Beeng* all that I have to say, I shall rest your assured *frand*,

" HENRIETTE MARIE, R."

" For Maistre Nicholas,
20th Nov. 1641."

Endorsed—[" The queen to me, to signify to the lord chamberlain."]

The king actually did return five days after the date of this letter, November 25. He was received with extreme loyalty in England, and was greeted everywhere with cries of " God save the king!" The queen flattered herself that she had done wonders towards effecting this reaction, by her gracious conferences with the lord mayor and other well-disposed magnates of the city. She accompanied the king, with all their children, at his solemn entry of the metropolis. The prince, her son, rode by the side of his father, and she followed in an open carriage, surrounded by her infants; they were all received with the most fervent benedictions from the populace, and with every mark of good-will that could be testified.

The king, who had in Scotland obtained full proof that five of the most factious of the members of the House of Commons were in treasonable correspondence with his rebels there, resolved to take advantage of this gleam of popularity, to go to the house and arrest them. His predecessor, Elizabeth, had often sent and taken obnoxious members into custody while actually in the House of Commons, for very trifling offences in comparison.

History insists that Henrietta had, by taunts and reproaches, urged the king to the arrest of the five members. As she most piteously blames herself for the error she really committed, to which she, with deep humiliation, attributed all his future misfortunes—even his death; we cannot help thinking she would have been equally candid if such a charge were true.

It has been shewn that the queen bestowed a great share of her favour and affection on lady Carlisle.[1] This person

[1] When lady Carlisle was lady Lucy Percy, she had, under pretence of visiting her father, the earl of Northumberland, a prisoner in the Tower, formed a league with the infamous countess of Somerset, then under sentence of death for murder, in the same fortress; and at her instigation eloped with the gaudy and worthless court profligate, Hay, earl of Carlisle. The grim old earl, who had forbidden the union, thundered maledictions from his prison-hold on the head of his Lucy, not only for the deed she had done, but for the heartless manner in

had as bad and treacherous a heart as ever deceived a parent or betrayed a friend. The queen would have had better companionship with the French ladies, whose friskings had so much offended the dignity of king Charles.

It was in company with this lady that queen Henrietta sat in her cabinet at Whitehall, with her watch in her hand, counting the weary minutes of the king's absence, when he went to arrest the obnoxious members of the House of Commons. No one knew his intentions but the queen; he had parted with her on that fatal morning, with these words, as he embraced her—"If you find one hour elapse without hearing ill news from me, you will see me, when I return, the master of my kingdom."

The queen remained, with her eyes fixed on her watch, till that tedious hour had passed away; meantime she heard nothing from the king, and she was prompted by her impatience to believe that no news was good news; therefore, deeming the king was successful, she broke the silence that was pain and grief to her, with these words to the fair Carlisle:—

"Rejoice with me, for at this hour the king is, as I have reason to hope, master of his realm, for Pym and his confederates are arrested before now."[1]

Unfortunately, lady Carlisle was, at the same time, the relative and political spy of one of the members named. She had certain reasons for believing that the blow had not yet been struck, although the hour had elapsed. She promptly gave intelligence to one of her agents; and, as the House of Commons was close to Whitehall palace, the persons marked for arrest had intelligence just before Charles entered the house. They fled, while their party rallied and organized a plan of resistance, under plea that it was against

which she had deceived him. The features of lady Carlisle have lately been made familiar, by a most exquisite miniature at Strawberry-Hill sale, deemed the most perfect specimen of the nearly extinct art of miniature painting. The fair face of lady Carlisle, with soft black eyes, glancing with treacherous voluptuousness from under an enormous round black hat, is exquisitely worked. Lady Carlisle always contrasted her ivory complexion with a dress of intense blackness. Waller has described her as

"A Venus rising from a sea of jet."

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. i. Queen's Narrative, pp. 265-267.

the privileges of the commons for any member to be arrested while on duty.[1]

"The king had been accidentally prevented from entering the House of Commons, to carry his intention into effect, by various poor, miserable persons, who presented petitions to him as he was about to enter. The hour he had announced to the queen, as pregnant with their future fate, had passed away in reading and discussing the particulars of individual wrong and misfortune;"[2] an ancient duty of the English sovereign when on progress to his parliament, not then obsolete. This the king did not consider himself bound to waive, in preference to his somewhat illegal errand; for he knew that his intent of arresting his enemies was, when he left his palace, a profound secret between himself and his royal partner, and he suspected not that the secret had escaped her. The whole incident is a noted instance of the danger of opening the lips regarding diplomatic affairs, till there is indisputable conviction that a deed is done. It would have been well if Henrietta had heard and heeded the warning axiom of countess Tertsky, in Wallenstein, regarding the portentous nature of "shouts before victory."

When Henrietta found, as she soon did, that her heedless prattling had done the mischief, she threw herself into the arms of her husband, and avowed her fault, blaming herself with most passionate penitence. Not a reproach did he give her; and she paused in her narrative, in an agony of regret, to call the attention of madame de Motteville to his admirable tenderness to her. "For never," said she, "did he treat me for a moment with less kindness than before it happened, though I had ruined him."[3]

Directly after the occurrence, which the queen termed her *malheureuse indiscretion*, the people mutinied in London, from which the king retired with all the royal family. When they left Whitehall, they went through a multitude of several thousand roundheads; every one held a staff in his hand, with a white paper placard, whereon was inscribed the word "liberty." Henrietta herself, with her usual petulant vivacity, had previously given the name of roundhead to these opponents. In opposition to the flowing

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. i. Queen's Narrative, p. 266.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

love-locks of the courtiers, the partizans of the parliament had their hair clipped so close and short, that their turbulent heads looked as round as bowls, excepting that their ears seemed to jut out in an extraordinary manner. Samuel Barnadiston, a noted republican of that century, was in his youth the leader of a deputation of London apprentices, for the purpose of communicating to parliament their notions regarding civil and religious government. The queen, who saw this *possé* arrive at Whitehall, then first noticed the extraordinary roundness of their closely clipped heads, and saw at the same time that Samuel was a personable apprentice; upon which she exclaimed, "La! what a handsome young roundhead!"

The exactness of the descriptive appellation fixed it at once as a party name; roundheads they were called from that moment, and roundheads they will remain while history endures.

Many a satirical ballad and chorus repeated the sobriquet; nor were the jutting ears forgotten. Captain Hyde, a cavalier of the royal guard, proposed cropping into reasonable dimensions the ears of the next deputation which arrived from the city on the same errand. Rather a dangerous experiment, that of cropping ears which stuck out by reason of the superfluous destructiveness of the owners, especially when those owners had the majority in numbers.

"Few of the puritans," says a lady author of that day,[1] "wore their hair long enough to cover their ears, and the ministers and many others cut it close round their heads, with so many little peaks, as was ridiculous to behold; whereupon Cleveland, in his 'Hue and Cry,' describes them:—

'With hair in characters and lugs in texts.'"

"From this custom of wearing their hairs," continues the republican lady, "the name of roundhead became the scornful term given to the whole parliament party." The rest of the appurtenances of these stalwart agitators is described by another contemporary. "In high crowned hats, collar bands, great loose coats, with long *tucks* (swords) under them, and calves' leather boots, they used to sing a psalm and drub all before them." When, at the end of the struggle, the laws and liberties of

[1] Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs of her Husband.

England fell under military terror, the roundheads assumed a regular livery of war; and Cromwell, when he had need of their assistance to expel the commons with their speaker, or doom the king, used to coax his troopers by the endearing epithet of his "red brethren."[1]

The king and queen went no further than Hampton Court; there they determined to watch the event of these insurrections, not having the slightest idea that the least restraint would be put on their personal freedom. They were deceived, for the parliament sent a circular to all the nobility to arm and prevent the king from going further. In this extremity, the queen proposed to her royal husband, that she should depart for Holland, on the ostensible errand of conducting the little princess-royal to her young spouse, the prince of Orange; but, in reality, for the purpose of selling her jewels to provide her consort with the means of defence. It was astonishing to her with what avidity the opposite party seized on the idea of her departure from England. Every facility was given her for putting the project in execution.[2] Such was the queen's own impression; but lord Clarendon declares "that it was intimated to her majesty that, if she did not prevail on the king to permit the law excluding the bishops from sitting as peers in the House of Lords, the parliament would interfere to prevent her from going abroad. Consequently, by her influence, the king permitted this act to pass by commission, while he was escorting her majesty to Dover."[3]

Such was the state of affairs when the king conducted his consort and daughter to the place of embarkation at Dover, Feb. 23, 1641-2.

He stood on the shore, watching their departing sails with tearful eyes, doubtful whether they should ever meet again. "As the wind was favourable for coasting," the queen declares "her husband rode four leagues, following the vessel along the windings of the shore."[4] Party malice may stain the name of this unfortunate prince with venomous invective; yet, to every heart capable of enshrining the domestic affections, the name of Charles must be dear. But not with his bereaved spirit and troublous career does

[1] Larrey's Charles I.

[2] Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 268. [3] Clarendon's Life, vol. i.

[4] Madame de Motteville, vol. i. Quee.'s Narrative, p. 269.

our narrative at present dwell; we must embark with his adored Henrietta: merely observing that, at her departure, the king went to Theobalds, where the parliament sent a petition "that he would be pleased to reside nearer to the metropolis, and not take the prince away from them." The king went directly after to Newmarket, and from thence retired to York.[1] During the queen's absence, the fatal adventure at Hull occurred, where sir John Hotham first denied his majesty access to his own town and military magazines.

"The queen was well received in Holland by Henry, prince of Orange, which, indeed, she well deserved, since she had warmly espoused the cause of his country against the tyranny of Richelieu. The burgomasters of Holland, nevertheless, shewed no great veneration to her royal person; they entered her presence with their hats on, threw themselves on chairs close to her, stared at her from under the brims of their Dutch beavers, and flung out of the room without bowing or speaking to her." The result proved that Henrietta exerted, in the exigence of her affairs, the good sense and governing science of her great father. For, one by one, she fascinated all these boorish behaved republicans, and utterly and entirely obtained her own way. In proof of which Walter Strickland, who had been deputed by the parliament, ambassador to the States of Holland, to forbid their granting any assistance to the queen, was dismissed without effecting his purpose. King Charles would not have succeeded so well; he could not have concealed his displeasure and disgust at the coarseness of ill breeding; but the feminine tact of Henrietta revealed to her the well-known axiom in diplomacy, that after republicans have gratified their self-esteem by shewing their ill-behaviour to their hearts' content, they become peculiarly amenable to the charm of graceful and courteous manners, generally pertaining to persons of exalted rank.

The Dutchmen, notwithstanding their odd mode of shewing their regard, behaved bountifully to queen Henrietta. Their high mightinesses at Rotterdam lent her 40,000 guilders, their bank 25,000, the bank at Amsterdam, 845,000. Of merchants at the Hague, Fletcher and Fitcher, she borrowed

[1] Mrs. Hutchinson.

166,000. On her pendant pearls she borrowed 213,200 guilders; she put six rubies in pawn for 40,000 guilders; and, altogether, raised upwards of 2,000,000*l.* sterling.[1]

The queen was one year in effecting this great work; during which time she sent valuable remittances of money, arms, and warlike stores, to her royal husband, who had raised his standard at Nottingham soon after her departure, and commenced the warlike struggle with some success, at least wherever he commanded in person.

The queen superintended the education of her daughter, the little princess of Orange, whilst she was in Holland, retaining her always near her, while she pursued her studies under various masters. The young prince of Orange, her spouse, was likewise still under tuition. The queen very wisely remained with her daughter till she was accustomed to the manners and customs of her new country. This alliance proved a most fortunate one for the royal family of Stuart, as the young princess became infinitely beloved by the people of Holland. It does not appear that any jealousy was manifested by them, lest Henrietta should imbue her young daughter with catholic predilections.

The unfortunate mother of queen Henrietta died in misery at Cologne, the same winter. It had been the intention of the queen to continue her journey up the Rhine, to attend her parent's sick-bed, but the Dutch burgomasters interfered, and wholly prevented her;[2] and she, fearful of compromising the advantages she had gained, dared not pursue her intentions, lest her husband's interest should suffer severely.

When the queen had obtained all the stores possible in Holland, she bade farewell to her little daughter, and leaving her under the personal care of her mother-in-law, the princess of Orange, re-embarked for England, almost on the anniversary of her departure the preceding year, Feb. 2, 1642-3. She sailed from Scheveling in a first-rate English ship, called the Princess Royal, and was accompanied by eleven transports, filled with ammunition and stores, for the assistance of the king; her fleet was convoyed by the Dutch admiral, Von Tromp.

So tremendous a north-east gale began to blow directly

[1] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 41.

[2] Ellis's Original Letters, vol. iii. p. 294.

the queen and her ladies had embarked on board this fleet, that they were tossed on the stormy billows nine days, expecting death hourly. The ladies wept and screamed perpetually, but the queen never lost her high spirits. To all the lamentations around her, the daughter of Henry the Great replied gaily—"Comfort yourselves, *mes chères*, queens of England are never drowned."[1] The ladies suspended their wailings to reflect, and recollected that such a case had never occurred, and were greatly consoled. This conversation is declared by a French writer to have passed on deck, while the queen was leaning on the rudder, when she had persuaded her train to leave the discomforts of the cabin for a little fresh air.[2] Indeed, the scene below, as related by the queen herself, was anything but inviting. When the tempest blew heavily, and the ship laboured and pitched, they were tied in small beds, in all the horrors of sea sickness. At the time the storm was at its worst, all the queen's attendants, even the officers, crowded into her cabin, and insisted on confessing themselves to the capucins of her suite, believing death would ensue every moment. These poor priests were as ill as any one, and were unable to be very attentive; therefore the penitents shouted out their sins aloud, in the hearing of every one, in order to obtain absolution on the spur of the moment. The queen, having no terrors of her own to distract her, amused herself with remarking this extraordinary scene, and made a sly comment on what she heard, saying, "that she supposed that the extremity of their fears took away the shame of confessing such misdeeds in public."[3] Her gay spirits were not then broken, and she declared that the absurdities she witnessed in that voyage, at times made her laugh excessively, although, like the others, she could not help expecting the ship to go to the bottom every moment. When any eating or drinking was going forward, the attempts to serve her in state, and the odd disasters that occurred both to her and her servitors, tumbling one over the other, with screams and confusion, were so ridiculous, that no alarm could control her mirth. After a fortnight's pitching and tossing, the good ship was beaten back on the wild Scheveling coast,

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. i. Queen's Narrative, pp. 271 to 278.
[2] Madame de la Fayette. [3] Motteville.

and the queen landed safely at the port close to the Hague, from whence they had set out.

After a few days' rest and refreshment, the undaunted Henrietta again set sail, minus two ships, which she had lost in the storm. This time she had a quick and prosperous voyage, and anchored in Burlington Bay, Feb. 20, 1642-3, after an absence of a year all but two days. She did not attempt to land till the 22nd, when a gallant squadron of one thousand cavaliers appeared in sight on the hills; under their protection by land, and that of Von Tromp by sea, the queen came on shore at Burlington Quay, where, on the same day, the landing of her stores commenced with the utmost celerity.

At five in the morning, the queen was roused by the thundering of cannon and the rattling of shot. Five ships of war, commanded by the parliamentary admiral, Batten, which had been previously cruising off Newcastle, had entered Burlington Bay in the night, and by peep of dawn commenced an active cannonade on the house where the queen was sleeping. The parliament having voted her guilty of high treason, for obtaining supplies of money and arms for her distressed husband, their heroic admiral was doing his best to take her life.

"One of their ships," says the queen, in a letter[1] she wrote at this juncture to the king, "did me the favour of flanking upon the house where I slept; and before I was out of bed, the cannon balls whistled so loud about me, that my company pressed me earnestly to go out of that house, the cannon having totally beaten down the neighbours' houses, two cannon bullets falling from the top to the bottom of the house where I was. So, clothed as well as in haste I could be, I went on foot to some little distance from the town of Burlington, and got into the shelter of a ditch like that at Newmarket, whither, before I could get, the cannon bullets fell thick about us, and a servant was killed within seventy paces of me." The queen does not venture here to mention to her husband her blameworthy temerity regarding her lap-dog, though she confessed this fine adventure to madame de Motteville. "She had an old ugly dog, called Mitte, whom she loved very much; when she was in the

[1] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 34.

middle of Burlington-street, she remembered that she had left Mitte at the mercy of the parliamentary admiral. She instantly turned on her steps, rushed up stairs into her chamber, and caught up the animal, which was reposing on her bed, and carried her off in safety."[1] After this adventure, the queen and her ladies gained the ditch she described, and crouched down in it while the cannon played furiously over their heads. "One dangerous ball," says the queen, "grazed the edge of the ditch, and covered us with earth and stones: the firing lasted till the ebbing of the tide." Von Tromp, whose ships were too large to approach the quay to defend the queen, attacked the valiant Batten in his retreat; and as this admiral had no support from the Yorkshire land forces, he sheered off to report his deeds to his masters. The queen's transports then landed the rest of their stores, and her majesty established herself in peace and quiet in the neighbourhood of Burlington, where she remained at least ten days.[2]

A Yorkshire tradition alone mentions the abode of the queen during this delay, which was unavoidable, whilst her stores and cannon were put in order of march. It is said that her majesty established her head-quarters at Boynton Hall, near Burlington, the seat of sir William Strickland, who, although he had accepted the honour of a baronetcy from king Charles, so recently as the year 1640, was a staunch leader of the puritan party, and had rendered himself very obnoxious to the court by his political conduct. His brother, Walter, had recently been ambassador from the parliament to the states of Holland, where he had fiercely argued against the queen being furnished there with the munitions of war. Notwithstanding, the queen asked and received hospitality and shelter for herself and her train, at the native hall of these inimical brethren. During her majesty's entertainment, a grand display was made of heavy family plate for the honour of the house. This the queen observing, took occasion, at her departure, when she returned thanks for her entertainment, to say, "that she feared it would be thought that she was about to make an ungracious return for the courtesies

[1] Madame de Motteville, Queen's Narrative, vol. i. p. 273.
[2] Ibid., p. 275.

she had received; but, unhappily, the king's affairs had (through the disaffection and want of duty on the part of some of those who ought to have been among his most loyal supporters) come to that pass, that he required pecuniary aid. The parliament had refused to grant the supplies requisite for maintaining the honour of the crown, and therefore money must be obtained by other means, and she was sorry to be under the necessity of taking possession of the plate she had seen during her visit, for his majesty's use. She should," she added, "consider it as a loan; as she trusted the king would very soon compose the disorders in those parts, when she would restore the plate, or, at any rate, its value in money, to sir William Strickland; and in the meantime, she would leave at Boynton Hall her own portrait, both as a pledge of her royal intentions, and a memorial of her visit."

Who it was that performed the part of host at Boynton Hall to the queen, is uncertain, as it appears that both sir William and his brother were absent; it is possible that there were ladies of the family not so inimical to the royal party, since the mother of sir William Strickland and his brother was a Wentworth, and their grandmother a daughter of the catholic family of the Stricklands, of Sizergh Castle, in Westmoreland.

The portrait left by the queen is regarded as a very fine work of art, and was probably painted during her late visit to the court of Orange.[1] It is the size of life, and represents her as very pretty and delicate in features and complexion. Her hair is ornamented with flowers at the back of the head, and is arranged in short, thick, frizzled curls, according to the fashion, called at the court of France, *tête de mouton*. Her dress is very elegant, simple white, with open sleeves drawn up with broad green ribbons; the bodice is like the present mode, laced across the stomacher with gold chains, and ornamented with rows of pendent pearls on each side.

The family plate was never restored, neither was Hen-

[1] I have been favoured by sir George Strickland with a miniature copy, reduced by himself from the original, which remains in the possession of the worthy representative of the republican baronet on whom this unwelcome gift was forced by the royal beauty.

rietta ever in a condition to redeem her promise of making a compensation for it in money, but her portrait has, in process of time, become at least of equal value.

Unfortunately, Boynton Hall was soon afterwards completely pillaged by a marauding party, who followed on the queen's track, and sir William Strickland and his brother became confirmed roundheads.[1]

At this period, Henrietta had recourse to the painful expedient of soliciting personal loans for the service of her royal husband, not only from the female nobility of England,

[1] Sir William Strickland was a celebrated parliamentarian general, one of those amateur military preachers withal, who regaled their brigades with extempore prayers and sermons of two hours' duration. His brother Walter, at that time ambassador from the parliament to the states of Holland, became one of Cromwell's lords, and was gratified with a pension of 12,000*l.* a year for his diplomatic services. As a proof of the manner in which persons of the same name and lineage were opposed in politics, it may not be irrelevant to the history of the times, to mention that, at the very time these mutual offices of ill-will were exchanging between the queen and the parliamentary Stricklands of Boynton, sir Robert Strickland, of Sizergh Castle and Thornton Briggs, (the head of the elder branch of that house, a catholic cavalier,) had, out of his own private resources, raised two regiments, one of horse, the other of foot, for the service of king Charles. The following original letter, addressed to sir Robert Strickland by sir Edward Osborne, the ancestor of the duke of Leeds, affords an amusing specimen of the epistolary style of a military county magnate of that period, and shews how equally his attention was divided, between the duty of calling the loyal muster together to meet their sovereign at his house, and his anxiety to secure good poultry for the royal supper.

ORIGINAL LETTER, FROM THE STRICKLAND PAPERS, SIZERGH CASTLE.

"Collonel Strickland,

"I have received notice this night from a *com* (suppose commissioner), that the king will be at York on Satturday next, when I am to entertain him for a day or two. I will therefore entreat you to add to your former courtesies this one, that is, to help me to some fatt fouls, if possibly you can, either from yourself or your farmers, or sir William Alford (*the brother-in-law of Sir Robert Strickland*), or both, against Satturday night's supper; whereby you will do me an extraordinary favour. Must likewise desire you not to fail to be here on Satturday by noon, for the king intends to speake with all the commanders of this county. I pray both (you) and sir William Robinson to understand as much from me, as it will save me a labour of writing to him on purpose, which is very pretious to me. This in great hast, with my kind love to yourself, your friends, and your ladye.

"I rest your very affectionate friend,

"ED. OSBORNE."

[No date, but suppose the summer of 1642.]

Endorsed—"To my most esteemed friend Robert Strickland, esq., one of the deputy lieutenant-collonels for the North Riding; or, in his absence, for Mistress Strickland. This with haste, haste."

but from private families whom she had reason to believe well-affected to the cause of loyalty. To such as supplied her with these aids, she was accustomed to testify her gratitude by the gift of a ring, or some other trinket from her own cabinet; but when the increasing exigencies of the king's affairs compelled her to sell or pawn in Holland the whole of her plate, and most of her jewels, for his use, she adopted an ingenious device, by which she was enabled, at a small expense, to continue her gifts to her friends, and in a form that rendered these more precious to the recipient parties, because they had immediate reference to herself. Whilst in Holland she had a great many rings, lockets, and bracelet-clasps made with her cypher, the letters H. M. R., Henrietta Maria Regina, in very delicate filagree of gold, curiously entwined in a monogram, laid on a ground of crimson velvet covered with thick crystal, cut like a table diamond, and set in gold. These were called "the queen's pledges," and presented by her to any person who had lent her money, or rendered her any particular service, with an understanding that, if presented to her majesty at any future time, when fortune smiled on the royal cause, it would command either repayment of the money advanced, or some favour from the queen that would amount to an ample equivalent. Many of these interesting testimonials are in existence, and in families where the tradition has been forgotten, have been regarded as amulets which were to secure good fortune to the wearer. One of these royal pledges, a small bracelet clasp, has been an heir-loom in the family of the author of this life of Henrietta, and there is a ring with the same device, in possession of Philip Darrell, esq., of Cales Hill, in Kent, which was presented to his immediate ancestor by that queen.

Whilst the queen waited in the neighbourhood of Burlington, she did a great deal of business in distributing arms to those gentlemen of Yorkshire who were loyally disposed, and in winning over many influential persons to the king's party. Sir Hugh Cholmondely delivered Scarborough castle to his majesty, and declared himself a cavalier, whilst her majesty sojourned at Burlington.[1] Many other gentlemen, quite captivated by the adventurous valour

[1] Madame de Motteville, Queen's Narrative, vol. i. p. 273.

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of their queen, resolved on the same course; among others, the Hothams, whose defection had so infinitely injured the king.[1]

A complete reaction seems to have taken place in the royal cause in Yorkshire; it arose perhaps from the following circumstance. While the queen yet remained in the vicinity of her landing-place, one of the captains of the five parliamentary vessels which bombarded the queen's house at Burlington, was seized on shore. He was tried by a military tribunal, and, as it was proved that he was the man who directed the cannon which had so nearly missed destroying her, he was condemned to be hanged. The queen happened to meet the procession when he was conducted to execution, and she insisted on knowing what it meant. She was told that king Charles's loyal subjects were about to punish the man who had taken aim at her chamber in Burlington. "Ah," said the queen, "but I have forgiven him all that, and as he did not kill me, he shall not be put to death on my account." The captain was set at liberty by her commands, and she entreated him "not to persecute one who would not harm him when she could." "The captain," adds the narrative,[2] "was so deeply touched by her generosity, that he came over to the royal cause, and, moreover, persuaded several of his shipmates to join him."

At last, her gallant escort of 2000 cavaliers arrived from York, sent by the earl of Newcastle, headed by the heroic marquis of Montrose, and the queen set out in triumph, crossing the wolds to Malton, on her march to York, guarding six pieces of cannon, two large mortars, and 250 waggons loaded with money. Her army gathered as she advanced, and when she reached York, it had swelled into a formidable force. She herself gave an animated description of her military progress; she rode on horseback throughout all the march, as general; she ate her meals in sight of the army, without seeking shelter from sun or rain; she spoke frankly to her soldiers, who seemed infinitely delighted with her; she took a town, too, by the way, "which truly," adds she, "was not defended quite so ob-

[1] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

[2] This adventure is mentioned by Bossuet, in his fine oration at the funeral of the queen; it is detailed in a memoir of her, printed with the discourse. The name of the captain is not mentioned.

stinately as Antwerp, when besieged by the duke of Parma, but it was a considerable one, and very useful to the royal cause.[1]

The queen wrote from York as follows:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO CHARLES I.[2]

"York, March 20, 1643.

"My dear heart,

"I need not tell you from whence this bearer comes, only I will tell you that the propositions he brings are good. I believe there is not yet time to put them in execution; therefore find some means to send them back which may not discontent them: and do not tell who gave you this advice.

"Sir Hugh *Cholmonley* is come in with a troop of horse to kiss my hand; the rest of his people he left at Scarborough, *with a ship laden with arms, which the ships of the parliament had brought thither* (at Scarborough). So she is ours.

"The rebels have quitted Tadcaster, upon our sending forces to Wetherby, but (the rebels) are returned with 1200 men. We send more forces to drive them out, though those we have already at Wetherby are sufficient; but we fear, as they have all their forces thereabout, lest they have some design, for they have quitted Selby and Cawood, the last of which they have burnt. Between this and to-morrow we shall know the issue of the business, and I will send you an express.

"I am the more careful to advertise you of what you do, that you and we may find means to have passports to send; and I wonder that, on the *cessation*, you have not demanded that you might send in safety. This shows my love."

The cessation the queen mentions, was a treaty of peace which the parliament were negociating with the king. If they had no other terms to offer than those the queen recapitulates here, no one can wonder at her indignation regarding them. Clarendon blames her exceedingly for her opposition to the treaty. She must speak for herself as follows:—

"I understand to-day from London that they (*the parliament*) will have no cessation (*of arms*), and that they treat in the beginning (in the two first articles) of surrender of forts, ships, and ammunition, and afterwards of the disbanding of the (king's) army.

"Certainly I wish a peace more than any, and that with greater reason than any one else; but I would desire the *disbanding* of the perpetual parliament first, and certainly the rest will be easy afterwards."

This parliament, it must be remembered, had voted itself life-long, an encroachment at once on the constitution of

[1] This warlike progress of Henriette is extremely difficult to trace in all English histories, excepting one called Mercurius Belgicus, which perfectly agrees with the French memoirs.

[2] Letter printed among the letters of king Charles, from his cabinet, taken at Naseby. Published by parliament.

England, far more astounding than anything that king Charles had done.

"I do not say this," resumes the queen, "of my own head alone, for generally both those who are for you and against you, in this country, wish an end of it; and I am certain that, if you do not demand it at first, it will not be granted.

"Hull is ours, and all Yorkshire, which is a thing to consider of; and for my particular, if you make a peace, and disband your army before there is an end of this perpetual parliament, I am absolutely resolved to go to France, not being willing to fall again into the hands of those people, being well assured that, if the power remains with them, it will not be well for me in England.

"Remember what I have written you in three precedent letters, and be more careful of me than you have been, or at least dissemble it (*that is, affect to be more careful of me*).

"Adieu, the man hastens me, so that I can say no more."

In a fragment of a letter from York, the queen notices other naval force taken from the parliamentary party.

"You now know by Eliot the issue of the business at Tadcaster; since that we almost lost Scarborough. Whilst sir Hugh *Cholmly* was here, Brown Bushel would have rendered that place up to parliament; but sir Hugh having notice of it, is gone with our forces and hath retaken it, and hath desired a lieutenant and forces of ours to put within it, and in exchange we should take his (garrison). Sir Hugh *Cholmley* hath also taken two pinnaces from Hotham,[1] which brought forty-four men to put within Scarborough for the parliament, with ten pieces of cannon, four barrels of powder, and four of bullets. This is all our news. Our army marches to-morrow to put an end to Fairfax's excellency; and will make an end of this letter, this third of April. I must add that I have had no news of you since Parsons."

"April 3rd, 1643."

As for "making an end of Fairfax's excellency," that was sooner said than done. This is another instance of those "shouts before victory," into which the queen's sanguine and ardent temperament perpetually betrayed her. The royal pair could not meet till Fairfax and Essex were cleared out of their path, achievements which required some months' time, and several minor victories, to effect; and the queen was actually detained on the north-east coast of England nearly six months, while the king and prince Rupert were fighting and skirmishing round Oxford and the mid counties. At last the rebels were fairly beat out of the field, and the

[1] Letters printed among the letters of king Charles. In the preceding letter the queen says, "Hull is ours," but it was not yet rendered, though the Hothams were now secretly in the queen's interest. Young Hotham was accused by parliament, when put to death, of having betrayed the above force into the queen's hands.

queen and her army advanced to Newark, from whence she wrote the following letter, in the most triumphant spirits:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO CHARLES I.[1]

"Newark, June 27, 1643.

"My dear heart,

"I received just now your letter by my lord Saville, who found me ready to go away, staying but for one thing, for which you may well pardon me two days' stop; it is to have Hull and Lincoln. Young Hotham having been put in prison, by order of parliament, is escaped, and hath sent to 260,[2] that he would cast himself into his arms, and that Hull and Lincoln should be rendered.[3] Young Hotham hath gone to his father, and 260 (Newcastle) waits for your answer.

"I think that I shall go hence on Friday or Saturday; I shall sleep at Werton, and from thence go to Ashby, where we will resolve what way to take, and I will stay there a day, because the march of the day before will have been somewhat great, and also to learn how the enemy marches. All their forces of Nottingham at present being gone towards Leicester and Derby, which makes us believe that they intend to intercept our passage. As soon as we have resolved I will send you word; at this present, I think it best to let you know the state in which we march, and what force I leave behind me for the safety of Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire. I leave 2000 foot and wherewithal to arm 500 more, and 20 companies of horse; all this is to be under Charles Cavendish, whom the gentlemen of the country have desired me not to carry with me, for he desired extremely not to go. The enemy have left in Nottingham 1000 (garrison).

"I carry with me 3000 foot, 30 companies of horse and dragoons, 6 pieces of cannon, and two mortars. Harry Jermyn commands the forces which go with me as colonel of my guard, sir Alexander Lesley the foot under him, (sir John) Gerard the horse, and Robin Legge the artillery, and her she-majesty, generalissima over all, and extremely diligent am I, with 150 waggons of baggage to govern, in case of battle."

With all this valour, her "*she-majesty generalissima*," as Henrietta calls herself, has an eye to dangers that might occur by the way, from the earl of Essex, whom the king was doing his best to keep in check, for she adds:

"Have a care that no troop of Essex's army incommodate us. I hope that for the rest we shall be strong enough, for at Nottingham we had the experience that one of our troops have beaten six of theirs and made them fly.

"I have received your proclamation or declaration, which I wish had not been made, being extremely disadvantageous to you, for you show too much apprehension, and do not do what you had resolved upon.

"Farewell, my dear heart."

Before the queen departed from Newark, the ladies of that town brought up a petition, entreating her majesty not

[1] Letter printed among the letters of king Charles.

[2] This number is probably a cypher which designates the marquis of Newcastle.

[3] The event proved that the two Hothams had more power to do the king harm than good. They were both beheaded by the parliament.

to march from Newark till Nottingham was taken.[1] The right of petitioning royalty was a perfect mania at that time; it had been a point of dispute between the king and the parliament, and all sorts and conditions of persons of both sexes, thought proper to dictate by petition the public measures they thought best to be pursued. Women were especially active in petitioning at this era.[2]

Her majesty gave the ladies of Newark, in her answer, a sly hint on feminine duties, in these words:

"Ladies, affairs of this nature are not in our sphere. I am commanded by the king to make all the haste to him that I can. You will receive this advantage, at least, by my answer, though I cannot grant your petition,—you may learn, by my example, to obey your husbands."

As this fine petition had been got up without the knowledge of the husbands of the Newark dames, a more provoking answer could not have been devised—not that queen Henrietta could boast of being the most submissive wife under the sun, as some phrases in her epistles above can testify.

At last, all invidious obstacles were cleared from her majesty's path, by the valour of the king, his nephews, and the Oxford cavaliers.

The queen's name formed the battle cry of this desultory warfare. The word of the cavalier charge was "God for queen Mary!" the name by which Henrietta Maria was then known in England. The loyalists likewise mentioned their queen in the party songs, popular in the mid counties, which were founded on some recent successes.

"God save the king, the queen, the prince also,[3]
With all loyal subjects, both high and both low;
The roundheads can pray for themselves, ye know,
Which nobody can deny.

"Plague take Pym and all his peers!
Huzza for prince Rupert and his cavaliers!
When they come here, those hounds will have fears,
Which nobody can deny.

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[1] D'Israeli's Commentaries, Reign of Charles I., vol. iii. p. 134.

[2] The custom seems to have been broken by the inhuman cruelty of Cromwell's ruffian soldiers, who massacred many of the unfortunate women of Essex and Kent, when they came in 1647, (in the sixth year of this horrid war,) to implore the miserable intimidated parliament, then under military terror, for peace.—Evelyn's Diary.

[3] Collection of Loyal Songs.

" God save prince Rupert and Maurice withal;
For they gave the roundheads a great downfall,
And knocked their noddles 'gainst Worcester wall,
Which nobody can deny."

It was in the vale of Keynton, near his own victorious ground of Edgehill, that Charles met with transport his adored Henrietta. Such a meeting was some atonement for their lives of ill fortune; the king praised the high courage and faithful affection of her whom he proudly and emphatically called " his wife." [1]

The mid counties had been so thoroughly cleared of the insurgents, that the king was only accompanied by his own regiment, and by prince Rupert's horse, when he marched to meet the queen. Just before the triumphant entry of the king and queen into the loyal city of Oxford, they received the news of one of prince Rupert's dashing, victorious skirmishes, which added to the exhilaration of the festival with which the Oxford cavaliers welcomed them.

A large silver medal was struck at Oxford,[2] to commemorate this event, and the queen was received in that beautiful and loyal city with the most enthusiastic admiration, as the heroine of the royal party. Her triumphs, however, replete as they are with incident which developes her character, are regretted by some of the king's friends. Clarendon declares that the queen was so much elated at the flush of success which her supplies had been the means of obtaining, that she would not hear of any means of terminating the civil war, excepting by conquest.[3] Thus, by her influence, the opportunity of making peace was lost. This was a great error, a defect in moral judgment, to which heroes and heroines are extremely prone. It is doubtless one of the

[1] In all the king's despatches to Newcastle and other loyalists, Charles, with manly plainness, terms the queen *his wife*, in preference to any of her royal titles.

[2] The king and queen are seen seated in chairs of state, the sun is over his chair, the crescent-moon and stars over hers. The dragon Python, symbolizing rebellion, lies dead before them. On the reverse is, XIII. JUI. MB. F. ET. HIB. R.R. IN. VALLI. KEINTON. AUSPICAI. OCCURRENT. FUGATO. IN. OCCIDENT. REBELLION. VICT. ET. PAC. OMEN. OXON. M.DCXLIII. *July* 13, *the king and queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, auspiciously met in the vale of Keinton, and rebellion fled to the west. Omen of victory and peace. Oxford*, 1643. The figure of the queen, dressed in the graceful costume of her day, in a flowing open robe, falling sleeves, and pointed bodice, is singularly elegant.

[3] Life of Clarendon, vol. i. p. 185.

mistakes, for which queen Henrietta blamed herself, with unsparing severity, and is the reason why, in her narrative, she passes over the particulars of her sojourn at Oxford, with painful brevity.

Those who from the vantage ground of two centuries survey the evil times in which the lot of Charles I. was cast, will be dubious whether any peace could have been lasting. All that was good and vital in the spirit of feudality was nearly extinct, but at the same time the people were vexed and encumbered, with what we may be permitted to call, its lifeless husks. Among these the abuses appertaining to the Court of Wards were alone sufficient to impel the most enduring people to revolution. But the puritan-patriots, so far from reforming these real wrongs, were contending for the sinecures connected with them.[1]

There were many individuals in those days, as in these, to whom all worship, but that of mammon, was indifferent; who, incited by the splendour of the new aristocracy, which had been built on the spoils of the monasteries, remembered that the church of England (if they could induce the king to join in the robbery) would afford goodly prey, and these were the most impracticable of all agitators. Nevertheless, it was the bounden duty of the queen to have promoted peace, however hopeless of its continuance, instead of opposing its establishment.

With the skill in portraying character, which forms Lord Clarendon's principal claim to literary merit, he has displayed the influence that Henrietta possessed over the mind of her husband, and thus analyses it, with its effects:[2] "The king's affection to the queen was a composition of conscience, love, generosity, and gratitude, and all those noble affections which raise the passion to the greatest height; insomuch that he saw with her eyes and determined by her judgment. Not only did he pay her this adoration, but he desired that all men should know that he was swayed by her, and this was not good for either of them. The queen was a lady of great beauty, excellent wit and humour, and made him a just return of the noblest affections, so that they were the true ideal of conjugal attachment in the age in which they lived."

[1] Lord Say and Sele, a roundhead, had helped himself to the lucrative place of Master of the Wards.

[2] Life of Clarendon, vol. i. pp. 185, 186.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO THE MARQUIS OF NEWCAST[redacted] —(*See translation, on the opposite page, 109.*)

Mon cousin j'ay reçu vre lettre par persons: avec la relation de tout ce qui s'est passé a newcastell et suis bien ayse que vous n'ayes pas encore mangé des rats pour veu que les escossois ne mange point des yorkshier oate cakes tout yra fort bien pyperé que vous y donne res ordre:

Vre fidelle et bien bonne amie

Henriette Marie

ex fordce 15e mars

"When the queen was admitted to the knowledge and participation of the most secret affairs, (from which she had been carefully restrained by the duke of Buckingham,) she took great delight in examining and discussing them, and from thence forming judgment of them, in which her *passions* (prejudices) were always strong. She had felt so much pain in knowing nothing, and meddling with nothing, during the time of the great favourite, that now she took no pleasure but in knowing all things, and disposing of all things, as he had done. Not considering that the universal prejudice that great man had undergone was not in reference to his person but his power, and that the same power would be equally obnoxious to complaint if it resided in any other person than the king himself. Nor did she more desire to possess this unlimited power longer than that all the world should notice that she was the entire mistress of it; and it was her majesty's misfortune (and that of the kingdom) that she had no one about her to advise and inform her of the temper of the people." And so thought the queen herself when it was too late.

For a few months the beautiful city of Oxford was the seat of the English court, over which the queen presided. There all that was loyal, refined, and learned, gathered round the royal family, and, for a while, hope existed that the discontents of the people would be finally silenced by force of arms. From such a result only evil could have ensued; no reflective person, to whom the good of their country was dear, could have wished it.

While the spirits of the queen were yet sustained by martial enthusiasm, she wrote from Oxford the subjoined little French billet, to the loyal defender of York, in the spring of the year 1644:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO THE MARQUIS OF NEWCASTLE.

[Translation of autograph opposite.]

"My cousin,

"I have received your letter by Parsons, with the account of all that has passed at Newcastle, and am very glad you have not yet eaten rats, so that the Scotch have not yet eaten Yorkshire oat-cakes, all will go well I hope, as you are there to order about it.

"Your faithful and very good friend,

"HENRIETTE MARIE R."

"Oxford, this March 15."

All the pride of the queen is laid aside while cheering her faithful partizan. In these few lines she shows she had made herself mistress of the customs of the northern counties; she alludes to their provincial food, the oat-cakes, with the certainty of giving delight to the garrison.

The queen remained at Oxford during the change of fortune that befel the king's cause. It was at the commencement of the year 1644 that the royalist poet, Davenant, addressed to her majesty some lines, which Pope imitated in his youth, when they were forgotten, and founded his early fame upon them.[1] Perhaps their harmony was never surpassed in English verse.

TO THE QUEEN AT OXFORD.

" Fair as unshaded light, or as the day
Of the first year, when every month was May,
Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new
Unfolded bud swelled by the morning's dew,
Kind as the willing saints, but calmer far
Than in their dreams forgiven votaries are—
But what, sweet excellence, what dost thou here?"

This last line conveyed a question prompted by the delicate situation of the queen; Oxford was likely to remain no secure harbour for her in her approaching hour of peril and weakness. The king delayed the agonizing separation from his adored consort, till the approach of the parliamentary forces made a battle near Oxford inevitable. Previously to the battle of Newbury, so fatal to his cause, Charles I. escorted his beloved wife to Abingdon, and there, on the 3rd of April, 1644, with streaming tears and dark forebodings for the future, this attached pair parted, never to meet again on earth.

The queen's first destination was Bath, where she sought the cure of an agonizing rheumatic fever, of that kind which is sharpened into intolerable acuteness by anxiety of mind. This complaint was called, in the phraseology of the day, a rheum, and thus the queen names it in the letter which announced her arrival at Bath.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO KING CHARLES.[2]

" My dear heart,

" Fred Cornwallis will have told you all our *voyage* (journey) as far as

[1] In the opening of his Pastorals.

[2] King Charles's Works and Letters, printed at the Hague, p. 266.

Abury, and the state of my health. Since my coming hither, I find myself ill, as well as in the *ill rest* I have, as in the increase of my *rheum*.

"I hope this day's rest will do me good. I go to-morrow to Bristol to send you back the carts; many of them are already returned.

* * * * *

"Farewell, my dear heart, I cannot write more than that I am absolutely yours."

"Bathe, April 21, 1644."

Nothing could be more calamitous than the queen's prospects in her approaching time of pain and weakness. Ill and sorrowful as she already was, she sought refuge in the loyal city of Exeter, where, amidst the horrors and consternation of an approaching siege, she was in want of everything. She took up her abode at Bedford House, in Exeter. The king had written to summon to her assistance his faithful household physician, Theodore Mayerne; his epistle was comprehended in one emphatic line in French.

KING CHARLES I. TO DR. SIR THEODORE MAYERNE.

"Mayerne,

"For the love of *me* go to my wife!

"C. R."

The queen likewise wrote an urgent letter in French to Dr. Mayerne, entreating him to come to her assistance, to the following effect:[1]—

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO SIR THEODORE MAYERNE.

"Exeter, this 3rd of May.

"Monsieur de Mayerne,

"My indisposition does not permit me to write much, to entreat you to come to me if your health will suffer you; but my malady will, I trust, sooner bring you here than many lines. For this cause I say no more; but that, retaining always in my memory the care you have ever taken of me in my utmost need, it makes me believe that, if you can, you will come, and that I am, and shall be ever,

"Your good mistress and friend,

"HENRIETTE MARIE R."

There is great generosity of mind in this letter. The queen does not say, as many a one does who requires impossibilities in this exacting age, "Help me now, or all you have hitherto done will be of no use." But, in a nobler spirit, "If you cannot come to me in my extreme need, I shall still remain grateful for all your previous benefits."

[1] The original is in the Sloane MS., 1679, fol. 71 b. The letter, printed in the original French, may be seen in Ellis's Historical Letters, Second Series, vol. iii. p. 315; likewise the letter of king Charles, ibid., p. 316.

Such we deem offers a good instance of that ill-defined virtue, gratitude.

The faithful physician did not abandon his royal patrons in the hour of their distress; he obeyed their summons, though we have reason to believe that he looked not with affection on the queen, deeming her religion one of the principal causes of the distracted state of England.

Henrietta likewise wrote to her sister-in-law, the queen regent of France, Anne of Austria, giving her an account of her distressed state. That queen who was herself just set free, by death, from the tyranny of her husband's minister, cardinal Richelieu, was enabled to obey the impulses of her generous nature. She sent 50,000 pistoles, with every article needful for a lady in a delicate situation, and her own *sage femme*, madame Perronne, to assist Henrietta in her hour of trouble.

Perhaps the best trait in the character of queen Henrietta occurs at this juncture; she reserved a very small portion of the donation of the queen of France for her own use, and sent the bulk of it to the relief of her distressed husband. Boundless generosity—a generosity occurring in the time of privation, was a characteristic of Henrietta.

Meantime sir Theodore Mayerne arrived at Exeter,[1] May 28th; he travelled from London in the queen's chariot with sir Martin Lister. Although so faithful in his prompt attendance to the summons of his royal master, in behalf of the queen, he was rough and uncompromising enough in his professional consultations. The queen, feeling the agony of an overcharged brain, said, one day at Exeter, pressing her hand on her head, "Mayerne, I am afraid that I shall go mad some day."

"Nay," replied the caustic physician, "your majesty need not fear going mad, you have been so some time."

The queen, when she related this incident to madame de Motteville, mentioned the incident as Mayerne's serious opinion of her bodily health; but his reply is couched more like a political sneer than a medical opinion.

The queen gave birth to a living daughter, at Exeter, June 16, 1644, at Bedford House, and in less than a fort-

[1] Ellis's Historical Letters, Second Series, vol. iii. p. 316.

night afterwards the army of the earl of Essex advanced to besiege her city of refuge. On the approach of this hostile force the queen, who was in a very precarious state of health, sent to the republican general, requesting permission to retire to Bath for the completion of her recovery. Essex made answer "that it was his intention to escort her majesty to London, where her presence was required, to answer to parliament for having levied war in England." This was tantamount to avowing an intention of leading her to the metropolis as a prisoner, and the French writers[1] aver that Essex actually went so far as to set a price on her head.

The daughter of Henry the Great summoned all the energy of character which she had derived from that mighty sire, to triumph over the pain and weakness that oppressed her feminine frame at this awful crisis. She rose from her sick bed, and escaped from Exeter in disguise, with one gentleman and one lady, and her confessor. She was constrained to hide herself in a hut, three miles from Exeter gate, where she passed two days without anything to nourish her, couched under a heap of litter.[2] She heard the parliamentary soldiers defile on each side of her shelter; she overheard their imprecations and oaths, "that they would carry the head of Henrietta to London, as they should receive from the parliament a reward for it of 50,000 crowns." When this peril was passed, she issued out of her hiding-place, and, accompanied by the three persons who had shared her dangers, traversed the same road on which the soldiers had lately marched, though they had made it nearly impassable. She travelled in extreme pain, and her anxious attendants were astonished that she did not utterly fail on the way.

The rest of her ladies and faithful attendants stole out of Exeter, in various disguises, to meet her.[3] Their rendezvous was at night in a miserable cabin, in a wood between Exeter and Plymouth. The valiant dwarf, Geoffry Hudson, was of this party; he had grown up to the respectable stature of three feet and a half, and shewed both courage and sagacity

[1] Mémoires de Madame de la Fayette, and of the queen's cousin, Mademoiselle-de Montpensier.

[2] Vie de Henriette de France, prefixed to the Oration of Bossuet.

[3] Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier.

in this escape. The queen, whose original destination was Plymouth, found Pendennis castle a safer place of refuge. She arrived with her company, in doleful plight, at this royal fortress, on the 29th of June, 1644. As a friendly Dutch vessel laid in the bay, the queen resolved to embark at once, and she sailed, with her faithful attendants, from the western coast, early the following morning;[1] nevertheless, the worst perils of this escape were not yet passed.

Meantime, her royal husband made incredible efforts to succour his beloved Henrietta; and, urged by despair, fought his way to Exeter by means of a series of minor victories, which were complete, because he was entirely his own general. So near were this loving pair towards meeting once more, that Charles entered Exeter triumphantly but ten days after the queen sailed from Pendennis.

Lady Morton presented to the king the little princess, left to her care on the flight of the unfortunate queen. For the first and last time, the hapless monarch bestowed on his poor babe a paternal embrace. He caused one of his chaplains to baptize this little one Henrietta Anne, after her kind aunt of France, and her mother. He relieved Exeter, and left an order on the customs for the support of his infant, who remained there for some time in the charge of her governess, lady Morton.

Queen Henrietta did not reach the shores of her native land without a fresh trial to her courage. The vessel in which she had embarked was chased by a cruiser in the service of the parliament. Several cannon-shots were fired at the vessel in which she was embarked; and the danger of being taken or sunk seemed to her imminent. In this exigence, the queen took the command of the vessel. She forbade any return to be made of the cannonading, for fear of delay, but urged the pilot to continue his course, and every sail to be set for speed; and she charged the captain, if their escape were impossible, to fire the powder magazine,[2] and destroy her with the ship, rather than permit her to fall alive into the hands of her husband's enemies. At this

[1] Madame de Motteville, whose account is partly confirmed by the MS. of Père Gamache, belonging to Mr. Colburn, to which we have access, see p. 71.

[2] Madame de Motteville, vol. i. Queen's Narrative, p. 267. Edition of Maestricht, 1782.

order, her ladies and domestics[1] sent forth the most piercing cries, she meantime maintaining a courageous silence, her high spirit being wound up to brave death rather than the disgrace to herself, and the trouble to her husband, which would have ensued if she had been dragged a captive to London. The cannonading continued till they were nearly in sight of Jersey, when a shot hit the queen's little bark, and made it stagger under the blow. Every one on board gave themselves over for lost, as the mischief done to the rigging made the vessel slacken sail. At that moment a little fleet of Dieppe vessels hove in sight, and hastened to the scene of action. This friendly squadron took the queen's battered bark under their protection, and the enemy sheered off. A furious storm sprung up before a landing could be effected, and Henrietta's vessel was driven far from the shelter offered by the harbour of Dieppe.[2]

In a few hours the coast of Bretagne—the refuge of many an exile from England—rose in sight. The queen ordered the long-boat out, and was rowed on shore. She landed in a wild, rocky cove at Chastel,[3] not far from Brest. Here she had to climb over rocks, and traverse on foot a most dangerous path. At last she descended into a little rude hamlet of fishermen's huts, where she thankfully laid herself down to rest in a peasant's cabin covered with stubble. The Bas-Bretons took her people at first for pirates, and rose in arms against them; and the queen, exhausted as she was, was forced to explain to them who she really was.[4] Next morning the neighbouring Breton gentlemen, being apprized of her landing, thronged to her retreat in their coaches, offering her all the service in their power. In all eyes, as she afterwards observed, she must have appeared more like a distressed wandering princess of romance than a real queen. She was very ill, and very much changed: but the memory of Henri Quatre was still dear to the French people; his daughter was followed by

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. i. Queen's Narrative, p. 276. Edition of Maestricht, 1782.

[2] Vie de Reine Henriette (Bossuet).

[3] It is said that her pursuer's name was captain Batts. Batten was the enemy who cannonaded her at Burlington. These names often occur in the diary of Pepys, as of persons in trust and favour in Charles II.'s navy.

[4] Vie de Reine Henriette.

their benedictions, and supplied, from private good-will, with all she needed. She used the equipages, so generously offered, to convey her to the baths of Bourbon, where she sought health for her body, and repose for her overwrought mind.

Her first feeling, she declared, was that of penitence for her intended self-destruction. The indomitable determination of purpose, which all ancient writers, and too many modern ones, would have lauded as an instance of high resolve worthy a Roman matron, queen Henrietta very properly condemned as sinful desperation, unworthy of a Christian woman. "I did not," she said, to madame de Motteville, when she related to her this adventure, "feel any extraordinary effort, when I gave the order to blow up the vessel; I was perfectly calm and self-possessed; I can now accuse myself of want of moral courage to master my pride; and I give thanks to God for having preserved me at the same time from my enemies and from myself."[1]

The feelings of Charles I. on his queen's departure, left desolate as he was to accomplish his sad destiny, are best known by his lonely meditations in his Eikon Basilicon. He says of her, "Although I have much cause to be troubled at my wife's departure from me, yet her absence grieves me not so much as the scandal of that necessity which drives her away doth afflict me—viz., that she should be compelled by my own subjects to withdraw for her safety. I fear such conduct (so little adorning the protestant profession) may occasion a farther alienation of her mind, and divorce of affection in her from that religion which is the only thing in which my wife and I differ."

"I am sorry that my relation and connexion with so deserving a lady should be any occasion of her danger and affliction. Her personal merits would have served her as a protection among savage Indians, since their rudeness and uncivilized state knows not to hate all virtue as some men's cruelty doth. Among whom I yet think there be few so malicious as to hate her for herself,—the fault is, *she is my wife.*"

Here we think the conjugal affection of king Charles mis-

[1] Madame de Motteville's Mémoires, vol. i. p. 276. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Père Cyprian's Memoirs, and the Life of Henrietta (Bossuet), all mention this resolution of the queen.

leads him. The fact is, that his chief fault in the eyes of his people was, that *he* was *her* husband. He continues his observation with pathetic earnestness:—

"I ought, then, to study her security who is in danger only for my sake. I am content to be tossed, weather-beaten, and shipwrecked, so that she be safe in harbour. I enjoy this comfort by her safety in the midst of my personal dangers. I can perish but half, if *she* be preserved. In her memory, and in her children, I may yet survive the malice of my enemies, although they should at last be satiate with my blood."

Thus Charles, at a comparatively early part of his calamities (1644), always looked forward to a violent death; but he was greatly mistaken, if he supposed that the malice of party would be satiated with his blood.

"I must leave her, then, to the love and loyalty of my good subjects. Neither of us but can easily forgive, since we blame not the unkindness of the generality and vulgar, for we see that God is pleased to try the patience of us both, by ingratitude of those who, having eaten of our bread, and being enriched by our bounty, have scornfully lifted up themselves against us. Those of our own household are become our enemies. I pray God lay not their sin to their charge, who think to satisfy all obligations to duty by their Corban of religion, and can less endure to see, than to sin against their benefactors, as well as their sovereigns."

"But this policy of my enemies is necessary to their designs. They sought to drive her out of my kingdom, lest, by the influence of her example, eminent as she is for love as a wife, and loyalty as a subject, she should have converted or retained in love and loyalty, all those whom they had a purpose to pervert. Pity it is that so noble and peaceful a soul should see, much more suffer, from the wrongs of those who must make up their want of justice by violence and inhumanity."

"Her sympathy with my afflictions makes her virtues shine with greater lustre, as stars in the darkest night. Thus may the envious world be assured that she loves me, not my fortunes. The less I may be blest with her company, the more will I retire to God, and to my own heart, whence no malice can banish her. My enemies may envy me: they

can never deprive me of the enjoyment of her virtues while I am myself."[1]

Surely—surely every woman must feel that it was a brighter lot to have been loved and mourned for by a man, whose mind was capable of these feelings, than to have shared the empire of a world with a common character, in common-place prosperity.

[1] These sentences are abstracted and collected from the Eikon Basilicon.

HENRIETTA MARIA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF CHARLES I. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER III.

Queen Henrietta at the baths of Bourbon—Her illness and alteration of person—Message and munificent allowance from the queen-regent of France—Journey of queen Henrietta to Paris—Met by the queen-regent—Inducted into apartments at the Louvre—And at St. Germains—Sends money to Charles I.—Their affectionate letters—Receives her eldest son at Paris—Her routine at the French court—Interferes with the English church—Her messengers offend king Charles—Escape of her infant daughter Henrietta—Queen Henrietta and the Fronde—She mediates in the war of the Fronde—Besieged in the Louvre—Suffers from want—Alarmed by reports of the danger of Charles I.—Her letters—Her sufferings and deprivations—Cardinal Retz visits her—Finds her without fire——Relieves her—Obtains a grant from the parliament of Paris—Queen Henrietta deprived of all intelligence from her husband—Her agonizing suspense—Calamitous adventures of Charles I.—Sends a message to the queen by lady Fanshawe—Hurried from Carisbrooke castle to Hurst castle—To Windsor—To London—Trial—Execution—Burial—Queen Henrietta remains ignorant of his fate.

QUEEN Henrietta trusted that the air and waters of her native land would restore her to convalescence, and repair the constitution shattered by the severe trials, mental and bodily, which she had sustained. The springs of Bourbon, indeed, somewhat ameliorated her health; but her firmness of mind was greatly shaken. She wept perpetually for her husband's misfortunes; she was wasted almost to maceration, and her beauty was for ever departed. This loss she bore with great philosophy; she did not even suppose that it was caused by her troubles. She was used to affirm, "that beauty was but a morning's bloom, and that she had plainly

perceived the departure of hers at twenty-two; and that she did not believe that the charms of other ladies continued longer."[1] It mattered little to her, since her husband loved her with increased affection, and proved to her, by a thousand tender expressions and kind deeds, "how much the wife was dearer than the bride."

The following graphic portrait, drawn by her friend madame de Motteville, gives a faithful description of queen Henrietta, both in person and mind; and it must be remembered, that the study was from life, and the result of familiar acquaintance.[2] "I found this once lovely queen very ill, and much changed, being meagre and shrunk to a shadow. Her mouth, which naturally was the worst feature of her face, had become too large; even her form seemed marred. She still had beautiful eyes, a lovely complexion, a nose finely formed, and something in her expression so *spirituelle* and agreeable, that it commanded the love of every one; she had, withal, great wit and a brilliant mind, which delighted all her auditors. She was not above being agreeable in society, and was, at the same time, sweet, sincere, easy, and accessible, living with those who had the honour of her intimacy without form or ceremony. Her temper was by nature gay and cheerful. Often when her tears were streaming, while she narrated her troubles, the reminiscence of some ridiculous adventure would occur, and she would make all the company laugh by her wit and lively description before her own eyes were dry. To me her conversation usually took a solid tone; her grief and deep feeling made her look on this life and the pride of it in a true light, which rendered her far more estimable than she would have been had sorrow never touched her. She was naturally a most generous character. Those who knew her in her prosperity assured me, that her hand was most bounteous, as long as she had aught to give."

Such is the sketch drawn by Henrietta's most intimate friend, who was at the same time one of the most virtuous, the most accomplished, and the best of her countrywomen.

Candour demands that we should place this portrait of Henrietta, drawn at a time when she utterly vanishes from

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 278.
[2] Ibid., p. 290.

the historic page of England, in contradistinction to the prejudiced caricatures which our native authors furnish.

The French people, not yet agitated by the insurgency of the civil war of the Fronde, paid the most affectionate attention to Henrietta, regarding her as the daughter, sister, and aunt of their kings. As she had, when in power, done sufficient to provoke the political vengeance of her sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, in whose hands the sovereignty of France rested as queen-regent, her thoughts became a little uneasy on that subject. Henrietta had most warmly taken the part of her mother, Marie de Medicis, with whom Anne of Austria had always been on bad terms; and, as her biographer expresses it, she had inflicted on the latter some *petites malices*, which are great evils at a time when an exalted person is undergoing a series of persecutions. Fortunately, however, the manly character of Henrietta's consort had interposed in the behalf of Anne of Austria, and he had been able to perform some important services for her during the sway of her tyrant Richelieu, especially by the protection he had afforded to her persecuted favourite, the duchess of Chevreuse, which that queen now remembered with gratitude, and repaid to his afflicted wife and children.[1]

Madame de Motteville enjoyed every possible opportunity of writing true history in all she has testified, since she was on the spot, and domesticated with the exiled queen at this juncture. The queen-regent, Anne of Austria, whose confidential lady of honour madame de Motteville was, sent her to the baths of Bourbon, to offer queen Henrietta all the assistance that was in the power of France to bestow. To this, Anne of Austria added many marks of beneficence, most liberally supplying her afflicted sister-in-law with money for her expenditure; of all which bounty Henrietta stripped herself, and sent every farthing she could command to the king her husband. Madame de Motteville continues to observe, after relating this good trait of Henrietta, "that many persons have attributed the fall of king Charles to the bad advice of his queen, but that she was not inclined to believe it, since the faults and mistakes she actually

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 235. That lady, in a foot-note, says of Henrietta, "It was herself who recounted to me the remarks which I have inserted here."

committed she candidly avowed, in the foregoing narrative, which," pursues our fair historian, "she did me the honour to relate to me exactly as I wrote it, when we were domesticated together in a solitary place, where peace and repose reigned around us, unbroken by worldly trouble.[1] Here I penned, from first to last, the detail of her misfortunes which she related to me, in the confidence of familiar friendship."

Lord Jermyn had retained his post in the household of Henrietta through every reverse of fortune, and was now the superintendent of her expenditure, the steward of her finances, and the person who provided her with everything she either wore or consumed. He had enriched himself, as her treasurer, in the days of her prosperity; and he had contrived, by foreseeing the disastrous tendency of the royalist cause in England, to invest his large capital on the continent. The English authors suppose that lord Jermyn maintained the queen when she was in exile—a great mistake, since the French archives prove that she had a noble income settled upon her, as a daughter of France in distress. She might even have saved money, if her hand had not been over-bounteous towards her distressed husband. The assistance, therefore, given her by Jermyn, must be limited to the failure of her French supplies during the extreme crisis of the war of the Fronde, which did not occur till several years after her return to France. However, the devoted fidelity of this servant of her household, his adherence to his office in times of the utmost danger, when he occasionally felt himself obliged to disburse the queen's expenses, instead of reaping wealth from the income of his appointment, naturally raised gratitude in her mind. He was called her minister, and by some her favourite; as such, madame de Motteville draws the following portrait of him at this period:—

"He seemed an honourable man, remarkably mild in his manners; but to me he appeared of bounded capacity, and better fitted to deal with matters of petty detail than great events. He had for the queen that species of fidelity usual to long-trusted officials. He insisted that all her money must be deposited with him before any other person in the world, that he might apply it to her expenses, which at all

[1] The convent of Châillot, where queen Henrietta usually retired when under the pressure of ill health or sorrow.

times were great. The queen reposed much confidence in him; but it is not true that he governed her entirely. She often manifested a will contrary to his, and maintained it, as absolute mistress. She always shewed proper feeling in regard to all who depended on her; but she was naturally inclined to be positive, and to support her own opinions with vivacity. Her arguments, while maintaining her own will, were urged with no little talent, and were mingled with a graceful playfulness of raillery, which tempered the high spirit and commanding courage of which she had given so many proofs in the principal actions of her life. Queen Henrietta, unfortunately for herself, had not acquired in early life the experience given by an intimate knowledge of history. Her misfortunes had repaired this defect, and painful experience had improved her capacity; but we saw her in France lose the tottering crown, which she at this time (1644) could scarcely be considered to retain."

Our fair historian, who was literally behind the scenes, and saw all the springs of movement which influenced the conduct of the royal family of England as well as that of France, proceeds to make the following observation, which is not merely a brilliant antithesis of French genius, but a sober and simple truth, which may be corroborated by every examiner into documentary history. "The cabinets of kings are theatres where are continually played pieces which occupy the attention of the whole world. Some of these are entirely comic; there are also tragedies, whose greatest events are almost always caused by trifles." And such is ever the result when power falls into the hands of those who, ignorant of the events of the past, have never studied history, or drawn rational deductions, by reasoning on the causes of those events. Chance governs the conduct of such royal personages. Great tragedies spring from trifling caprices. If of good capacity and virtuous inclinations, experience may be learned by a royal tyro, but generally too late; for mistakes in government cannot be rectified by the work being taken out and better put in, as a craftsman's apprentice gains his skill by rectifying mistakes. The irrevocable past assumes the awful mien of destiny, and too often governs the future.

"The queen of England, my aunt," says mademoiselle de Montpensier, "in the autumn of 1634 was afflicted with a

malady, for which her physicians had already prescribed for her the warm baths of Bourbon, and she was forced to make some stay there before she was well enough to come to the French court. When she was convalescent, her arrival was formally announced, and I was sent in the king's coach, in the name of their majesties, (the infant Louis XIV. and his mother, the queen-regent) to invite her to court, for such is the usual etiquette."[1]

Gaston, duke of Orleans, the favourite brother of Henrietta, had not, however, waited for the formality of such an approach; he had flown to visit and comfort her, and was with her at the baths of Bourbon, when his daughter, the *grande mademoiselle*, arrived in the queen's coach. "I found Monsieur, my father," continued that lady, "with the queen of England; he had been with her some time before I arrived; we both brought her in state on the road to Paris."

The precise time of this progress is noted in the journal of the celebrated Evelyn, who, as a philosopher, and therefore, we suppose, a non-combatant, had very wisely asked the king leave to spend his youth in travel, while broadswords were clashing, and the war-cry of "Ho for cavaliers! hey for cavaliers!" was resounding throughout his native island. He encountered queen Henrietta on this journey, at Tours; he saw her make her entry in great state; the archbishop went to meet her, and received her with an harangue at the head of the clergy and authorities of that city, on the 18th of August, O. S., 1644.[2] Her majesty rested at Tours, in the archbishop's palace, where she gave Evelyn an audience. She re-commenced her journey to Paris, on the 20th of August, in the state-coach, with her brother Gaston, and *la grande mademoiselle*, who observes, "that at the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, the queen-regent came to meet the queen of England, my aunt, and she brought the little king and the child, his brother, to receive her; they all kissed her, and invited her into the king's coach, and thus she made her entry into Paris."

Mademoiselle de Montpensier was as much struck by the wretched appearance of the poor queen, as madame de Motteville had been; she says:—

[1] Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier, vol. ii. p. 106.
[2] Evelyn's Journal, vol. ii. p. 64.

"Although queen Henrietta had taken the utmost care to recover her good looks, her strength, and her health, she still appeared in a state so deplorable, that no one could look at her without an emotion of compassion. She was escorted to the Louvre, and given possession of her apartments by the queen-regent and her son, in person; they led her by the hand, and kissed her with great tenderness; they treated her not only with the consideration due to a queen, but to a queen who was, at the same time, a daughter of France." [1]

Anne of Austria gave her distressed sister-in-law the noble income of 12,000 crowns per month. Much has been said relative to the pecuniary distress suffered by queen Henrietta during her exile in France, but justice obliges the remark, that her generous relatives supplied her most liberally with funds, till the civil war of the Fronde reduced them all to similar destitution. The pecuniary deprivations of the exiled queen lasted only a few months, although it is usually affirmed that such was the case during the rest of her life. The truth was, she stripped herself of whatever was given her, and gradually sold all her jewels to send every penny she could command to her suffering husband; her boundless generosity, and her utter self-denial, in regard to all indulgences that she could not share with him, is the best point of her character. The kindest of her friends, the most credible of witnesses, madame de Motteville, and those two bright examples of old English honour and fidelity, sir Richard and lady Fanshawe, bear testimony in many passages to this disposition of Henrietta's income. Mademoiselle, her niece, observes with some contempt: "The queen of England appeared, during a little while, with the splendour of royal equipage, she had a full number of ladies, of maids of honour, of running footmen, coaches, and guards. All vanished, however, by little and little, and at last nothing could be more mean than her train and appearance." [2]

We have seen the unfortunate queen of Charles I. inducted into the Louvre by the generous regent of France. That palace was not, during the minority of Louis XIV., occupied by the court, and its royal apartments were vacant

[1] Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier.
[2] Ibid.

for the reception of their desolate guest. Anne of Austria likewise appointed for her country residence the old château of St. Germains, whither she retired that autumn, within three or four days after she had taken possession of her apartments in the Louvre.

One of Henrietta's first occupations, when settled in her residence at St. Germains-en-Laye, was to indite the following letter to the bishop of Laon; it affords a specimen of childish devotion better befitting the semi-barbarians of the middle ages, than a woman of brilliant intellect of the 17th century:[1]—

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO THE BISHOP OF LAON.

"Monsieur l'Evesque de Laon,

"I am apprized of the pains you have taken at the reception of a little offering which the father-capucins have brought, on my part, to our lady of Liesse, *to mark my gratitude to her for having preserved me from shipwreck*, through the goodness of our Lord; and for the intervention of this our holy mother, in the tempest which I encountered at sea the preceding years,[2] which has induced me to propose founding a mass to be said for me every Saturday in the year, in the said chapel, for perpetuity; and I have at the same time empowered those who deliver this, to enter into the contract for this effect, as I send a capucin of my almoner's, with power to do all that is needful in this affair, who promises that you, who have already given your cares to this good work, will continue them, and employ your authority to establish it, to the glory of God and the honour of the holy Virgin, and to mark my perpetual reliance on the one and on the other.

"Meantime I myself will, in person, render my vows at the said chapel, to testify the good will I shall ever bear you, praying God, monsieur l'Evesque, ever to hold you in his keeping.

"From St. Germain en Laye, this 7th of September, 1644.

"Your good friend,

"HENRIETTE MARIE R."

The contribution the queen sent to the chapel by her capucin almoner was 1500 livres, for a low-mass to be said every week in perpetuity; this sum she doubtless devoted as a thank-offering from the bounteous supply which had been accorded by her munificent sister-in-law, the queen of France.

Although so generously soothed and succoured, queen Henrietta remained for many months deeply depressed in spirit, mourning her utter bereavement of husband and children. Her time was principally spent in writing to king Charles, and her establishment at the Louvre proved the

[1] This hitherto unedited letter is from Père Cyprian's MS.

[2] In her voyages to and from Holland, in February 1642 and 1643.

rallying point for loyalist English emigrants, who sought shelter under her influence in France, when the various plots broke and fell to pieces, which were devised for the restoration of king Charles. Among these were found the illustrious literary names of Cowley, Denham, and Waller. Cowley followed the queen to Paris after the surrender of Oxford, and became Latin secretary to lord Jermyn, who had the whole care of her household. The office of the poet extended to the translation of all the letters that passed between the queen and king Charles in cypher; and so indefatigable was their correspondence, that it employed Cowley all the days of the week, and often encroached on his nights for several years.[1]

Brief must be the specimens of the letters which passed between this pair so tender and true. How deeply their correspondence was marked by heart feeling, the following will shew:—

KING CHARLES TO QUEEN HENRIETTA.

"1645.

"Since I love thee above all earthly things, and that my contentment is inseparably conjoined with thine, must not all my actions tend to serve and please thee? If you knew what a life I lead—I speak not of the common distractions, even in point of conversation, which, in my mind, is the chief joy or vexation of one's life—I dare say thou wouldst pity me, for some are too wise, others are too foolish, some are too busy, others are too reserved and fantastic. (*Here the king gives in cypher the names of the persons whose conversation, in domestic life, suits his taste so little, owning at the same time that, in matters of business, they were estimable. After enumerating names, to which the cypher is now lost, the king adds*)—"Now mayest thou easily judge how such conversation pleaseth me. I confess thy company hath perhaps made me hard to be pleased, but no less to be pitied by thee, who art the only cure for this *un*ease.

"Comfort me with thy letters; and dost thou not think that to know particulars of thy health, and how thou spendest thy time, are pleasing subjects to me, though thou hast no other business to write of?

"Believe me, sweetheart, thy kindness is as necessary to comfort my heart, as thy assistance is to my affairs."

In this series occurs a letter from Henrietta, in which she alludes to a passage in one from her husband, where he seemed to doubt that she had shewn his correspondence to some other than lord Jermyn, who, with his assistant-secretary, the young cavalier poet Cowley, were the only persons entrusted with the decyphering of the royal letters.

[1] Johnson's Life of Cowley.

QUEEN HENRIETTA TO KING CHARLES.

"There is one thing in your letter which troubles me much, where you would have me 'keep to myself your despatches,' as if you believe that I should be capable to show them to any, only to lord *Jer* (Jermyn), to uncypher them, my head not suffering me to do it myself; but if it please you, I will do it, and none in the world shall see them. Be kind to me, or you kill me!

"I have already affliction enough to bear, which, without your love, I could not do, but your service surmounts all. Farewell, dear heart! Behold the mark which you desire to have, to know when I desire any thing in earnest. X."

This letter proves that lord Jermyn was the king's trusted friend, and that his majesty expressed displeasure if the confidence of the queen was not entirely limited to him. It is another instance which fully proves the fact that the person to whom the world gave the epithet of royal favourite, was in reality private secretary and decypherer of the letters of the king or queen. Envy and scandal perpetually pursued such confidants of royalty, and the malicious stories circulated by their enemies always take a vague place in general history, without any definition being afforded of the close attendance the office required, especially when the economy induced by the king's misfortunes obliged lord Jermyn to unite the duties of the queen's chamberlain, steward, and secretary, in one.

On these reports Horace Walpole has founded one of his malicious tales, on no better authority than oral tradition. "One evening," he says, "before the queen quitted England, the king had nearly surprised lord Jermyn alone with her. One of the gentlemen in waiting, who were walking backwards before the king with lights down the gallery, stumbled and fell on purpose, which gave Jermyn time to escape." As lord Jermyn had been the queen's domestic ever since she was seventeen—being appointed as such by the king, to her great displeasure, on the dismissal of her French servants—the astonishment of his majesty would have been caused by his absence from the queen's apartment when he arrived, and not by his presence. Fortunately for the memory of Henrietta, her self-sacrifices in behalf of king Charles are quite sufficient to refute such slanders. It is not usual for women whose affections wander from their husbands, to deprive themselves of every splendour, every luxury, and even of the necessaries of life for their sakes. Horace Walpole knew best if such was the way of *his* world.

The following letter, quoted from the cabinet captured at Naseby, alludes to the sums sent by the queen to the assistance of her husband :—

QUEEN HENRIETTA TO KING CHARLES.[1]

"Paris, Jan. ¼, 1644-5.

"My dear heart,

"Tom Elliot, two days since, hath brought me much joy and sorrow; the first, to know the good estate you are in; the other, the fear I have that you go to London. I cannot conceive where the wit was of those that gave you this counsel, unless it be to hazard your person to save theirs. But thanks be to God, to-day I received one of yours by the ambassador of Portugal, dated in January, which comforted me much to see that the treaty shall be at Uxbridge. For the honour of God, trust not yourself in the hands of those people. If ever you go to London before the parliament be ended, or without a good army, you are lost.

"I understand that the propositions for peace must begin by disbanding your army. If you consent to this you are lost; they having the whole power of the militia, they have and will do whatsoever they will.

"I received yesterday letters from the duke of Lorraine, who sends me word that, if his services be agreeable, he will bring you 10,000 men. Dr. Goffe, whom I have sent into Holland, shall treat with him in his passage upon this business; and I hope very speedily to send you good news of this, *as also of the money. Assure yourself I shall be wanting in nothing you can desire, and that I will hazard my life, that is, I will die with famine rather than not send it to you.* Send me word, always, by whom you receive my letters, for I write both by the ambassador of Portugal, and the resident of France. Above all, have a care not to abandon those who have served you, as well the bishops as the poor catholics. Adieu."

Charles I. very truly anticipated that the publication of the letters and papers which his rebels captured at Naseby, in his private cabinet, would raise his character in the estimation of the world. He thus mentions the subject in a letter to his secretary, sir Edward Nicholas:—"My rebels, I thank them, have published my private letters in print, and though I could have wished their pains had been spared, yet I will neither deny that those things were mine which they have set out in my name (only some words here and there are mistaken, and some commas misplaced, but not much material); nor will I, as a good protestant or honest man, blush for any of those papers. Indeed, as a discreet man, I will not justify myself; yet would I fain know him who would be willing that all his private letters should be seen, as mine have now been. However, so that but one clause be rightly understood, I care not much so that the others take their fortune.

[1] Rapin, vol. ii., folio, p. 611.

It is concerning the mongrel parliament: the truth is, that Sussex's factiousness, at that time, put me out of patience, which made me freely vent my displeasure against those of his party to my wife."[1]

In the course of her correspondence, the queen most earnestly strove to dissuade her husband from his fatal determination of trusting himself in the hands of the prevalent political party in Scotland. We say the prevalent party, for we scorn to re-echo the imputations cast on the gallant nation, as a whole, for the misdeed committed by the greedy leaders of a faction. Charles I., however, took the disastrous step against which his queen had vainly warned him; the Scotch calvinists sold him to the republican army; and to which the palm of infamy is to be awarded, his buyers or his sellers, we think would puzzle a casuist. After this event, the royalist cause was hopeless in England, and the queen, torn with anguish in regard to the personal safety of her husband, sent sir John Denham from France,[2] in order to obtain a personal conference with him, that she might know his real situation. Sir John either influenced or bribed that strange fanatic, Hugh Peters, to obtain for him this interview. The faithful and learned cavalier saw the king at Caversham, and informed him of the exact situation of his queen in her native country, and of all her hopes and fears regarding foreign assistance. Denham relates a most pleasing anecdote relative to the interest the king took in his literary productions. All the troubles which oppressed his royal heart had not prevented Charles from reading and analysing Denham's poem on sir Richard Fanshaw's translation of the Pastor Fido. The pleasures arising from literature were the sole consolations of the unfortunate Charles, during his utter bereavement and separation from all he loved in life.

The first gleam of satisfaction to the mind of queen Henrietta, was the arrival of her eldest son in France. This boy, with his young brother, the duke of York, had early been inured to the sound of bullets and the crash of cannon; they had followed their royal father through many a field of various fortune. Sometimes exposed to the range of the

[1] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1672, pp. 103, 104.

[2] See the Dedication of sir John Denham's noble descriptive poem of Cooper's Hill, published after the Restoration.

murderous bullet,[1] sometimes crouched from the pelting storm beneath a hedge, suffering in company with some much-enduring divine of the persecuted church of England, their tutor, hunger, cold, and pitiless weather, while their royal sire was putting the fortunes of England on a field; then, when the strife was over, springing to the arms of their father, and comforting him by their passionate caresses. In after life, James, duke of York, often narrated his early reminiscences of such adventures occurring when he was little more than nine years old; he recalled them with the feeling of love and admiration with which he always mentioned his father's name. This young prince was left in Oxford at its disastrous surrender, and was committed by the parliament to the custody of the earl of Northumberland, and afterwards lodged as a prisoner in the palace of St. James.

The young prince of Wales was hurried to the loyal west of England, where, on her own dower possessions as the queen of England, and on the stannary district belonging to the prince, a more settled government had been established by Henrietta than in any other part of the country; and here she had promoted a trade with France for tin, which has been quoted as a proof of her practical abilities.[2] When the fortunes of Charles I. became still more and more disastrous, the young prince of Wales was withdrawn to Scilly, afterwards to Jersey, finally he took shelter on the opposite coast, Sept. 18, 1646, and joined his royal mother at Paris. From thence the mother and son were invited, by the queen-regent of France, to visit her and the little king, Louis XIV., at Fontainbleau, and their reception is thus described by an eye-witness:—

"The queen-regent and the little king of France came to meet their royal guests, and received them into their coach. When they alighted, Louis XIV. gave his hand to his aunt, the queen of Great Britain, and the prince of Wales led the queen of France. The next day, the prince of Wales came to her drawing-room, when she appointed him a *fau-*

[1] See an incident of the kind in Ellis's Original Letters, Second Series, vol. iii. p. 304. James II., in his autobiography, draws a most extraordinary picture of the battles and sieges of which he was a witness, from his detention in Hull, by sir John Hotham, to the Restoration.

[2] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 44.

teuil, as concerted with his mother, queen Henrietta. But when his mother afterwards entered the apartment, it was etiquette for the prince only to occupy a joint-stool in her presence, as queen of Great Britain; he therefore rose from the arm-chair and took his place in the circle, where he remained standing during the audience.[1] Very singular does it seem, that these royal exiles were employing their thoughts and occupying their time with arrangements of precedence between joint-stools and arm-chairs—yet so it was. Till Henrietta Maria was a refugee in France, it appears that she disliked such pompous trifles as much as did her mighty sire, Henri Quatre, and never exacted them in her private intercourse with her friends; we see how utterly free her letters are from cold ceremonial. But when under the protection of her munificent Spanish sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, she was forced to take the heavy chain of etiquette on her neck more than ever, or run the risk of giving offence every moment, by breaking those little incomprehensible laws by which an observer of ceremonies governs every movement of those domesticated with them. It seems to have been Anne of Austria's favourite manner of testifying her hospitality and consideration for her guests and protegées, to offer them precedence to herself and her sons on every occasion. Of course it was but good manners in the royal guests to protest against such precedence and distinction. Thus was time tediously spent in ceremonials idle and absurd; and the worst was, that an elaborate example was set for such follies to the by-standing courtiers, from whom it spread all over Europe. A scene of this kind occurred soon after the arrival of the prince of Wales at the French court. Madame de Motteville says, "that at the betrothal of mademoiselle de Themines with the marquis de Cœuvre, queen Henrietta, who was among the guests at this festival, was given by the royal family of France the precedence in signing the marriage articles, which she did not do till after all the civilities and resistances required on such occasions had been carried to the utmost. Then the queen-regent of France, Anne of Austria, signed, and the minor king, Louis XIV.; then Charles, prince of Wales; and then *Monsieur,* (Gaston, duke of Orleans,) because the *veritable*

[1] Madame de Motteville.

Monsieur, Phillippe, duke of Anjou, was too little to sign, not being able to write."[1]

Madame de Motteville proceeds to declare that the young king of France seldom took precedence of Charles, prince of Wales, when they met at court, or when they danced the *branlé* or brawl, without great apology. The two queens had so arranged the ceremonial, that these representatives of the two greatest kingdoms in the world were either accommodated with equal joint stools in their royal presences, or stood in the courtly circle.

The following sketch of Charles in his youth, then about sixteen, was drawn from the life. "This prince was very well shaped, his brown complexion agreed well enough with his large bright black eyes, though his mouth was exceedingly ugly, but his figure was surpassingly fine. He was very tall for his age, and carried himself with grace and dignity. His natural tendency to wit and repartee was not noticed, for at that time of his life he hesitated, and even stammered, a defect observed in his father, Charles I., and still more seriously in his uncle, Louis XIII."[2] This defect was nevertheless no fault of the organs of utterance, as madame de Motteville supposes, for the prince's tongue was glib enough in his own language, but was owing to his great difficulty in pronouncing French—a proof that his mother had not accustomed herself to talk to her children in her native tongue. For a year or two after his arrival in France, we shall find that the young prince was forced to remain nearly a mute for want of words.

Queen Henrietta manifested, at an early period of her sojourn in France, an extreme desire to unite her niece, mademoiselle de Montpensier, to her son, the prince of Wales. Mademoiselle de Montpensier was not only of suitable rank, being the first princess in France, the daughter of the favourite brother of Henrietta, but likewise the greatest heiress in Europe.

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. i. pp. 412, 413. This child, "the veritable Monsieur of France," afterwards inherited the title of Orleans, on the death of Gaston without sons. The title of Monsieur always reverted to the second brother or son of the reigning king of France. Phillippe was the only brother of Louis XIV., and the patriarch of the Orleans-Bourbon line now on the throne of France.

[2] Ibid., p. 376.

Her portraits at Versailles and Eu shew that she had no little beauty, and her memoirs, that she had wit sufficient to encourage her in her vanity and presumption. Gaston of Orleans, father of this fantastic royal beauty, was poor, considering his high rank as the first prince of the blood. All his first wife's vast possessions, as heiress of Montpensier and Dombes, had passed to his daughter, and he was often dependent on her for funds, when she was a very young woman, and this position inflated her intolerable self-esteem. She took pleasure in mortifying her aunt queen Henrietta, whenever she opened the subject of her union with the prince of Wales; it is evident that she suspected him of indifference to her charms and advantages, for she never mentions the matter without apparent pique. "Although I had,"[1] she observes, "been sufficiently informed of the wishes of my aunt, the queen of England, when we were together at Fontainbleau, yet I seemed not to give the slightest credence to a second declaration the prince of Wales made me through madame d'Epernon, who was the friend of the English royal family. The first offer of the prince of Wales, as I said, was made me by the queen his mother. I really know not, if he had spoken himself, whether he might not have succeeded; but I am sure I could not set great account on what was told me in behalf of a lover who had nothing to say for himself." Afterwards she consoles her pride by the reflection, that young Charles had nothing to say for himself, because he could not utter an intelligible sentence in French; yet she considered that he ought to have obtained proficiency on purpose. Thus *la grande mademoiselle* remained indignant that he only courted her through the agency of the tender and flattering speeches made by his royal mother.

"I noted, nevertheless," says the literary princess, "that whenever I went to see queen Henrietta, her son always placed himself near me; he always led me to my coach; nothing could induce him to put on his hat in my presence; he never put it on till I quitted him, and his regard for me manifested itself a hundred ways in little matters. One day, when I was going to a grand assembly, given by madame de Choisy, the queen of England would dress me, and arrange my hair herself; she came for this

[1] Mémoires of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, vol. i. pp. 132, 133.

purpose to my apartments, and took the utmost pains to set me off to the best advantage, and the prince of Wales held the flambeau near me, to light my toilette, the whole time."[1] What an extraordinary historical group here presents itself. The artists of the day could draw nothing but the *fade* subject of Venus, attired by the graces; here to the mind's eye, rises the elegant figure of the royal Henrietta dressing her beautiful and *spirituelle* niece, then in the first splendour of her charms, and, in contrast to their beauty, was the dark Spanish-looking boy, standing by with the flambeau. First cousins, it is true, have privileges; Charles was not more than fifteen, but yet too old for an attendant Cupidon.

"I wore black, white, and carnation"—pursues the literary princess[2]—"my parure of precious stones was fastened by ribbons of these colours; I wore also a plume of the same kind: all had been fancied and ordered by my aunt, the queen of England. The queen-regent, (Anne of Austria,) who knew by whose hands I was adorned, sent for me to come to her before I went to the ball; therefore the prince of Wales had an opportunity of arriving at the hotel de Choisy before me, and I found him there, at the *portes cochères*, ready to hand me from my coach. I stopped in a chamber, to re-adjust my hair at a mirror, and the prince of Wales again held the flambeau for me; and this time he brought his cousin, prince Robert, (Rupert,) as an interpreter between us, for believe it who will, though he could understand every word I said to him, he could not reply to me the least sentence in French. When the ball was finished, and we retired, the prince of Wales followed me to the porter's lodge of my hotel, and lingered till I entered, and then went his way. His gallantry was pushed so far, that it made a great noise in the world that winter, and was much manifested at a fête, celebrated at the Palais Royal, where there was played a magnificent Italian comedy, embellished with machinery and music, followed by a ball; and again my aunt, the queen of England, would dress me with her own hands. It had taken three entire days to arrange my ornaments. My robe was all figured with diamonds, with carnation trimmings. I wore the jewels of the crown of France, and to add to them,

[1] Mademoiselle de Montpensier, vol. i. p. 143.
[2] Ibid.

the queen of England lent me some very fine ones, which at that time she had not yet sold. She said not a little on the fine turn of my shape, my good mien, my fairness, the brightness of my light hair." She was placed on a throne in the middle of the ball-room, and the young king of France and the prince of Wales seated themselves at her feet. "I felt not the least embarrassed," adds this modest damsel, "but as I had an idea of marrying the emperor, I regarded the prince of Wales but as an object of pity!"

In the course of this egotist's memoirs, she marks with contempt the increasing poverty of her aunt, queen Henrietta, the plainness of her attire, the humility of her equipage, as she gradually parted with every diamond, and glittering thing, the remnants of her former splendour, which, together with the liberal allowance she derived from the French government, she sacrificed to her conjugal affection.

As the fortunes of her royal lord grew darker and darker, queen Henrietta was induced to persuade him to abandon the episcopal church in England, in hopes of restoration and peace. The agents who undertook to inform the king of her wishes in this matter, certainly gave him great pain and displeasure. These were Bellièvre, the French ambassador, who arrived at Newcastle in 1646, on this errand from his court; and sir William Davenant, who was sent by the queen direct from Paris to tell the king "that all his friends there advised his compliance." The king observed "that he had no friends there who knew aught of the subject." "There is lord Jermyn," replied Davenant. "Jermyn knows nothing of ecclesiastical affairs," said the king. "Lord Colepepper is of the same opinion." "Colepepper has no religion whatever," returned the king; "what does Hyde think of it?" "We do not know, please your majesty," answered Davenant; "the chancellor has forsaken the prince, having remained in Jersey instead of accompanying him to the queen, and her majesty is much offended with him." "My wife is in the wrong; Hyde is an honest man, who will never forsake me or the church," rejoined the king. "I wish he were with my son." Davenant proceeded to mention "that the queen had resolved, if her opinion was not taken, to retire into a convent, and never to see the king again," an intimation which gave the severest pangs to

the heart of her husband, who drove the negotiator from his presence, which he never permitted him to enter again.[1] The king remonstrated with the queen on her avowed intention of deserting him, which she passionately denied, and it is supposed that Davenant had dared to threaten the king with some of the idle gossip he had gathered in her majesty's household in Paris.

Notwithstanding this sharp trial of his dearest affections, Charles stood firm, and the church owes the preservation of the remainder of her property to his honesty and justice, and the grand object of the rebels of dividing her spoils among the strongest, and devouring them like the abbey lands, met with no legal sanction. The vast access of despotism attained by Henry VIII., in a similar case, seems to have offered no inducements to Charles I. Had he really been a tyrant, would he not have followed such an example with impunity, and taken the opportunity not only of relieving his pecuniary distress, but of throwing rich sops to the new set of upstarts greedy for prey?

No part of the sad pilgrimage of the unfortunate monarch was more afflicting to him than his sojourn at Newcastle, yet the great body of the people always treated him with respect and affection. A little circumstance that occurred to him when at church in that town he often repeated with pleasure. In the course of the service, the clerk gave out a psalm, chosen with a factious tendency:

> "Why boastest thou, thou tyrant,
> Thy wicked works abroad?"

The king arose and forbade it, and gave out the commencement of the 46th psalm:

> "Have mercy, Lord, on me,
> For men would me devour."[2]

The whole congregation joined with the Head of their church in his amendment, and sang the psalm which was indeed the most applicable to his case.

In the course of the year 1646, the queen had the pleasure of welcoming to her arms her little daughter, Henrietta, whom she had left an infant, of but a fortnight old,

[1] Clarendon's History of the Rebellion.
[2] Whitelock's Parliamentary Memorials.

at Exeter. The escape of the babe from the power of the parliament was effected by lady Morton, her governess. This young lady was one of the beautiful race of Villiers, a great favourite of the queen, whose favour she certainly deserved by her courageous fidelity, both in attending her to Exeter in the worst of her troubles, taking care of her infant, and ultimately bringing it safely to her. Lady Morton had been permitted, by the parliamentary army, to retire with the infant princess from Exeter to the nursery-palace of Oatlands. The year after, when all royal expenses were cashiered, and the parliament meditated taking the child to transfer it with its brothers and sisters to the custody of the earl and countess of Northumberland, lady Morton resolved only to surrender this little one to the queen, from whom she had received her.

Père Cyprian Gamache, who was afterwards the tutor of the princess, details the story of the escape, and the simple man seems to believe, in his enthusiasm, that Providence had ordained all the troubles of king Charles, in order that his youngest daughter might be brought up a Roman catholic.

"Queen Henrietta," he says, "separated from her husband and children, living in loneliness of heart at the Louvre, had thought intensely of this babe, and earnestly desiring her restoration, had vowed that if she was ever reunited to her that she would rear her in her own religion."[1]

"Can a mother forget her child?" repeats Père Gamache; "a hundred times each day did the thoughts of the bereaved queen recur to her little infant; as many times did her prayers, accompanied with maternal tears, ask her of God; nor did he refuse the just request. In fact it was clearly his will that the infant should be restored to the mother, and in bringing it to pass he caused feminine weakness to triumph over all the power of the English parliament. His goodness inspired the countess of Morton to divest herself of her rich robes and noble ornaments to assume the garb of poverty, and disguise herself as the wife of a poor French servant, little better than a beggar. She likewise dressed the infant princess in rags, like a beggar-boy, and called her 'Pierre,' that name being somewhat

[1] MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache, section 115.

like the sound by which the little creature meant to call herself, 'princess,' if she was asked her name." Lady Morton was tall and elegantly formed, and it was no easy matter to disguise the noble air and graceful port of the Villiers beauty. She, however, fitted herself up a hump, with a bundle of linen. She walked with the little princess on her back in this disguise nearly to Dover, giving out that she was her little boy.[1] Subsequently lady Morton declared that she was at the same time alarmed and amused at the indignation of the royal infant at her rags and mean appearance, and at the pertinacity with which she strove to inform every person she passed on the road "that she was not a beggar-boy and Pierre, but the little princess."[2] Fortunately for the infant Henrietta, no one understood her babblings but her affectionate guardian. Lady Morton had arranged all things so judiciously that she crossed the sea from Dover to Calais, in the common packet-boat, without awakening the least suspicion. When once on the French territory the royal child was no longer "Pierre" but "princess;" and lady Morton made the best of her way to the queen at Paris." "Oh, the joy of that meeting!" exclaims Père Cyprian—"oh, the consolation to the heart of the mother when her little one who was lost was found again! How many times we saw her clasp her round the neck, kiss her and kiss her over again. The queen called this princess the 'child of benediction,' and resolved to rear her in the Roman-catholic faith. In fact, as soon as the first sparks of reason began to appear in the mind of this precious child, her majesty honoured me by the command of instructing her."[3]

Lady Morton's successful adventure caused a great deal of conversation at Paris; and Edmund Waller, who had previously celebrated her as a leading beauty at the court of England, made her the heroine of another poem, in which he lauded her fidelity to her royal mistress; in one of his couplets (which we do not quote as the best of his strains) he alludes to lady Morton's stratagem thus:—

> "The faultless nymph, changing her faultless shape,
> Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to 'scape."

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[1] Père Cyprian Gamache, MS., 115. [2] Vie de Reine Henriette (Bossuet).
[3] Père Cyprian Gamache, MS., 116.

This poem was presented to queen Henrietta Maria, at the Louvre, on New Year's Day, 1647.[1]

The little princess, who was born in so much peril, and preserved amidst adventures more romantic than any invented by writers of fiction, was received by her royal mother as a consolation sent by Heaven for her troubles.

The mother and child, thus wonderfully re-united, were never separated for any length of time again. The sad queen seems to have centered her warmest maternal affection in this youngest and fairest of her offspring.[2]

A parliamentary war broke out in Paris in the first days of the year 1648. It is well known in history as the war of the Fronde. It raged for about eighteen months.

Henrietta Maria, enlightened by sad experience, thus early in the struggle warned her sister-in-law how to avert the coming storm.[3] Few persons, however, take any warning, except by their own personal suffering; and the war of the Fronde, which broke out on the 7th of January, 1648, with a stormy meeting of the merchants of Paris, to resist a heavy illegal house-tax, had assumed a very alarming character in the course of that spring. The people took advantage of the minority of the king, the discontents of the princes of the blood, and the successes of the English parliament, in a far worse cause, to demand rights which had been gradually extinguished since the death of their beloved Henri Quatre. Henrietta Maria took a just and sensible view of the grievances of her native country—a view well becoming her father's daughter. She subsequently employed her influence in negotiating a peace with the princes of the house of Condé, who were the leaders of the popular party.

While this national convulsion was progressing towards its crisis, Henrietta Maria resided either at the Louvre or at St. Germains. She continued to be highly respected by the French court; she was invited to stand god-mother to the *petit monsieur* of France, who was given the name of Phillippe, at his confirmation, on the 11th of May, 1648. Two or three days afterwards, the news arrived that her second son, James, duke of York, had made his escape from

[1] Waller's Poems. Clarendon, madame de Motteville, and Waller, and many contemporaries, all authenticate this extraordinary escape of the infant Henrietta.

[2] Father Cyprian's MS.

[3] Madame de Motteville, who is the historian and eye-witness of the Fronde.

his imprisonment in St. James's palace, by one of those romantic series of adventures which seem to pertain to every sovereign who bore the name of Stuart. The queen had written to him from France, charging him to effect his escape if possible;[1] but this design was suspected by the authorities paramount in the kingdom, and his governor was threatened with committal to the Tower, if he were detected in any such design. In one of those interviews with his royal father which were sometimes permitted, the young prince obtained the consent and approbation of his majesty; he retained the secret closely in his own bosom for an entire year, without finding an opportunity of confiding it to any one, but, as he declared, the idea never left him night or day.

The queen was in constant correspondence with agents in England, to effect the escape of James. The chief difficulty was, that he had given a promise to the earl of Northumberland, that he would not receive any letters whatsoever without his knowledge. So strictly did the young boy keep his promise, that, as he was going into the tennis-court in St. James's palace, a person, whom he knew to be perfectly faithful, offered to slip a letter into his hand, saying softly to him, "It is from the queen." James answered, "I *must* keep my promise, and for that reason I cannot receive it." As he spoke thus, he passed onward, so that no notice was taken of the colloquy. This incident was told to the queen at Paris, who was much displeased, and said, angrily, "What can James mean by refusing a letter from me?" He afterwards explained to her in Paris, that his boyish honour was pledged, and the queen declared that she was satisfied.

For the present, the royal boy remained on board that portion of the English fleet which had forsaken Cromwell, and taken refuge at Helvoetsluys. He hoisted his flag there as lord-admiral; and as the English sailors were much encouraged by his presence, queen Henrietta gave him leave to continue on board; and his brother, the prince of Wales, prepared to leave France, to join him there.

"In this year," observes madame de Motteville, "a terrible star reigned against kings. On the 14th of July, 1648, mademoiselle de Beaumont and I went to see the queen Henrietta, who had retired to the convent of the

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. ii. p. 185. Maestricht Edition.

Carmelites, in order to compose her mind after the anguish she had endured in parting with her son the prince of Wales, who had departed to take the command of the English ships which were at that time lying at Helvoetsluys. We found the queen alone in a little chamber, writing and closing up dispatches, which, she assured us, after she had finished them, were of the greatest importance. She then communicated to us the great apprehensions she felt regarding the success of her son's undertaking. She confided to us her present state of pecuniary distress, which originated in the destitution of the queen-regent of France, the civil war of the Fronde having disorganized all the resources of government. Queen Henrietta showed us a little gold cup out of which she drank, and protested that she had not another piece of gold, coin or otherwise, in her possession. She told us, with tears, 'that her misery in parting with her son was much aggravated by the fact that all his people came to her, demanding payment of their salaries;' and had told her, at his departure, 'that if she could not pay them, they must quit his service; but,' she added, 'that she had the grief of finding it impossible to relieve their wants, knowing, at the same time, how real they were." Queen Henrietta then mentioned, with anguish, "how much worse the officers of her mother had behaved when that queen was resident, at the beginning of the civil war, in England," and thus did justice to the superior manliness and endurance of the English cavaliers;[1] with whom, nevertheless, she was the most unpopular woman in the world.

"We could not but marvel," continued madame de Motteville, "at the evil influence which dominated at this juncture over the crowned heads who were then the victims of the parliaments of France and of England; though

[1] Of this some of them were not aware, or did not know the extreme straits to which the royal exiles were often reduced; many letters exist which speak bitterly of the queen for not relieving their wants. "I am a sad man to understand that your honour is in want," wrote Endymion Porter, from Paris, to Mr. Secretary Nicholas, "but it is all our cases, for I am in so much necessity, that, were it not for an Irish barber, that was once my servant, I might have starved for want of bread. He hath lent me some monies, which will last me for a fortnight longer, and then I shall be as much subject to misery as I was before. Here in our court no man looks on me; the queen thinks I lost my estate for want of wit, rather than my loyalty to the king my master." The above passage proves that this complaint had no foundation, but merely arose from the peevishness of misery.—Ellis's Historical Letters, Second Series, vol. iii. p. 314.

ours was, thanks to God, very different to the other in their intentions, and different also in their effects, yet to all appearance, the future lowered dark enough!"

During the dreadful days of the first battle of the Barricades and that of the gate of St. Antony, Henrietta came from her peaceful residence at St. Germains, and sojourned with her royal sister-in-law at Paris, sharing her hopes and fears, and supporting her by her presence. As yet she had not herself lost all hope of the restoration of the king her husband. The time now drew near that was to show how dismally that hope was to be blighted.

It was at the alarming juncture, when the royal family of France were finally driven from Paris by the Fronde, that queen Henrietta courageously exchanged her residence at St. Germains-en-Laye, for the Louvre. Her niece, mademoiselle de Montpensier, marks this fact, and observes, it was when the prince of Wales went to Holland; this was in the summer of 1648. Public affairs assumed, at this period, so dangerous an aspect in Paris, that the regent-queen, Anne of Austria, thought it best to strengthen herself in the château of St. Germains. Modern policy has been wholly regardless of the commanding station of that fortress; but it is formed by nature, and in ancient times was ever used as a bridle on Paris. Its bold range of cliffs, following the windings of the Seine in front, its flank guarded by a dense forest of thirty miles, might be forgotten by the Bourbons of the 18th and 19th centuries, but not by the warriors who could remember the wars of Henri Quatre. "When at St. Germains," observed Marie de Medicis, to Bassompierre, "I seem to have one foot in Paris." In fact, Anne of Austria and her court retired to this fortified ridge, which those familiar with the scene are aware commands a view of one long arm of Paris. The royal army occupied the plain below, between the metropolis and the Seine. Queen Henrietta, who was much beloved by the Condé family, and had a great influence with them, came to the Louvre for the real purpose of undertaking the office of mediatrix between the people and the regent-queen—an office, which, after many troubles and deprivations, she subsequently successfully accomplished. Much was, however, to be done and suffered before either party would listen to the suggestions of peace and reason, and to the representa-

tions of Henrietta's dearly bought experience. The siege of Paris, and the war of the Fronde, darkened the close of the year 1648. Henrietta was beleaguered in the Louvre by the Parisian faction of the Frondeurs, and Paris was at the same time besieged by the queen-regent, her sister-in-law, from St. Germains-en-Laye.

Queen Henrietta passed the inclement and dismal Christmas of 1648, with a reduced household, shut up in the vast edifice of the Louvre, her thoughts divided between the civil war around her and the distant and darker prospect of affairs in England. The besieged state of Paris often obstructed the passage of the couriers who brought her despatches from her unfortunate husband, and thus her misery was tantalized by suspense.

Cardinal de Retz, the principal leader of the Fronde, paid a visit of inquiry on the 6th of January, to learn what had become of the desolate queen of England, after a series of furious skirmishes and slaughters, which had convulsed Paris during the days immediately preceding the 6th of January. It was well that he had not forgotten her, for her last loaf was eaten, and her last faggot had been consumed, and she was destitute of the means of purchasing more. The cardinal, who was one of the leading spirits of his age, was a friend of the queen. He found her without any fire, though the snow was falling dismally; she was sitting by the bedside of her little daughter, the princess Henrietta; it was noon, but the child was still in bed. "You find me," said the queen, calmly, "keeping company with my Henrietta; I would not let the poor child rise to-day, for we have no fire." The little princess was but four years old when she was thus sharing with her mother the extremes of destitution. The cardinal sent queen Henrietta assistance immediately from his own resources, which she accepted thankfully. The same day he flew to the parliament of Paris, with which he was all powerful, and represented, with a burst of passionate eloquence, the dire distress to which the daughter of their Henri Quatre was reduced. They instantly voted her a subsidy of 20,000 livres.[1]

[1] Madame de Motteville's Memoirs.

[2] Autograph Mémoires of Cardinal de Retz, vol. i. Confirmed by madame de Motteville. Queen Henrietta honourably remembering the cruel manner in which her mother's officers had compromised king Charles, by asking alms of the parliament of England, did not receive this benefaction till she had obtained leave of the queen-regent.

And what was the occupation of the sad queen in her desolate watch by her little child? The date of the following letter, long hid among the archives of Russia, most touchingly proves. "What pathos in a date," exclaims one of our poets. We find it so, indeed, in many an historical coincidence. On this 6th of January, when the providential visit of de Retz possibly saved queen Henrietta and her little one from perishing by destitution, she had received the heart-rending tidings that the military terrorists in London were about to institute a tribunal to sentence the king, her husband; and her occupation, on that eventful day, was writing the following letter to the French ambassador in London, count de Grignan, entreating to be permitted to come to London and share her husband's destiny:—

HENRIETTA MARIA TO M. DE GRIGNAN, AMBASSADOR FROM LOUIS XIII. TO ENGLAND.[1]

"Monsieur de Grignan,

"The state to which the king my lord finds himself reduced, will not let me expect to see him by the means he heretofore hoped. It is this that has brought me to the resolution of demanding of the two chambers, (*both houses of parliament*) and the general of their army, passports to go to see him in England.

"You will receive orders from M. le cardinal (*Mazarine*) to do all that I entreat of you for this expedition, which will be to deliver the letters that I send you herewith, according to their address.

"I have specified nothing to the parliaments and to the general, but to give me the liberty to go to see the king my lord; and I refer them to you, to tell them all I would say more particularly.

"You must know, then, that you are to ask passports for me to go there, to stay as long as they will permit me, and to be at liberty all the time I may be there, and likewise all my people; in regard to whom it will be necessary to say, that I will send a list of those that I wish shall attend me, in order that if there are any in the number of them that may be suspected or obnoxious, they may be left behind.

"There are letters for the *speakers* of both houses, and for the general (Fairfax). You will see all these persons, and let me know in what manner they receive the matter, and how you find them disposed to satisfy this wish. I dare not promise myself that they will accord me the liberty of going; I wish it too much to assure myself of it at a time when so little of what I desire succeeds; but if, by your negociation, these passports can be obtained, I shall deem myself obliged to you all my life, as I shall, (whatever may happen,) for all the care you have taken, of which make no doubt.

"I shall add no more, except to assure you that I am, monsieur de Grignan, most truly

"Your very good friend,

"From the Louvre, "HENRIETTE MARIE R."
This 6th of January, 1649."

[1] Translated from an inedited autograph in the imperial library of St. Petersburg.

About the same time, probably on the same day, she wrote to her husband, (by one Wheeler, an agent of major Boswell,)[1] expressing her deep sense of sorrow for his condition, adding, "that with all his afflictions she bears an equal share, and that she wished to die for him, or, at least, with him, nor can she live without hopes of being restored to him, for whom she hath done, and will do her utmost in all possible ways, and still trusts to help him." She likewise wrote a letter, endorsed "*to her trusty and well-beloved Thomas, lord Fairfax, General,* desiring his assistance, that she might see the king, her husband, before he be proceeded against by any trial, and to have a pass for her secure coming and returning." Which letter was delivered by the French ambassador to general Fairfax, and, being sent by him to the House of Commons, was thrown aside, with the mere remark that the house had, in 1643, voted her majesty guilty of high treason.[2]

Before Henrietta accepted the aid of the parliament of Paris, she had sent an account of her extreme destitution to the queen-regent of France, then at St. Germains, and craved some present relief, in order to procure food for herself and her servants. Anne of Austria answered, "that the destitution was equal in her own household, for neither she nor the king had a *sou*, and that she had neither credit to obtain a dinner or a gown."[3]

Sometimes, when Paris was more than usually tumultuous, the household servants of queen Henrietta who had dispersed themselves in various directions in search of food, rallied round her, either to protect her or to be protected by the defences of the Louvre, and sometimes the royalist nobility left in the French metropolis came thither for shelter. Madame de Motteville had very frequent interviews with the queen on these occasions.

"Hither," exclaims this writer, with eloquence, which draws its grandeur from the power of truth—"hither should the great of the earth have come; they who deem them-

[1] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 42.

[2] Ibid. That Henrietta wrote the letters, of which this little old memoir gives the abstracts, cannot now be doubted, since the copy of her autograph letter on the same subject, addressed to the French ambassador de Grignan, strongly confirms the assertion.

[3] Letter of viscount Lisle to his father, the earl of Leicester, dated January, 1648-9.

selves destined to a permanent puissance; they who imagine their magnificence, their pleasures, and their apparent glory will never cease! Here they should have come to meditate, and to be undeceived in their false opinions. The destitution of this royal lady was distressing, was afflicting enough, yet she told me it was light, in comparison to the apprehension that laid on her heart of the greater calamity which was to come. But it was the will of God that she should feel the difference between the greatest prosperity and the greatest misery that can happen in this life. It may be truly said that she experienced these two states in their extremes."[1]

Yet the queen's ever sanguine temperament gave a certain buoyancy to her manners in the day-time; it was in the silent watches of the night that her full heart was relieved by tears. The English newspapers of the day contrived, notwithstanding the siege of Paris, to obtain accurate knowledge of the real state of her feelings. "The queen," they said, "is returned from her devotions in the house of the Carmelites, where she hath been for divers days; she seems not dejected at the state of her husband in England, yet her ladies declare that her nights are more sad than usual."[2]

A dead pause and cessation of intelligence had occurred since queen Henrietta had despatched to London the letters which have been recently quoted. No information whatsoever of all that was going on there had reached her during the principal part of January and February, 1649. The civil strife in and around Paris had stopped the access of all couriers and letters to the Louvre. And in this agonizing state of suspense we must leave our queen, and trace the consummation of that great tragedy in England, the dim forebodings of which, she said, so heavily oppressed her heart.

To give the personal history of Charles I., during the four years through which he suffered and struggled, after his sad separation from the partner of his heart, would far exceed our limits. The plan of this biography of his queen must be the exact reverse of the histories of his reign, which cleave to Charles, and scarcely condescend to note what

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. iii. p. 150, 151.

[2] Moderate Intelligencer, from Dec. 28 to Jan. 4, 1649, quoted by Sir Henry Ellis, Historical Letters, vol. viii., 2nd series, p. 344.

became of Henrietta. On the contrary, we have but given glimpses, through the loopholes of her correspondence, of the long series of battles, lost or won, persecutions and imprisonments, which led her monarch to a violent death.

King Charles I. had escaped more than once from his enemies, yet nothing could induce him to shew to the French the piteous and degrading sight of a king of Great Britain as a suppliant in France. It has been noted that it was his conviction, from an early period in the struggle, that the rebels meant to shed his blood; yet he preferred enduring the worst cruelties that they could find in their hearts to inflict on him, rather than abandon his country. Charles was right. Yet his daily life, in England, presented few enviable moments.

> "When all was done that man could do,
> And all was done in vain,"

he passed his time either as a fugitive or a prisoner. One of his old cavaliers has described him after the battle of Naseby, wandering without a place where to rest his head. Often he dined "at a very poor man's house," on the charity of one of his lowliest subjects, who perhaps needed money more than the Scotch calvinists who sold him to his enemies. Again the observation is forced upon us, that never was a Stuart betrayed by one of the lower classes.

Sometimes the unfortunate monarch starved; sometimes the entry in the journal is "dinner in the field." "No dinner," is the entry for several successive days. Another, "Sunday, no dinner; supper at Worcester—a cruel day." The king himself, writing to Nicholas, mentions receiving a letter from the queen, when marching over Broadway hills, in Worcestershire; he mentions it as if he were too much harassed in mind and body to note well its contents. This seems to have been the march mentioned in the "Iter Carolinum" as the long march, that lasted from six in the morning till midnight. Once it is noted, "that his majesty lay in the field all night, at Boconnock Down." Again, his majesty had his meat and drink dressed at a very poor widow's. Sir Henry Slingsby[1] declares that when the king

[1] Sir Henry Slingsby (who wrote these notations) was, with Dr. Hewet, executed by Cromwell. The death of these loyal gentlemen drew on the usurper those reproaches from his dying daughter, Mrs. Claypole, which awakened his conscience and hastened his own death.

and his tired attendants were wandering among the mountains of Wales, he was glad to sup on a pullet and some cheese, "the goodwife who ministered to his wants having but one cheese, and the king's attendants being importunate in their hunger," she came in and carried it off from the royal table. Charles was too true a soldier to repine at this incident; he was glad that his faithful followers had wherewithal to satisfy their famine, though with homely viands. "For," said he, "my rebel subjects have not left enough from my revenue to keep us from starving." One Rosewell, a dissenting minister, when a boy, by accident beheld the fugitive king, sitting with his attendants, resting under the shelter of a tree in a lonely field. The canopy was not very costly, but, from the demeanour of the monarch, the beholder received the most reverential idea of his majesty. Rosewell had been bred an enemy, yet he did not find "majesty a jest divested of its externals." He never forgot the personal elegance, the manly beauty of Charles; the grace reflected from a highly cultivated mind, which gave him as kingly an air under one of England's broad oaks, as beneath a golden canopy at Whitehall.

"Often the king rode hard through the night, and saw the break of day, which only recalled the wearied fugitive to the anxious cares of a retreat or a pursuit. Once, late in the evening, he dismissed some loyal gentlemen to their homes, with these pathetic words:—"Gentlemen, go you and take your rest; you have houses, and homes, and beds to lodge in, and families to love and live with; but I have none! My horse is waiting for me to travel all night." The king often compared himself, in the words of the Psalmist, "to a partridge hunted on the mountains." In the beautiful and touching memorial of his afflictions, he has noted himself, not only as destitute of the common necessaries of life, but as bereaved of his wife, his children, and his friends. "But," said he, "as God has given me afflictions to exercise my patience, so hath he given me patience to bear my afflictions."[1] Such was the life led by the much tried monarch, towards the conclusion of the war.

Wearied of this life of homeless sufferings and perils, the

[1] From one of the most beautiful passages in D'Israeli's Commentaries of Charles I., vol. iv.

king threw himself on the generosity of the Scotch covenanters. They sold him to the English commons. It was represented to him, that he might yet escape further into Scotland. He replied, with a mournful smile, "I think it more respectable to go with those who have bought me, than stay with those who have sold me." He added, "I am ashamed that my price was so much higher than my Saviour's." If Charles had taken refuge among the highlanders, in the loyal districts, Scotland had never groaned under the bitter reproach of this transaction. There was little to chuse between the honour of the covenanters and the roundheads.

The roundhead army dragged their king a prisoner, in their marches, until he finally rested at Hampton Court, where he had a short breathing time, while the army and commons manifested some jealousy which should possess him. Here Cromwell paid deceitful court to him; but it is evident, from every word the king said to his real friends, or wrote in the Eikon Basilikon, that he looked forward to nothing but a violent death. Such were his intimations in the last interview he had with sir Richard and lady Fanshawe.

Oh! the beautiful, the touching memorials which that admirable woman has left of her conjugal love, to the noblest of mankind, her own beloved cavalier, sir Richard Fanshawe! Next to her husband, her suffering monarch and his queen were the objects of lady Fanshawe's affection and veneration. She risked and suffered much to carry to the queen a message from king Charles. An interview occurred between him, sir Richard, and lady Fanshawe, which few can read, in her words of sweet simplicity, without being moved. It was during the king's melancholy sojourn at Hampton Court, in the autumn of 1647.

The reader must be reminded that the writer was the wife and daughter of the king's familiar friends, with whom he had been intimate from his youth upwards. "I went three times to pay my duty to his majesty, both as I was the daughter of his servant, and the wife of his servant. The last time I ever saw him, I could not refrain from weeping. He kissed me when we took our leave of him; and I, with streaming eyes, prayed aloud to God, to preserve his majesty, with a long and happy life.

"The king patted me on the cheek, and said, impressively,

'Child, if God willeth, it shall be so; but you and I must submit to God's will, and you know what hands I am in.'

"Then, turning to my husband, sir Richard Fanshawe, he said, 'Be sure, Dick, to tell my son all I have said, and deliver these letters to my wife. I pray God to bless her, and preserve her, and all will be well.'

"Then, taking my husband in his arms, he said, 'Thou hast ever been an honest man; I hope God will bless thee, and make thee a happy servant to my son.'

"Thus did we part from that benign light, which was extinguished soon after, to the grief of all Christians not forsaken of their God."[1]

During the detention of the king at Carisbrooke castle, in the year 1648, a strong reaction had taken place in his behalf, among all ranks and conditions of his people, who, after six years of war, famine, and enormous taxation, had woefully drawn comparisons between the economical expenditure of their king, and that of the rapacious democrats.

The whole of Charles I.'s annual expenditure, reckoning even the disputed item of ship-money, was within one annual million of pounds. The expenditure voted by parliament to oppose him, could not have been less than ten millions annually. The price of wheat during three years of the struggle amounted to the famine price of four pounds per quarter—the intense sufferings of the poor may be imagined when the relative value of money is calculated. Moreover, the kings of merry England, in the olden time, only required their dues from men who had something; the grand secret how to wring money from men who were worth nothing but the clothes they wore and the food they consumed; how to pinch a tax out of the poor man's candle, his modicum of salt, his brewing of malt, the leather that kept his feet from the cold, was first discovered by the political economists of the roundhead parliament. Neither the king, the nobles, the bishops of England, instituted the excise taxes; revolutionists did this deed.[2] And what was far worse

[1] Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs.

[2] Vol. i. p. 309, of Toone's Chronology,—an easily accessible authority, for this statement; but from the papers published by authors still more inimical to royalty, as Whitelock and Ludlow, inferences more startling, regarding the public expenditure, when in the hands of republicans, may be drawn.

than their abstraction of the enormous masses of money[1] they gained, these vexatious exactions created numberless new crimes. It was a virtuous action, in the reign of king Charles I., for an industrious cottager to make her own candles, or for her husband to malt and brew his own barley; under the commonwealth, and still more in the protectorate, it subjected them to inquisitorial inspections, from a new race of petty placemen, and converted good into evil, household duties into crimes. The king, the ancient nobility, and the bishops, were not the only victims of the roundheads, but the poor suffered with them, in a manner never before experienced.

It will scarcely excite wonder, that towards the close of the year 1648, the whole population, excepting those who were sharing among themselves the produce of this taxation, should be extremely desirous of peace.

But when a majority in the House of Commons was found in favour of pacification with the king, Cromwell sent colonel Pride with a body of troopers, who seized those members of parliament as they came into the house, who voted for peace, and thrust them into a dungeon of the ancient palace of Westminster, called Hell. Thus were forty of them incarcerated, and one hundred and sixty expelled. Whenever a majority was found in favour of the king the same violence was repeated.[2]

Two alarming revolts in favour of the king, one in London and the other in its vicinity, had just been crushed with unsparing bloodshed. Such was the state of the metropolis, when Charles I. was dragged to die in it.

The first movement towards the accomplishment of this tragedy took place Nov. 30, 1648. The king was seated at dinner, in the hall of Carisbrooke castle, where, according to the ancient customs of an English monarch, the public were permitted to see him at meals. On that fatal day a cadaverous-looking gaunt man, whose military vocation

[1] Toone, vol. i. p. 310. The amount of the expenditure of the commonwealth in fourteen years was the almost incredible sum of ninety-five millions five hundred and twelve thousand pounds. Twelve millions of this sum were the produce of the new excise laws.

[2] Guizot's English Revolution. The same facts may be gathered from Rapin, Whitelock, and Ludlow, but the inimical spirit of these historians to Charles I., involves the incidents in such a tedious narration of *presbyterian* and *independent* contests, that the facts regarding the pacification with the king are lost to the apprehension of the general reader. The presbyterians, led by Prynne, were at this time loyalists.

was indicated by his spanner (belt) and scarf, entered, and placing himself opposite to his majesty, continued to regard him in grim funereal silence all dinner time. The king's few faithful servants, who were waiting on him, whispered together, that he was certainly one of the "ill spirits of the army." After the king rose from table, one of his attendants broke the ominous silence of the gaunt stranger by asking him to eat. After the wretch had fed, he vouchsafed to growl out, as if he had indeed been an evil spirit, "I am come to fetch away Hammond to-night."[1] Hammond was the governor, who considered himself responsible for the king's safety, to the House of Commons, and was therefore obnoxious to the army. The grim man was that colonel Isaac Ewer, whose name appears on the king's death-warrant.

The king's faithful servants, among others a gallant cavalier, called Ned Cooke, entreated him to fly, telling him a boat was ready on the beach. The king, who knew not the open warfare between the army and House of Commons, said—"I have passed my word to Hammond and the house; I will not be the first to break promise."

Escape, in fact, was scarcely possible. Two regiments were landing from Southampton, of which the grim colonel had been the precursor. A cordon of soldiers encircled Carisbrooke castle as night drew on.

At day-break there was a loud knocking at the outer door of the royal chamber. The duke of Richmond, the king's attached kinsman, who slept there, rose, and asked who was there. "Officers with a message from the army," was the answer. Several roundhead officers rushed in, and abruptly told the king they came to remove him. "To what place?" asked the king. "To the castle," answered colonel Cobbett. "The castle is no castle," replied the king. "I am prepared for any castle; but tell me the name?" "Hurst castle," was the answer. "Indeed! you could not have named a worse."

Hurst castle was a desolate block-house, projecting into the sea, at high tides scarcely connected with the Isle of Wight. The king's coach was drawn out; he entered it. Major Rolfe, one of the garrison at Carisbrooke, suspected of tampering with the king's life, endeavoured to follow him; the king placed his foot to hinder his entrance, and

[1] Herbert's Narrative.

pushed the armed ruffian back, saying, very coolly, "Go you out, we are not yet come to that." He called his grooms of the chamber, Harrington, (the author of the "Oceana," who had been placed about him by the parliament,) and his own faithful Herbert. The ruffian whom he had repulsed mounted the king's led horse, and rode by the side of the carriage, abusing him all the way. The king amused himself by making Herbert and Harrington guess to what place they were going.

Nothing could be more dismal than Hurst castle. This lonesome spot, jutting out into the ocean, and severed from all concern with human life, seemed a suitable scene for some murder, such as the king had received intelligence was meditating against him. The room, or rather den, in which he was immured, was so dark that candles were needed at noon day. Nevertheless, the king was not ill-treated by Cobbett, who reproved and displaced the original commander of the block-house for some blustering insolence at his majesty's first arrival. The deprivation felt most by Charles was the loss of the accomplished Harrington, in whose literary conversation he exceedingly delighted.

The king's spirits had begun to droop with the monotony of this doleful sea-girt fortress, when just three weeks after his arrival he was startled from his sleep by the rattling fall of the draw-bridge. The faithful Herbert, now the solitary attendant of his royal master, stole forth to learn his fate. Whilst the king had been incarcerated at Hurst castle, the last struggle between the parliament and the army had taken place.[1] The presence of the intended victim was needed, and major Harrison was sent for him. The king had been warned against this man, who had talked in a wild way of assassinating him. Harrison seems to have been insane in the faculty of destructiveness. He had been bred a butcher by trade, and was remarkable for the homicides he had committed since he had changed his vocation of killing beasts. His retribution had, however, already commenced,

[1] An expulsion of the parliamentary majorities for the fourth or fifth time had been perpetrated by Cromwell's armed ruffians. In one of these struggles, Prynne, the author of the Histriomatrix, escaped from the troopers, and rushed into the House of Commons; the troopers tore after him, dragged him ignominiously out of the House by the collar, and hurled him violently down a flight of steps into the dungeon, where he had leisure to meditate on the liberty and privileges of parliament.

and he at times fancied that he was attended by a fearful spectre, and dogged by following fiends.

It was soon found that the errand of this homicide was to take the king to Windsor castle. Charles, who could not imagine that any regicide was likely to be perpetrated in his ancient regal fortress, was glad to exchange the obscure den in which he was immured for such a dwelling. On the road thither, at Winchester, and at every considerable town, his people of England came forth and invoked blessings on his royal head, and prayed aloud for his safety, despite of the terrors of his military escort.[1] Tears, which his own misfortunes could not draw from his eyes, were seen on these occasions. Once he recognised a loyal gentleman, in deep mourning for sir Charles Lucas, who, with his gallant friend, Lisle, had been executed by the command of Ireton, in defiance of the terms of capitulation at the recent surrender of Colchester. The king recognised the relative of his faithful friend; he murmured to himself the names of "Lisle and Lucas," and then burst into a passion of tears.

The king passed one month at his royal castle in comparative serenity of mind. He heard, from time to time, of the preparation of a court to try him; but the absurdity of an attempt at legality, after the violence offered to the freedom of the House of Commons, appeared preposterous to common sense. Murder the king expected, but not the farce of judicature. His heart yearned towards his wife and children; he spoke of them incessantly, and this was made a crime by the base hireling press. Cromwell's licenser[2] or censor of the public press (for he had provided himself with such a functionary, whose office has been little known, either before or since in Great Britain) thus speaks of the captive monarch:—"The king is cunningly merry, though he hears of the parliament's proceeding against him. He asked one who came from London how his young princess did? He was answered that the princess Elizabeth was very melancholy. The king answered, 'And well she may be when she hears the death her old father is coming to.' We find his discourse very effeminate, talking much of women."[3] Thus were the domestic affections

[1] State Trials; Herbert's Narrative; Whitelock's Memoirs.

[2] Newspaper, called "The Moderate," by George Mabbot, licenser of the press, Jan. 9 to 16, 1649.

[3] Edited by D'Israeli, in his Commentaries of the Life of Charles I., vol. v. p. 414.

of the king discussed by a hireling who affected to cater news for the army.

While the king remained at Windsor vast masses of military were drawn nearer and nearer to the metropolis, and in and about it, till, as the Venetian ambassador wrote, "London seemed as if it were besieged within and without; the troopers with which it swarmed were quartered and stabled in" Westminster Abbey and other desecrated places of worship, where they duly exercised their destructiveness in their hours of recreation.

When the iron yoke of military control was firmly fitted on the necks of the people, Cromwell, the chief terrorist, thought the time was fit for the presence of the captive king on the scene. He was sent for to London, January 15, 1648-9, O.S.

As the king left Windsor castle, his kinsman, the duke of Hamilton, who was imprisoned there, had, by bribes and tears, prevailed on his gaolers to let him see his king once more. He was accordingly brought out by his guards, and the party intercepted the king in his path; Hamilton flung himself on his knees before him, with the passionate exclamation of "My dear, dear master!" These were the only words he could utter. "I have indeed been a *dear* master to you," replied the king, with pathetic emphasis, while he embraced his kinsman for the last time.[1]

The king was guarded to London by colonel Harrison and a large squadron of troopers, who carried loaded pistols pointed at his carriage. He was brought to St. James's Palace, where, for the first time, he was entirely deprived of all the usages of royalty. His attendants were dispersed, and he was left alone with his faithful Herbert, who fortunately was sufficiently literary to be the historian of his master's progress to his untimely tomb.

Meantime the councils of his persecutors were full of dissension and uncertainty. Further violent expulsions took place from the intimidated remnant who called themselves the House of Commons, until only sixty-nine members remained who thought themselves fitted for the task of king-killing. These were chiefly officers in the army; yet, even

[1] The duke of Hamilton, the earl of Holland, and lord Capel, were beheaded March 5, 1649, O.S., about five weeks after the murder of Charles I. Hamilton's crime was, being taken in arms at the head of a raw Scotch militia, with which he hoped to make a diversion in favour of Colchester.

of these, many found themselves mistaken, in regard to the hardness of their hearts, when they saw their king face to face, and heard him speak. Many of the persons summoned as judges were neither members of parliament nor even lawyers. At last, after several consultations in the Painted Chamber, it was agreed "that while the tribunal sat the king was to be imprisoned in sir Robert Cotton's house," which was part of the ancient structure of Edward the Confessor's palace; "that the chamber next the study, in Cotton-house, be the king's bed-room, and the chamber before it, be his dining-room; that a guard of thirty officers and choice men be placed above stairs, and that two of them be always in his bed-chamber, and other guards at all the avenues; that the king be brought to his trial the lower way into Westminster Hall, guarded by the body of halberdiers. Guards to be placed, not only in and about Westminster Hall, but on the leads and at all windows of the adjoining houses that look towards the Hall; that there be troopers on horseback all without the Hall; and that all back-doors, from the place called *Hell*, be stopped up."[1]

The regicide junta was supported by ten companies of foot, and squadrons of horse, and yet seemed to sit in terror. They met privately in the Painted Chamber, January 20, where they consulted how they were to answer the king's certain objections to their authority. At last Cromwell's purple face was seen to turn very pale. He ran to the window, where he saw the king advancing, between two ranks of soldiers, from Cotton House. "Here he is—here he is!" exclaimed he, with great animation; "the hour of the great affair approaches. Decide speedily what answer you will give him, for he will immediately ask by what authority you pretend to judge him." A deep silence ensued, which was broken by the jocose destructive, Harry Marten, who, it is supposed as a sneer, uttered, "In the name of the commons assembled in parliament, and of all the good people of England."[2] The mere sight of the scanty numbers of the commons, with the army at the door, choking every avenue of Westminster Hall, offered forcible answers to the illegality of this arraignment; but brute force is not obliged to be logical.

[1] Trial of Charles I. State Trials, vol. ii. p. 477.
[2] State trials of the regicides. Evidence of sir Purbeck Temple.

The procession of the regicides then took their way to Westminster Hall, with sword and mace. Bradshawe, a serjeant-at-law of no practice, was their president; as he was in some terror of an inbreak of the people, he had caused his high-crowned puritan hat to be lined with iron,[1] a precaution which seems to have been taken by the rest of the lawyers busy on this iniquitous work. When all was ready, and a large body of armed men were stationed on each side of the mock tribunal, the great gate of Westminster Hall was set open, and the populace rushed into all the vacant spaces as spectators.

Whilst the king was on his progress to Westminster Hall, his anxious people crowded as near to his person as possible, crying, "God save your majesty!" The soldiers beat them back with their partisans, and some of the men in colonel Axtel's regiment raised the cry of "Justice—justice!" But as their commander was actively exerting himself among them, bestowing on them vigorous canings, the cry was somewhat ambiguous. This furious regicide, by the application of his cudgel, elicited, subsequently, a cry from a few individuals of "Execution—execution!"[2]

The king was conducted under the guard of colonel Hacker and thirty-two officers. His eyes were bright and powerful; his features calm and composed, but bore the traces of care and sorrow, which had scattered early snows on the curls which clustered beneath his hat. As he advanced, he regarded the tribunal with a searching and severe regard, and without moving his hat, seated himself with his usual majesty of demeanour. Soon after, he rose and looked around him; his eyes earnestly dwelt on the armed force, which was but a continuation of the vast masses crowding the avenues of Westminster Hall, and overpowering the people. "With a quick eye and gesture," says a contemporary print, "he turned himself about, noting not only those who were on each side of the court, but even the spectators who were in the hall." A

[1] Guizot's English Revolution, 355. This is a curious little circumstance, which has escaped the research of our native writers; it is mentioned in the State Trials.

[2] State Trials. Col. Axtel's Trial. The regicide, in his defence, alleged that these cries from his men were meant as complaints against the cudgellings he then found it necessary to bestow on them, and that they were reflections on him, and not on the king.

poet, who was present, wrote on the spot the following lines, descriptive of his mien at this awful crisis:—

> "Not so majestic on thy throne of state;
> On that but men, here God's own angels wait,
> In expectation whether hope, or fear,
> Of life, can move thee from thy kingly sphere." [1]

The arraignment was opened by one Cook, an obscure lawyer, who, when he read "that the king was indicted in the name of the Commons assembled and the people of England," his majesty interrupted him. The lawyer read on. The king then stretched out his cane, and tapped him on the shoulder. Cook glared angrily round.[2] At that instant the gold head of the cane fell off, and rolled on the floor. To such acute tension were the nerves of every one present wound up, that this petty incident made a great impression on the whole assembly, even on the august victim. But in every pause, in every interruption, the words "God save your majesty! God save the king!" resounded from the spectators, as if meant for a choral response in the great drama.[3] Angry requisitions for silence proceeded from the persons in power; some vigorous bastinados were distributed, together with a due proportion of kicks and cuffs, on the people by the military ruffians at the door, accompanied by threats of murderous treatment. Then the voice of the regicide-advocate was heard, recommencing the arraignment. The ominous document, under terror of firelocks pointed against protesting voices, was at last read through, with no other comment than a smile or two of contempt from the king. Bradshawe then demanded his answer, in his plea of guilty or not guilty. As Cromwell had anticipated, the king denied the authority of the court, though not the power, observing, in illustration, "that there were many illegal powers, as those of highwaymen and bandits;[4] likewise that the House of Commons had agreed to a treaty of peace with him when he was at Carisbrooke, since which he had been hurried violently from place to place. There is colonel Cobbett," continued the

[1] Reliquiæ Sacræ, printed at the Hague, 1650, p. 354.
[2] Cook's Trial.—State Trials.
[3] Ibid.—Evidence of Joseph Herne, who swore, that when the king was brought to the bar, for some time nothing could be heard but acclamations of "God save your majesty!" Vol. ii. p. 715.
[4] Guizot's English Revolution.

king, "ask him whether it was not by force that he brought me from the Isle of Wight? Where are the just privileges of a House of Commons? Where are the Lords? I see none present to constitute an assembling of parliament. And where is the king? Call you this bringing him to his parliament?"[1] A dialogue of argument took place between the royal prisoner and Bradshawe, on the point of whether the monarchy of England was elective or not? and when the man of law was worsted in the dispute, he hastily adjourned the court.

The king was taken from the hall amidst the irrepressible cries of "God bless your majesty! God save you from your enemies!" Such was the only part that the people of England took in the trial. The king was brought before his self-appointed judges again and again, when similar dialogues took place between him and Bradshawe; each day, however, brought an alarming desertion from the ranks of those who were supposed stanch to their bloody task. Twelve members on the first day refused to vote or assist in bringing the trial to a conclusion.[2]

Seven agitated days had passed away, during which the king had appeared thrice before his self-constituted judges, when, on January 27th, alarmed by the defection of more than half of their numbers, the regicides resolved to doom their victim without further mockery of justice, and without producing their evidence. Indeed, this evidence chiefly consisted of the depositions of witnesses who saw the king perform acts of personal valour in the field, of his rallying broken regiments, and leading them up to the charge, and thereby ofttimes redeeming the fortunes of a desperate field. His valour at Cropredy Bridge was not forgotten, though turned against him. These details, however, only proved that, when devoted loyalists had arrayed themselves in his cause, the king had shared their perils to the utmost.

With the determination of pronouncing the sentence on which they had previously agreed, the king, for the fourth time, was brought before the remnant of the regicide junta. Bradshawe was robed in red, a circumstance from

[1] Guizot's English Revolution.
[2] Trial of Charles I.—State Trials of Axtel, Harrison, &c.

which the king drew an intimation of the conclusion of the scene. When the list of the members was read over, but forty-nine of them answered; with that miserable remnant the trial proceeded. As the clerk read over the list, when the name of Fairfax occurred, a voice cried, "Not such a fool as to come here to-day." When the name of Cromwell was called, the voice exclaimed, "Oliver Cromwell is a rogue and a traitor." When Bradshawe uttered the words, "that the king was called to answer, by the people, before the commons of England assembled in parliament," "It is false," answered the voice; "not one half-quarter of them." General attention was now turned towards the gallery, for the voice was a female one, and issued from among a group of masked ladies there. A great disturbance took place, and many symptoms of resistance among the populace. At last, the oaths and execrations of the ruffian commander, Axtel, were heard above the uproar, mixed with gross epithets against women, to which he added the following command to his soldiers:—"Present your pieces. Fire—fire into the box where she sits!"[1]

A dead silence ensued, and a lady rose and quitted the gallery. She was lady Fairfax. Her husband was still in power. The ruffian, Axtel, dared not harm her. This lofty protest against a public falsehood will remain, as a glorious instance of female courage, moral and personal, till history shall be no more. The earnest letter the queen had written, entreating the parliament and army to permit her to share her royal husband's prison, may be remembered. It is known that she wrote to Fairfax on the same subject. The conduct of the general's wife was probably the result of Henrietta's tender appeal.[2]

When this extraordinary interruption was suppressed by force of arms, another soon after arose among the regicides themselves. Bradshawe was proceeding to pass sentence on the king, who demanded the whole of the members of the House of Commons, and the Lords, who were in England, to be assembled to hear it, when one of the regicides, colonel

[1] State Trials,—that of the regicide Axtel. Evidence of sir Purbeck Temple.

[2] Lady Fairfax was daughter of lord Vere of Tilbury.

Downes,[1] rose in tears, and in the greatest agitation, exclaimed, "Have we hearts of stone—are we men?" "You will ruin us and yourself too," whispered Mr. Cawley, one of the members, pulling him down on one side, while his friend, colonel Walton, held him down on the other. "If I were to die for it," said colonel Downes, "no matter."

"Colonel," exclaimed Cromwell, who sat just beneath him, turning suddenly round, "are you mad? Can't you sit still?" "No," answered Downes, "I cannot, and I will not sit still!" Then, rising, he declared that his conscience would not permit him to refuse the king's request. "I move that we adjourn to deliberate." Bradshawe complied, probably lest Downes's passionate remorse should become infectious; and the whole conclave retired. The adjournment only proved convenient for the torrent of Cromwell's fury to be poured forth on the head of Downes, whom he brutally browbeat. He was, to use Downes's own expression, "full of storm." "He wants to save his old master," exclaimed he, "but make an end of it, and return to your duty." Colonel Harvey supported Downes's endeavours; but all they obtained was one half-hour added to the king's agony.

At the end of that time, the dark conclave returned. Colonel Axtel, who was literally the whipper-in of the military, assisted by a few roundhead officers, had marvellously exerted himself during the recess, and by the means of kicks, cuffs, and his cudgel, had prevailed on the troopers to raise yells of "Justice—justice! execution—execution!" Mingled with the tumult, were plainly heard the piteous prayers of the people, of "God save the king! God keep him from his enemies!" In the midst of confusion, the sentence was passed, and the king, who in vain endeavoured to remonstrate, was dragged away by the soldiers who surrounded him. As he was forced down the stairs, the grossest personal insults were offered him. Some of the troopers blew their tobacco smoke in his face; some spit on him; all yelled in his ears, "Justice—execution!" The real bitterness of death to a man of Charles I.'s exquisite sensitiveness, in regard

[1] State Trials, p. 496, where it appears that Downes's repentance took place on the fourth day, as his name appears on the list, and such is the assertion, though it is in contradiction to most histories of the incident. Guizot has followed the documentary authority.

to his personal dignity, must have occurred in that transit; the block, the axe, the scaffold, and all their ghastly adjuncts, could be met, and were met with calmness; the spitting and buffetings of a brutal mob were harder to be borne.[1]

The king recovered his serenity before he arrived at the place where his sedan stood. How could it be otherwise? The voices of his affectionate people, in earnest prayers for his deliverance, rose high above the brutal tumult. One soldier, close to him, echoed the cry of the people of "God help and save your majesty!" His commander struck him to the earth. "Poor fellow!" said the king, "it is a heavy blow for a small offence."[2] To the hired hootings of the military mob, he replied, coolly, "Poor souls! they would say the same to their generals for sixpence."

As the royal victim approached his chair, his bearers pulled off their hats, and stood in reverential attitudes to receive him. This unbought homage again roused the wrath of Axtel, who, with blows of his indefatigable cudgel, vainly endeavoured to prevail on the poor men to cover their heads. Whether his arm was tired with its patriotic exertions that day, or whether he found the combativeness of the labouring class of his countrymen indomitable, is not decided, but it is certain the bearers persisted in their original determination. As Axtel followed the king's chair down King-street, the spectators called to him, "Do you have our king carried in a common hired chair, like one who hath the plague? God help him out of such hands as yours!"[3]

As soon as the king arrived at Whitehall, "Hark ye," said he, to Herbert, "my nephew, (Charles Louis, prince palatine), and a few lords here, who are attached to me, will do all in their power to see me. I thank them, but my time is short and precious, and must be devoted to preparation. I hope my friends will not take offence because I refuse to see any one but my children. All that those who love me can do for me now, is to pray for me."[4]

[1] M. Guizot, vol. ii. p. 368. This great writer has followed Herbert, Warwick, and the State Trials.

[2] Herbert's Narrative.—State Trials.

[3] State Trials.—Axtel's trial. Hackney sedan chairs were at that era more commonly used than hackney coaches, or any coaches, by those who traversed London, on account of the bad state of the pavement. There were public stands, where these conveyances could be hired.

[4] Herbert's Memoirs

It appears that the fanatical buffoon, Hugh Peters, was very anxious to intrude his spiritual aid on his majesty, and would have thrust his abhorred person into his presence, but was expelled by colonel Tomlinson, the humane and manly commander of the guard. Several of the sentinels posted within the king's bed-room, endeavoured to smoke tobacco, and practise other annoyances; but were prevented by Tomlinson, for whose conduct Charles was most grateful.

Permission was to be obtained from the regicide conclave, before the king could either see his children, or receive religious aid according to his own belief. The night of his condemnation he was deprived of rest, by the knocking of the workmen who were commencing the scaffold for his execution.[1] In the restless watches of that perturbed night, Charles finished his verses, found among the papers of his kinsman, the duke of Hamilton. The last lines appear to have been written after his sentence; there is in them the pathos of truth. Their ruggedness arises from being cast in the Sapphic metre, which is nearly impracticable in our language:—

"Great monarch of the world, from whose gift springs
All the puissance and the might of kings,
Record the royal woe this sad verse sings.

Nature and law, by thy divine decree,
(The only root of righteous royalty),
With my dim diadem invested me.

The fiercest furies which do daily tread
Upon my grief—my grey discrowned head—
Are those who to my bounty owe their bread.

Churchmen are chained, and schismatics are freed,
Mechanics preach, and holy fathers bleed,
The crown is crucified with the creed.

My royal consort, from whose fruitful womb
So many princes legally have come,
Is forced in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.

[1] Clement Walker, a contemporary presbyterian writer, affirms this fact, which is disputed. It is, however, certain that the king passed the Saturday night at Whitehall. The time being short, the Sunday intervening, when work could not publicly be done, and considerable alterations, a passage from a window of the banqueting-room, having to be effected, the carpenters must have worked in the dark hours of Saturday night and Sunday morning.

[2] Percy's Reliques, and Bishop Burnet's History of the Duke of Hamilton.

Great Britain's heir is forced into France;
Whilst o'er his father's head his foes advance:
Poor child, he weeps out his inheritance!

With mine own power, my majesty they wound,
In the king's name, the king himself's uncrowned;
So doth the dust destroy the diamond!

Felons obtain more privilege than I;
They are allowed to answer ere they die:
'Tis death for me to ask the reason why?[1]

Yet, sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such (as thou knowest) know not what they do!

Augment my patience, nullify my hate,
Preserve my children, and inspire my mate;
Yet, though we perish, bless this church and state!"

The king was removed from Whitehall, Sunday, January 28th, to St. James's palace, where he heard bishop Juxon preach in the private chapel. "I wanted to preach to the poor wretch," said the absurd fanatic, Hugh Peters, in great indignation, "but the poor wretch would not hear me."[2]

When bishop Juxon entered the presence of his captive sovereign, he gave way to the most violent burst of sorrow. "Compose yourself, my lord," said the king; "we have no time to waste on grief; let us rather think of the great matter. I must prepare to appear before God, to whom, in a few hours, I have to render my account. I hope to meet death with calmness, and that you will have the goodness to render me your assistance. Do not let us speak of the men in whose hands I have fallen. They thirst for my blood—they shall have it. God's will be done; I give him thanks. I forgive them all sincerely; but let us say no more about them."

It was with the greatest difficulty that the two sentinels appointed by the regicidal junta, could be kept on the other side of the door, while his majesty was performing his devotions. They opened it every two or three minutes to see that he had not escaped.

At the dawn of the next day, the king was up and ready to commence his devotions with the bishop, who came to St. James's soon after. The royal children arrived from Sion

[1] On demanding the reasons of sentence of death being passed, the soldiers raised yells of "Execution—execution!" and hustled him away. This verse alludes to that circumstance.

[2] State Trials. Evidence on the trial of Hugh Peters.

House to see their parent for the last time. He had not been indulged with a sight of them since his captivity to the army, and on the morrow he was to die!

The princess Elizabeth burst into a passion of tears at the sight of her father, and her brother, the little duke of Gloucester, wept as fast for company. The royal father consoled and soothed them, and, when he had solemnly blessed them, he drew them to his bosom.

The young princess, who was but twelve, has left her reminiscences of this touching interview in manuscript; it were pity that the king's words should be given in any other but her simple narrative, which is endorsed, "*What the king said to me on the 29th of January*, 1648, *the last time I had the happiness to see him.*"[1] "He told me that he was glad I was come, for, though he had not time to say much, yet, somewhat he wished to say to me, which he could not to another, and he had feared 'the cruelty' was too great to permit his writing. 'But, sweetheart,' he added, 'thou wilt forget what I tell thee.'" "Then, shedding abundance of tears," continues the princess, "I told him that I would write down all he said to me. 'He wished me,' he said, 'not to grieve and torment myself for him, for it was a glorious death he should die, it being for the laws and religion of the land.' He told me what books to read against popery. He said 'that he had forgiven all his enemies, and he hoped God would forgive them also, and he commanded us, and all the rest of my brothers and sisters to forgive them also.' Above all, he bade me tell my mother, 'that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love for her would be the same to the last;' withal, he commanded me (and my brother) to love her, and be obedient to her. He desired 'me not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr, and that he doubted not but God would restore the throne to his son, and that then we should be all happier than we could possibly have been, if he had lived.'"

"Then, taking my brother Gloucester on his knee, he said, 'Sweetheart, now will they cut off thy father's head.' Upon which the child looked very steadfastly upon him. 'Heed, my child, what I say; they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king; but, mark what I say, you must

[1] Reliquiæ Sacræ, pp. 337, 338.

not be a king as long as your brothers Charles and James live; therefore, I charge you, do not be made a king by them.' At which the child, sighing deeply, replied, 'I will be torn in pieces first.' And these words, coming so unexpectedly from so young a child, rejoiced my father exceedingly. And his majesty spoke to him of the welfare of his soul, and to keep his religion, commanding him to fear God and he would provide for him.[1] All which the young child earnestly promised."

The king fervently kissed and blessed his children, and called to bishop Juxon to take them away. The children sobbed aloud; the king leant his head against the window, trying to repress his tears, when, catching a view of them as they went through the door, he hastily came from the window, snatched them again to his breast, kissed and blessed them once more, then, tearing himself from their tears and caresses, he fell on his knees, and strove to calm, by prayer, the agony of that parting.

While this tender interview took place between king Charles and his bereaved children, the regicides sat in secret conclave, to determine on the hour and manner of their victim's death. It was with the greatest difficulty that the junta could be gathered together. When they were driven in, by a small knot of thorough-going destructives, there was greater difficulty to induce them to sign. Cromwell, whose general demeanour always appeared as if stimulated by strong drink, seems that morning to have fortified his spirits beyond the restraints of caution.

After he had written his name he smeared the ink all over Henry Marten's face, who instantly returned the compliment. Ten or twelve of the persons, among whom was colonel Downes, afterwards pleaded that their signatures were extorted by him under threats of death; and as they proved their assertions, when times changed, their lives were spared in consequence. Colonel Ingoldsby, who had positively refused to sit as judge, happened to come into the room on business, on which Cromwell, who was his cousin, sprung on him, and dragged him forward, with bursts of laughter, saying, "This time thou shalt not escape!"[2] and with

[1] Reliquiæ Sacræ, p. 339.

[2] State Trials of Henry Marten and Colonel Ingoldsby. Guizot's English Revolution, vol. ii. p. 378.

much laughing and romping, assisted by several others, put the pen in his hand, and guided it while he affixed his name.[1]

On the night preceding the awful day, Charles I. was blessed with calm and refreshing sleep. He awoke before day-break, and hearing sighs and moans, he drew his curtain, and saw, by the light of a great cake of wax, which burnt in a silver bason, that his faithful Herbert, who slept in his room on a pallet, was troubled by the unrest of a fearful dream. The king spoke to Herbert, and he awoke. Under the agitation of the direful matter impending, Herbert had dreamed "that Laud, in his pontifical habit, had entered the apartment—had knelt to the king—that they conversed—the king looked pensive—the archbishop sighed—and on retiring, fell prostrate." Herbert related this vision, on which Charles observed, "The dream is remarkable, but he is dead; had we conferred together, it is possible (albeit I loved him well) that I might have said somewhat which would have caused his sigh."[2]

"I will now rise," added the king; "I have a great work to do this day." Herbert's hands trembled while combing the king's hair. Charles, observing that it was not arranged so well as usual, said, "Nay, though my head be not to stand long on my shoulders, take the same pains with it that you were wont to do. Herbert, this is my second marriage day—I would be as trim to-day as may be."

The cold was intense at that season, and the king desired to have a warm additional shirt. "For," continued he, "the weather is sharp, and probably may make me shake. I would have no imputation of fear—for death is not terrible to me. I bless my God, I am prepared. Let the rogues come whenever they please." He observed, that he was glad he had slept at St. James's, for the walk through the park would circulate his blood, and counteract the numbness of the cold.

[1] Many of the persons who signed the warrant for the king's death, and even those who affected to sit as judges, like Adrian Scroop, were not members of parliament. Only forty-six of the members sat on the trial, and but twenty-six of them signed their names to the regicidal warrant; which could never be called an act of parliament, since a great majority were expelled and kept out of the house by force. Nay, a far greater number than those who signed, were actually incarcerated in prison.—Statement of the Lord Chief Baron on the Trials of the Regicides.

[2] Herbert's Memoirs.

Bishop Juxon arrived by the dawn of day. He prayed with the king, and read to him the 27th chapter of the gospel of St. Matthew. "My lord," asked the king, "did you choose this chapter as applicable to my situation?" "I beg your majesty to observe," said the bishop, "that it is the gospel of the day, as the calendar indicates." The king was deeply affected, and continued his prayers with increased fervour.

At ten o'clock the summons came to conduct the king to Whitehall, and he went down into the park through which he was to pass. Ten companies of infantry formed a double line on each side of his path. The detachment of halberdiers preceded him, with banners flying and drums beating. On the king's right hand was the bishop; on the left, with head uncovered, walked colonel Tomlinson. The humanity and kindness of this gentleman were acknowledged by the king with the utmost gratitude; he gave him a gold *etui*, as a token of remembrance, and requested that he would not leave him till all was over.[1] The king discoursed with him on his funeral, and said that he wished the duke of Richmond, and the earl of Hertford, to have the care of it. The king walked through the park, as was his wont, at a quick lively pace; he wondered at the slowness of his guard, and called out, pleasantly, "Come, my good fellows, step on apace." One of the officers asked him, "if it was true that he had concurred with the duke of Buckingham in causing his father's death?"

"My friend," replied Charles, with gentle contempt, "if I had no other sin than that, as God knows, I should have little need to beg his forgiveness at this hour."[2] The question has been cited as an instance of premeditated cruelty and audacity, on the part of the officer. By the time and place, and the mildness of the king's answer, the questioner must have been Tomlinson, who evidently had become, in the course of his guardship of a few days, the king's ardent admirer. He had been prejudiced, like many others, by the absurd scandal that Charles had conspired with Buckingham, and had poisoned James I.

This falsehood was probably invented by the enemies who accused James I. of poisoning his son Henry. Absurd

[1] State Trials, vol. ii. p. 744. [2] Herbert's Memoirs.

as these tales appear, the systematic slanders of that day, in the absence of all wholesome information from the public press, had a direful effect on the prosperity of the royal family.

As the king drew near Whitehall palace, he pointed to a tree in the park, and said, to either Juxon or Tomlinson, "That tree was planted by my brother Henry."

There was a broad flight of stairs[1] from the park, by which access was gained to the ancient palace of Whitehall. It is expressly said by Herbert, that the king entered the palace that way; and that he ascended the stairs with a light step, passed through the long gallery, and gained his own bed-room, where he was left with bishop Juxon, who administered the communion to him. Nye and Godwin, two independent ministers, knocked at the door, and tendered their spiritual assistance.

"Say to them frankly," said the king, "that they have so often prayed against me, that they shall not pray with me in mine agony. But if they will pray *for* me now, tell them that I shall be thankful."

Dinner had been prepared for the king at Whitehall; he refused to eat. "Sir," said Juxon, "you have fasted long to-day, the weather is so cold, that faintness may occur."

"You are right," replied the king, and took a piece of bread, and a glass of wine.

"Now," said the king, cheerfully, "let the rascals come. I have forgiven them, and am quite ready."

But the rascals were not ready. A series of contests had taken place, regarding the executioner, and the warrant to him. Moreover, the military commanders, Huncks and Phayer, appointed to superintend the bloody work, resisted alike the scoffings, the jests, and threats of Cromwell, and had their names scratched out of the warrant,[2] and Huncks refused to write or sign the order to the executioner. This dispute occurred just before the execution took place. Huncks was one of the officers who guarded the king on his

[1] The position of these stairs, on which a sentinel always stood, is clearly indicated by a trial for a drunken murder committed on them by lord Cornwallis and Mr. Gerard.—State Trials, vol. ii. p. 145.

[2] The erasures may be seen to this day, not only in the warrant itself, but in all fac-similes.

trial, and had been chosen for that purpose as the most furious of his foes; he had, like Tomlinson, become wholly altered from the result of his personal observations.[1]

Colonel Axtel and colonel Hewson had, the preceding night, convened a meeting of thirty-eight stout serjeants of the army, to whom they proposed, that whosoever among them would aid the hangman in disguise, should have 100*l.* and rapid promotion in the army. Every one separately refused, with disgust. Late in the morning of the execution, colonel Hewson prevailed on a serjeant in his regiment, one Hulet, to undertake the detestable office, and while this business was in progress, Elisha Axtel, brother of the colonel, went by water, to Rosemary lane, beyond the Tower, and dragged from thence the reluctant hangman, Gregory Brandon, who was, by threats and the promise of 30*l.* in half-crowns, induced to strike the blow. The disguises of the executioners were hideous, and must have been imposed for the purpose of trying the firmness of the royal victim. They wore coarse woollen garbs buttoned close to the body, which was the costume of butchers at that era. Hulet added a long grey peruke, and a black mask, with a large grey beard affixed to it. Gregory Brandon wore a black mask, a black peruke, and a large flapped black hat, looped up in front.[2]

A horrible butchery was meditated, in case of the king's personal resistance, for by the advice of Hugh Peters, staples were driven into the floor to fasten him down to the scaffold.

The king, meantime, had had the satisfaction of receiving a letter from his son Charles, by Mr. Seymour, a special messenger, enclosing a *carte blanche*, with his signature to be filled up at pleasure. In this paper, the prince bound himself to any terms, if his royal father's life might be spared. It must have proved a cordial to the king's heart to find in that dire hour, how far family affection prevailed over ambition. The king carefully burnt the *carte blanche*, lest an evil use might be made of it, and did not attempt to bargain for his life, by means of concessions from his heir.[3]

[1] Axtel's Trial.—Dialogue with Huncks and Axtel. It appears, from the recriminations of these men, that the *halberdiers* guarding the king were all colonels or majors of the standing army, that overawed the populace.

[2] Gitten's evidence, Hulet's trial, State Trials.

[3] The prince sent a duplicate of the same paper to the generals of the army.

It was past one o'clock before the grisly attendants and apparatus of the scaffold were ready. Hacker knocked at the door of the king's chamber. Bishop Juxon and Herbert fell on their knees. "Rise, my old friend," said Charles, holding out his hand to the bishop, and he ordered Herbert to open the door.

Hacker led the king through the present banqueting hall, at the further end of which a window had been taken out, and a passage constructed, which led to the scaffold raised in the street. The noble bearing of the king, as he stepped on the scaffold, his beaming eyes, and high expression, were noticed by all who saw him. He looked on all sides for his people, but dense masses of soldiery only presented themselves far and near. He was out of hearing of any persons but Juxon and Herbert, save those who were interested in his destruction. The soldiers preserved a dead silence; this time they did not insult him. The distant populace wept, and occasionally raised mournful cries in blessings and prayers for him. The king addressed a short speech to the bishop and to colonel Tomlinson, which last person stood near the king, and yet screened from the sight of all the world, in the entrance of the passage which led into the banqueting hall.[1]

The substance of the speech that the king made, was to point out that every institution of the original constitution of England, as the church, lords, and commons, had been subverted with the sovereign power; that, if he would have consented to reign by the mere despotism of the sword, he might have lived, and remained king, therefore he died a martyr for the liberties of the people of England. He added, that he died a Christian of the church of England, in the rites of which he had just participated.

While he was speaking, some one touched the axe, which laid enveloped in black crape on the block. The king turned round hastily, and exclaimed,

[1] Tomlinson and Huncks, who both had much communication with the king, seemed exceedingly anxious, after the restoration, that those should be punished who had treated him brutally. (See their evidence, State Trials.) Huncks was afterwards mainly instrumental in preventing Cromwell from assuming the crown. (See Axtel's Trial.) Their conduct could not proceed from a tendency to time-serving, for the revenue of Cromwell's administration *was five times as large as that of Charles II.* Moreover, he had the enormous robberies of church and crown lands at the disposal of his despotic junta.

"Have a care of the axe; if the edge is spoiled, it will be the worse for me!"

The executioner, Gregory Brandon, drew near to him, and kneeling before him, entreated his forgiveness.

"No!" said the king, "I forgive no subject of mine who comes deliberately to shed my blood."

Charles had probably guessed the cause of the delay of his execution, in the trepidation of the executioner, and thought that if the man refused to perform the bloody task, there might arise a diversion in his favour. In that case, the other masked ruffian, serjeant Hulet, would, there is no doubt, have perpetrated the murder, and was placed there for the purpose, lest the firmness of the common executioner failed in action. Nevertheless, the king spoke as became his duty as chief magistrate, and the source of the laws, which were violated in his murder.[1] The wretched Brandon might have revenged himself by mangling his royal victim; on the contrary, he was convinced of the justice of the answer, and behaved most reverentially to him on the scaffold.[2]

The king put up his flowing hair under a cap, then turning to the executioner, asked, "Is any of my hair in the way?" "I beg your majesty to push it more under your cap," replied the man, bowing. The bishop assisted his royal master to do so, and observed to him, "There is but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider, it will carry you a great way, even from earth to heaven." "I go," replied the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can take place."

He threw off his cloak and George; the latter he gave to Juxon, saying, with emphasis, "Remember!" No explanation of which mysterious injunction has ever been given.

He then took off his coat, and put on his cloak; and, pointing to the block, said to the executioner, "Place it so

[1] Historical Letters, Second Series, vol. iv., edited by sir Henry Ellis, who proves that it was Gregory Brandon who struck the blow. His learned researches agree thoroughly with the evidence on the trial of Hulet, the other masked man. See State Trials, vol. ii.

[2] It is a fact, that Gregory Brandon, the public executioner, pined himself to death for want of the forgiveness he craved, and died eighteen months after, saying, "that he always saw the king as he appeared on the scaffold; and that, withal, devils did tear him on his death-bed." (Sir Henry Ellis. Historical Letters, vol. iv.)

that it will not shake." "It is firm, sir," replied the man. "I shall say a short prayer," said the king: "and when I hold out my hands thus—strike!"

The king stood in profound meditation, said a few words to himself, looked upwards on the heavens, then knelt, and laid his head on the block. In about a minute he stretched out his hands, and his head was severed at one blow.

A simultaneous groan of agony arose from the assembled multitude at the moment when the fatal blow fell on the neck of Charles I. It was the protest of an outraged people, suffering equally with their monarch, under military tyranny; and those who heard that cry recalled it with horror to their deaths.[1]

When the king's head fell, Hulet, the grey-beard mask, came forward to earn his bribe and subsequent promotion.[2] He held up the bleeding head, and uttered, "This is the head of a traitor!" A deep and angry murmur from the people followed the announcement. Two troops of horse, advancing in different directions, dispersed the indignant crowd. The royal corpse was placed in a coffin, and, followed by bishop Juxon and Herbert, was carried into the palace of Whitehall, where Cromwell came to see it. He considered it attentively, and taking up the head, to make sure that it was severed from the body, said, "This was a well-constituted frame, and promised long life."[3]

Crowds of people beset the palace, but very few were admitted to see the corpse of their murdered monarch, over which colonel Axtel, the person who was so peculiarly active in his destruction, kept guard. Sir Purbeck Temple, with infinite difficulty, and by making great interest, was admitted to see the remains of the king. As the coffin was unclosed, Axtel said, "If thou thinkest there is any holiness in it, look there." "And the king," added sir Purbeck Temple, "seemed to smile as in life."[4]

[1] This is not the testimony of a churchman, but of the worthy and conscientious nonconformist, Philip Henry, who was present, and heard it. He was father of Matthew Henry, the pious author of the celebrated Commentary on the Bible.

[2] He was made a captain in colonel Hewson's regiment, where he ever went by the cognomen of Old Greybeard, in allusion to his disguise. (State Trials.)

[3] Herbert's Memoirs, pp. 140-2. Warwick's Memoirs, pp. 294-6. Guizot.

[4] Axtel's Trial. Evidence of Col. Temple.

And the vile purchased crew will have
Their sovereign hurried to the grave,
Cause from that conclave came the cry,
'It was expedient he should die.'
Him they delivered to the hands
Of those accursed bloody bands;
To make his sufferings more complete,
He suffered, too, without the gate.[1]
The king is dead! the kingdom's hearts thus cry,
Though the law says the king doth never die;
But laws had died before his blood was spilt.
* * * * *
Therefore, as he was ready to lay down
His mortal for a true immortal crown,
This, his own epitaph, he left behind,
Which men and angels to his glory sing—
'The people's martyr, and the people's king.'"[2]

The trial, death, and burial of Charles I. had taken place before the queen, besieged as she was in Paris, could receive the least intelligence of these awful incidents.

[1] Holbein's gate of Whitehall, which stood just below the Banqueting House.

[2] Contemporary Elegy on Charles I. Collection of sir Thomas Phillipps, bart.

HENRIETTA MARIA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF CHARLES I. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER IV.

Dreadful suspense of queen Henrietta on the fate of Charles I.—Manner of being apprized of his death—Her extreme sufferings—Her message to Anne of Austria—Retirement—Mortifying retreat from Paris—Guarded by Charles II.—Her regrets at his departure for Scotland—Her alarms concerning the battle of Worcester—Goes to meet him at Rouen—Death of her daughter Elizabeth—Queen educates her youngest daughter as a Roman catholic—Her dower withheld by Cromwell—She is insulted by him at the peace with France—Her son, the duke of Gloucester, restored to her—Her residence changed to the Palais Royal—Founds Chaillot—Persecutes her son Gloucester—Expels him from her home—Queen's partiality to her youngest daughter—Her mortification at her first ball—Queen receives the news of Cromwell's death—Her letter on the subject—English courtiers come to propitiate her—Sir John Reresby's description of her court—His gossip concerning her—Secret visit of Charles II. to the queen—Restoration—The queen remains in France—Negotiates the marriage of her daughter—Hears of the contract of the duke of York with Anne Hyde—Her indignation—Goes to England to break the marriage.

THE queen remained in ignorance, not only of the death of her husband, but of every particular relating to his trial, until February $\frac{18}{8}$, 1648-9.[1] She was beleaguered in the Louvre, in double circles of siege and counter-siege. That portion of the French troops still loyal to Anne of Austria, and her son, the young king, besieged the insurgent city of Paris; but the Frondeurs, knowing that the queen of England

[1] France reckoned by the new style, England by the old style; as it was in England considered, until the middle of the last century, exceedingly papistical to reckon by the new style, that improvement in science having been first adopted by the court of Rome. Hence, according to the present computation, Charles I. was beheaded Feb. 8, and his queen did not hear of it till Feb. 18,—however the time be reckoned, the news did not reach her till ten days after the event.

warmly favoured the royal party, kept strict guard and watch round her residence, in order to prevent any communication between her and the court at St. Germains. Thus was all intelligence cut off, since it was not without the greatest personal risk that any agent of queen Henrietta could pass both circles.

Nevertheless, despite of siege and counter-siege, rumour had carried the portentous tidings to the Louvre, and it was whispered, only too truly, in the queen's household; but the agonized hope to which Henrietta still clung was so pitiable, that no one would mention the dreadful report which had not yet received official confirmation. No one of her household dared plunge her into the despair they dreaded, without being sure that the fact was past dispute. Lord Jermyn, however, thought he could prepare her for the worst, by inventing a rumour that the king had been tried, condemned, and even led to execution; but that his subjects had risen *en masse*, torn him from the scaffold, and preserved his life. Unfortunately this tale raised no alarm, but rather increased the false hopes in the sanguine mind of the queen. "She knew," she said, "how dearly the king was beloved by many who were ready still to sacrifice life and fortune in his service; and she was sure, now the crisis had come, that the great body of his subjects, to whom he was really dear, would be roused into activity by the cruelty of his persecutors, and that all for the future would go well."[1]

While this terrible suspense continued, James, duke of York, suddenly made his appearance at the Louvre. "He came in while the queen was at dinner," says father Cyprian, "knelt down and asked his mother's blessing, for such is always the custom of English children, when they have been absent for any time from their parents." The queen received him with transports of joy; she had some time previously written to him to expedite his arrival, but the tumultuous state of Paris had prevented his journey.[2] He

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. iii., p. 163, Maestricht edition. This incident forms a most valuable introduction to the grand scene of the queen's reception of the fatal truth, which we herewith translate from the original inedited MS. of Père Gamache, now before us. It must be remembered, that both madame de Motteville and the Père Gamache were eye-witnesses at the period, and were intimates of the distressed queen.

[2] Memoirs of James II., written by himself.

was guided to the arms of the queen, his mother, by sir John Denham, the cavalier poet.[1]

Greatly exhilarated by the arrival of her favourite son, the queen rose on the morning of February $\frac{18}{8}$,[2] with the determination that a fresh effort should be made to obtain tidings of her husband; she entreated a brave and faithful gentleman of her household to proceed to St. Germains to ascertain what news the queen-regent had lately received from London.

The messenger accordingly undertook the perilous service of passing and re-passing both circles of besiegers, and set off for St. Germains-en-Laye, where the court of France was then resident. Those who knew the dreadful secret, anticipated the agonizing scene that would ensue if the messenger ever succeeded in making his way back; and after Père Gamache had said grace after dinner, lord Jermyn entreated him not to retire, but to stay to offer the yet unconscious widow all the consolation she could derive from the ministers of her religion. Oh, the dull anguish of those hours of suspense, when the shadow of the fatal event was casting its gloom over part of the assembly, and the heart of her most concerned in the approaching tidings was still agitated by the "sharp pangs of hope!"

The actual truth had been communicated to the Père Gamache, who thus had nothing to distract his observation from the effect of the authentic tidings on the mind of the hapless queen; but what words can we find so forcibly to delineate this climax of a royal tragedy, as those of him who drew it from the life? "At this grievous intelligence," says the Père Gamache,[3] "I felt my whole frame shudder, and was

[1] Johnson's Lives of the Poets.

[2] It is now requisite, when any great precision of dates is desirable, that the numerals should be thus arranged, which shews at once the new and old style, the first being used in France, the last in England.

[3] Mémoires, par le Père Ciprien de Gamage, or Gamache, Predicateur Capucin et Missionnaire en Angleterre. The original MS. is the property of Mr. Colburn; and the author has been favoured with the loan of it, for study at leisure, of which the above (and various other passages, indispensable to the personal biography of Henrietta Maria) is the result. As in the course of this autograph history, the père writes his name both *Gamage* and *Gamache*, we have an idea that he adopted the former name during what he called his mission in England, and that Gamache was his family or French name, but that it was Anglicised into Gamage, because the English catholic priests excited much less hatred in England than those who bore foreign names.

forced to turn aside from the royal circle, where conversation went on for an hour on divers matters, without any subject being started which had the effect of diverting the mind of the queen from the dire inquietude under which it was secretly oppressed. At last, she complained piteously of the tardiness of her messenger, and said 'that he ought to have returned before with his tidings.' Then lord Jermyn spoke: 'The gentleman dispatched on this errand,' he said, 'is known to be so faithful, and so prompt in executing all your majesty's commands, that, if he had had aught but very disastrous tidings, he would have been in your presence ere this.'"

"'Whatever they may be,' replied the queen, 'I see that you know them full well.'"

"'I do indeed know somewhat,' replied lord Jermyn. Then the queen, dreadfully alarmed, entreated him to speak less darkly, and, after many circumvolutions and ambiguous words, he at length explained the horrid truth to her, who never expected such intelligence."[1]

Oh, the cruel kindness of those who undertake to break calamitous tidings by degrees! And yet sudden death has been known to follow such a tale too bluntly told, and indeed the communication, as it was, almost stopped the springs of life, when the widowed queen at length was brought to comprehend her loss.

"She stood," continues Père Gamache, "motionless as a statue, without words and without tears. A great philosopher has said that ordinary griefs allow the heart to sigh and the lips to murmur; but that extraordinary afflictions, terrible and fatal, cast the soul into stupor, and, by locking up the senses, make the tongue mute, and the eyes tearless." If the good father had been, like Charles I., himself a reader of Shakespeare, he would have described the state into which the royal widow was plunged, by that exquisite quotation:—

> "The grief that cannot speak,
> Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break."

"To all our exhortations and arguments," the Père continues, "our queen was deaf and insensible. At last, awed by her appalling grief, we ceased talking, and stood round her in perturbed silence, some sighing, some weeping, all

[1] MS. Gamache, section 92.

with mournful and sympathizing looks, bent on her immovable countenance. So we continued till nightfall, when the duchess of Vendome,[1] whom our queen tenderly loved, came to see her. Weeping, she took the hand of the royal widow, and tenderly kissed it; and at last succeeded in awakening her from the stupor of grief into which she had been plunged since she had comprehended the dreadful death of her husband. She was able to sigh and weep, and soon expressed a desire to retire from the world, to indulge in the profound sorrow she suffered. Her little daughter was with her, and her maternal love found it hard to separate from her; yet she longed to withdraw into some humble abode, where she might weep at will. At last, she resolved to retire, with a few of her ladies, into the convent of the Carmelites, Fauxbourg St. Jacques,[2] in Paris." Before Henrietta went to the convent, her friend madame de Motteville obtained leave to see her; it was the day after she had learned the fatal tidings. Madame de Motteville's friends had made interest with the Frondeurs to permit her departure from Paris, to join her royal mistress, the queen-regent of France. She was anxious to know if the afflicted queen of England had any message to send to her royal relatives. "I was," she says,[3] "admitted to her bedside, where I fell on my knees, and she gave me her hand, amidst a thousand sobs, which often choked her speech. She commanded me to tell my queen the state in which I found her; that king Charles, her lord, whose death had made her the most afflicted woman on the wide earth, had been lost because none of those in whom he trusted had told him the truth; and that a people, when irritated, was like a ferocious beast, whose rage nothing can moderate, as the king, her lord, had just proved; and that she prayed God that the queen-regent might be more fortunate in France, than she and king Charles had been in England. But, above all, she counselled her to hear the truth, and to labour to discover it; for she believed that the greatest evil that could befal sovereigns, was to rest in ignorance of the truth, which ignorance reverses

[1] Francoise de Lorraine, her sister-in-law, being wife to her half-brother Cæsar, duke of Vendome, eldest son of Henry IV. and the fair Gabrielle. This lady died aged 60, in 1669.

[2] MS. of Père Gamache, section 93.

[3] Madame de Motteville, vol. iii. p. 165.

thrones and destroys empires. That if I was really faithful to my queen, (Anne of Austria,) I should tell her these things, and speak to her clearly on the state of her affairs; and she finished with an affectionate remembrance I was to make to my queen, in her name."

"Then the afflicted queen gave me some orders relative to the interests of the young king, her son, (become Charles II. through the lamentable death of his father.) She entreated that he might be recognised as such by the king and queen of France, and that her second son, James, duke of York, might receive the same entertainment as the king, his brother, had done previously. As she reiterated these requests, she wrung my hand, and said to me, with a burst of grief and tenderness, 'I have lost a king, a husband, and a friend, whose loss I can never sufficiently mourn, and this separation must render the rest of my life a perpetual torture!' I avow that the tears and words of this afflicted queen touched me deeply. Besides the sympathy I felt in her grief, I was astonished at the words she commanded me to repeat to my queen, and the calamities she seemed to foresee for us; nor did I ever forget the discourse of this princess, who, enlightened by adversity, seemed to presage for us such disasters. Heaven averted them from us, but we merited them all from the justice of God."[1]

Thus does madame de Motteville clearly indicate that this warning message, which was duly repeated by her, from the mourning queen of England in the depth of her misery, to the queen-regent of France, had the effect of delaying that awful revolution which, in these our latter days, ravaged France, and which is yet rife in the memory of many of our contemporaries in the present century.

"Often did queen Henrietta say to me that she was astonished how she ever could survive the loss of Charles, when she so well knew that life could contain, after this calamity, nothing but bitterness for her. 'I have lost a crown,' she would say, 'but that I had long before ceased to regret; it is the husband for whom I grieve—good, just, wise, virtuous, as he was, most worthy of my love and that of his subjects—the future must be for me but a continual succession of misery and afflictions!'"[2] It had been well if those

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. iii. p. 168.
[2] Ibid., p. 164.

historians, who chuse to represent this queen as indifferent to her husband, had taken the trouble to read the testimony of this witness of her conduct, and, at the same time, to have identified how worthy the virtuous life and noble sentiments of that witness made her of belief; for, without the least democratic bias, madame de Motteville moderately, but firmly, indicates that there were abuses needful to be reformed in the government both of France and England, which could only be effected by the sovereigns of either country acquainting themselves with facts as they existed, and conscientiously learning the truth of all that was going on under their government. Most faithfully, as a true friend of humanity, has she preserved the testimony of queen Henrietta Maria, uttered in the agony of bereaved affections, "that if her husband and herself had learned the truth in time, much of their own sufferings and those of their people might have been averted."

"Queen Henrietta," continues her friend,[1] "had enlightened and noble sentiments; in consequence she keenly felt all that she had lost and all she owed to the memory of a king and husband, who had so tenderly loved her, who had given her his entire confidence, and had always considered her above all persons. He had shared with her his grandeur and prosperity, and it was but just, as she said, 'that she should take her part in the bitterness of his adversity, and sorrow for him, as if his death had taken place each day that she lived, to the last hour of her life.' In fact, she wore a perpetual widow's mourning for him on her person and in her heart. This lasting sadness, those who knew her were well aware, was a great change from her natural disposition, which was gay, gladsome, and apt to see all the ordinary occurrences of life in a bright and cheerful light. From that hour she surnamed herself *La malheureuse reine.*"

"The royal widow left the Louvre, amidst the tears and sobs of her attendants, for her temporary retirement with the Carmelite nuns, Fauxbourg St. Jacques; her last words were to commend her little daughter, the princess Henrietta, to her affectionate governess, the countess of Morton, charging her to take care of her manners and conduct, while

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. iii. pp. 164, 165.

to me (Père Gamache) she left the instruction of this royal infant.[1] Directly she entered into the convent she gave herself up to prayer, to mortification, and a course of meditation on the inscrutability of the decrees of God, the inconstancy and fragility of human life, and of the riches, grandeur, and honours of this world. Too soon was she roused from the holy calm which such salutary exercises give to sorrow. The affairs of the king, her son, and of her own family and household, being in so bad a state that they demanded her utmost care, her wisest counsel and even active exertions, and I was obliged to seek her, to urge her to leave her peaceful retirement with the nuns, and return to the Louvre. At that time her son, Charles II., was at the Hague, where he was recognised as king by the states of Holland. It was the wish of the young king to remain there; but the strong military despotism of Cromwell was too formidable to the states of Holland to suffer it. The queen wrote to her son to come to her; he arrived in the summer of 1649. The mother and son had their first interview at St. Germains, and afterwards she returned with him to her abode at the Louvre."[2]

Two of the royal children remained prisoners in England; one of these was the hapless princess Elizabeth, the other the little duke of Gloucester. They were soon after, for a few months, consigned to the care of their mother's former favourite, the treacherous lady Carlisle, who, for none of her good deeds, had been favoured by parliament with a grant of 3000*l.* per annum for their maintenance, but, with a strict charge, that they were to be deprived of all princely distinction.

We now and then gather the movements of Henrietta from the narrative of her niece, mademoiselle de Montpensier. It is well known that Gaston, duke of Orleans, secretly favoured the Fronde, and maintained a species of factious neutrality between the queen-regent and the Parisians; he chose to be the arbiter between the people and

[1] MS.—Pere Gamache, section 93.

[2] See Toone's Chronology, from July 19, 1648, (when the royal brothers were with their fleet off Yarmouth,) to Sept. 11, same year, when the prince, from his fleet in the Downs, endeavoured to make some terms for his royal father with the parliament. He afterwards retired to the Hague, whence he sent the celebrated carte-blanche for his father's life.

the court. Gaston affirmed that his sister, queen Henrietta, took the part of Anne of Austria against the Fronde. He strove to rid himself of her embarrassing presence in Paris, where she unwove the meshes his shallow ambition was spinning. He was, however, a character whose affections always ran counter to his policy; he was angry with Henrietta, but finally forgave her. She declared that both loyalty and gratitude obliged her to espouse the cause of the court; but that her advice was pacific, in regard to the people; we have the evidence of madame de Motteville that such was truly the case. Mademoiselle de Montpensier made Charles II. feel her resentment for her political pique with his mother: he was still endeavouring to gain her hand. One day, soon after the triumphant return of mademoiselle de Montpensier from Orleans, where she had really done much good by her intrepid decision in a moment of great popular excitement, queen Henrietta addressed these remarkable words to her: "I am not astonished that you saved Orleans from the hands of its enemies, for the Pucelle had, in the old times, set you that example, and, like the Pucelle of Orleans, you began the matter by chasing the English, for before you went thither, my son was *chassé* by you."[1]

"I paid my duty to her as my aunt," adds mademoiselle de Montpensier, "but I was forced to be less frequent in my visits to her, for it is not pleasant to dispute perpetually with persons that one ought to respect."

Although Condé and the heads of the Fronde held the queen in great estimation, the rabble of the Frondeurs pursued her with insults, whenever she appeared beyond the gates of the Louvre. At last she would go out no more, but remained in a state of siege, suffering a thousand privations, with a patience which silenced all murmurs among her household, who often observed that, whilst their queen seemed so satisfied, they ought not to complain. Henrietta found herself, however, so useful to the queen-regent, that she would not quit her sojourn at the Louvre; though alarmed for her safety, she was perpetually entreated to come to St. Germains, and share what they had there.[2]

[1] Mémoires de Montpensier, vol. ii. p. 144.
[2] Vie de Henriette de France. (Bossuet.)

Once or twice, Henrietta went to St. Germains to visit the queen-regent and the young king; she was, however, glad to take the escort of her fantastic niece, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, at that time heroine of the Fronde, who conducted her to the gate of the château of St. Germains. On one of these occasions, mademoiselle de Montpensier makes a great merit of reconciling her father, the duke of Orleans, to queen Henrietta.

At last Henrietta found it was impossible to remain longer at the Louvre, and retired finally to St. Germains. Her journey was a very dangerous one; the people menaced her as she went through Paris, and her creditors threatened to arrest her coach.[1]

This scene, which was perhaps more trying to the generous spirit of Henrietta than all her other misfortunes, is confirmed by the malignant exultation of the roundhead newspapers. From the superabundance of spite in the republican party is to be learned the fact that the young king, in his deep mourning for his murdered sire, rode by the side of his mother's coach, and guarded her person in this dangerous transit. The enemies of the royal exiles seemed to think that the reproach of poverty would make all the world view a circumstance so deeply interesting with the scorn they did themselves.[2]

The royal children of France, with the queen-regent, came to Chatou to welcome the unfortunate Henrietta and her son, after their perilous and miserable journey,[3] and they conducted her to her apartments in the old château of St. Germains, which were, in all probability, the same angle looking over the parterre and Place des Armes of St. Germains, which was subsequently more celebrated as the place of her son James II.'s last exile. The melancholy old château, desolate and degraded as it is at present, has survived the gay sunny palace of recent date, built on the terrace above the Seine, by Henri Quatre, and looking out over the pleasant land of France. Anne of Austria would not live in the old grim castle, because it affected her health; and indeed the stone trench surrounding

[1] Mademoiselle de Montpensier's Memoirs.
[2] Evelyn's Journal, and Mercurius Politicus,
[3] Mademoiselle de Montpensier's Memoirs.

it, which was at that time full of water, must have been injurious to queen Henrietta, who often suffered from pulmonary maladies.

The sojourn of queen Henrietta at St. Germains proved, however, but a temporary visit. The fury of the civil war abated; her mediation became so needful with Condé and Lorraine, that she in the summer returned to Paris, and was actually there August 18, 1649, when Anne of Austria, and her young son, Louis XIV., made their grand entry into the metropolis.[1] After giving an audience of forgiveness to the principal Frondeurs, they paid a state visit of condolence to queen Henrietta on the death of her husband. These royal relatives, when they had previously met at St. Germains, had found opportunity to discuss the melancholy subject, therefore nothing was mentioned likely to agonize the feelings of Henrietta. "The young king of England," observes madame de Motteville, "was there in his deep mourning for his father; it was his first formal state recognition at the court of France." Early in September this prince resolved to set out for the isle of Jersey, which still, with its sister islands, acknowledged its allegiance to the royal house of Stuart. From thence he resolved to pass to Scotland or Ireland. The queen was greatly averse to this scheme, and reproached her son and sir Edward Hyde (Clarendon) with neglect of her advice. At that time her differences had not arisen to any great height with Hyde; she expressed her esteem for his great integrity and devoted love to her late husband, and said, "that she wished he would always be near the young king, because he would, she knew, deal plainly and honestly with him, and advise him to live virtuously." It was agreed by Charles II.'s privy council that chancellor Hyde should depart on an embassy to Spain, to supplicate for assistance against the English regicides. Queen Henrietta expressed her regret[2] that the means and time of this valuable minister should be thus wasted; she said "that if they would listen to her advice, she could tell them before-hand, that they would find the court of Spain cold and unwilling to render any assistance." This the chancellor owns he found, by experience, was exactly the case.

[1] Memoir of Henrietta Maria, 1673, p. 45.
[2] Life of Clarendon, vol. i. p. 262.

The queen and the chancellor seldom agreed, yet she always rendered justice to his uncompromising sincerity. One day, at this juncture, when talking of her affairs among her ladies—a dangerous habit, which she never left off—her majesty expressed some resentment towards a person who had been influential in the council of the late king, who always spoke the fairest words to her, and courteously promised compliance with all her wishes, even suggesting to her to ask of her husband indulgences she had never thought of before. Yet she found out, soon after, that he was the only man who advised the king privately to deny her the very same favours. Some of the queen's ladies had a great curiosity to know who this double-dealer was, but the queen persisted in concealing his name. One of the ladies present said, "that she hoped it was not chancellor Hyde?" "No," replied her majesty, "be sure it is not him, for he never uses flattering compliments to me; I verily believe that if, by my conduct, he deemed that I deserved the most infamous name, he would not scruple to call me by it."[1] The lady repeated this saying to the chancellor, who was much pleased with the queen's opinion of him.

The young king, notwithstanding all his mother's remonstrances, persisted in his intention of venturing into his lost dominions to seek his fortune. Queen Henrietta was alarmed; the youth of her son, and the desperate state of their party in England, took from her all hopes of success, and as she found that he would not listen to her, she desired lord Jermyn to represent the danger to him. The young prince replied, "It is far better for a king to die in such an enterprise, than to wear away life in shameful indolence here." The high resolve and daring adventures so frequently undertaken by Charles II., before he was twenty, form remarkable contrasts to the indolence and reckless profligacy in which his manly years were wasted.[2]

[1] Life of Clarendon, vol. i. p. 263.

[2] The friendship of madame de Motteville for the mother did not blind her to the faults of the son. She says, "The greatest heroes and sages of antiquity did not guide their lives by grander principles of action than this young prince felt and expressed at his outset in life; but, unfortunately, finding all his struggles in vain, he at last sunk into indifference, bearing all the evils which pertained to his exile and poverty with careless nonchalance, and

Charles II. went to Jersey in September, 1649, with his brother James, duke of York, and was proclaimed king of Great Britain in the loyal channel islands. Scotland, being offended at Cromwell's recent change of the British kingdoms into a republic, sent deputies to negotiate with Charles II., who received and conferred with them at Jersey; and this proved the commencement of his temporary recognition in Scotland, and of the series of wild and daring adventures in which he engaged, from his landing in Scotland till his escape after the battle of Worcester. A large proportion of the Irish people were desirous that the attempt of the king should be made on their shores, which was doubtless the reason why Cromwell visited that devoted island with the fierce scourges of fire, confiscation, and the exterminating sword, in the year of blood, 1649; a visitation which drew from a noble English historian, albeit never too sympathizing in the case of Ireland, the appalling comment, "that since the middle of the 16th century, the miseries of that country could only be compared with those of the Jews after the taking of Jerusalem." A foreboding instinct warned the royal mother to prevent the reckless courage of her young son from leading him among these scenes of horror.[1] Queen Henrietta did not believe the time ripe for movement; but she advised her son, if he ventured, to bend his course to Scotland, rather than to Ireland.

> "They parted; but it lists not here to tell
> Aught of the passionate regrets that broke
> From the sad prince, or perils that befel
> Him in his wanderings, nor of that famed oak
> In the deep solitudes of Boscobel."[2]

The health of the queen sunk under the reiterated trials which marked the dreadful year of 1649. She went to the bath of Bourbon the same autumn that she parted from her son. On her way thither, she passed through Moulins, the

snatching all the pleasures that were attainable without considering the degradation annexed to them. At last it came to pass that we saw this prince give himself up to the seductions of lawless passion, and pass many years in France and elsewhere in the utmost sloth."

[1] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, p. 46.

[2] Poems by Agnes Strickland.

retreat of her friend, the duchess of Montmorenci, whose calamitous widowhood bore some resemblance to her own. This illustrious lady was nearly related to Henrietta's mother, being a princess of the house of Orsini. She had dedicated her youth, her beauty, and her life to the memory of her lost husband, the last duke of Montmorenci. It is well known that cardinal Richelieu laid the foundation of his despotism on the ashes of that hero. The widow of Charles I. could trace the commencement of her sorrows to the malign influence of that same stony-hearted politician. In the spirit of sympathy, the queen went to the convent of the Visitation, at Moulins, where, in a chamber hung with black, the widow of Montmorenci kept watch over the urn that held the heart of her murdered husband, although that true heart had been cold in death for many a long year. The widow of Montmorenci was as popular in France for her charity and piety, as her husband had been for his valour and heroic qualities. All mourners sought the duchess de Montmorenci for consolation. No one needed it more than the royal widow of Charles I. The illustrious kinswomen wept together, and received consolation from the sympathy of each other.[1]

Henrietta Maria had given over her son for lost, after the battle of Worcester; the particulars of his return are thus mentioned by her flippant niece, mademoiselle de Montpensier:—"All the world went to console the queen of England; but this only augmented her grief, for she knew not if her son were a prisoner or dead. This inquietude lasted not long; she learned that he was at Rouen, and would soon be at Paris, upon which she went to meet him.[2] On her return, I thought my personal inquiries could not be dispensed with, therefore I went without my hair being dressed, since I had a great defluxion. The queen, when she saw me, said, 'that I should find her son very ridiculous, since he had, to save himself in disguise, cut his hair off, and had assumed an extraordinary garb.' At that moment he entered, and I really thought he had a very fine figure, and I saw great improvement in his mien since we last parted, although his hair was short and his

[1] Lady Fanshawe's Autobiography.
[2] He landed at Fescamp, near Havre, October 22, 1651.

moustaches long, which, indeed, causes a great alteration in the appearance of most people."

Lady Fanshawe was at the court of the exiled queen at the time of the return of her son, after an absence of upwards of two years. She says, "He had attained a majestic stature, and had grown manly and powerful in person, coarse in features, and reckless in expression; all his rich curls had been cut off for the purpose of disguise, and were replaced by a black periwig."[1] He was far more changed in character than appearance; all the high heroic sentiments derived from the classics, all the noble romance of youth, which usually brings forth grand fruits in manhood, were obliterated by his visit to his native land.

Mademoiselle de Montpensier found, to her astonishment, that her mute cousin Charles II. had, in his absence from France, learned to speak the French tongue with the utmost volubility; "and while," she says, "we walked together in the great gallery which connects the Louvre with the Tuilleries, he gave me the history of all his adventures and escapes in Scotland and England," in which, to her French imagination, nothing was so marvellous "as that the Scotch should fancy that it was a crime to play on the fiddle." The morning after this promenade, queen Henrietta gravely renewed with this princess the subject of her son's passion. She said to her, "that she had reproved Charles, but that he still persisted in loving her." All this infinitely flattered the vanity of *la grande mademoiselle*, but touched not her heart. Charles was too cold a lover to please her; but she coquetted with the anxious mother, and paraded her hopes of being the empress of Germany, or the queen of France. Many a bitter pang did this heartless woman give the fallen queen of Great Britain by her own account. Sometimes Henrietta would observe to her, "that her son, once the heir of the finest country in the world, was now considered too beggarly and pitiful to aspire to the hand of the rich heiress of Dombes and Montpensier;" then sighing, the unfortunate Henrietta would narrate all the wealth, state, and luxury of a queen in England. At this narration, the purse-proud heiress owns that she deliberated within herself whether she should make a merit of accepting the young

[1] Lady Fanshawe's Autobiography.

king in his distress;[1] but then the doubt was, whether his restoration would ever take place, which doubt finally turned the scale against the royal exile. The unfortunate widow of Charles I. found that she had in vain administered food to the vanity of her niece, who liked her son well enough to be jealous of him, but not well enough to make the slightest sacrifice in his behalf.

The contest that Charles II. had maintained for his hereditary rights from 1649 to 1651, caused his young sister and brother, who still remained prisoners in England, to be treated with additional harshness by their gaolers the republicans. Reports arrived at the queen's court, that Cromwell talked of binding her little son, the duke of Gloucester, apprentice to a shoemaker; and that her daughter, "that young budding beauty," the princess Elizabeth, was to be taught the trade of a button-maker. There was really some discussion in the House of Commons, relative to the maintenance of these royal orphans, in which Cromwell said, that "as to the young boy, it would be better to bind him to a good trade," but the nearest approach to their degradation was, that the young prince's servants were directed to address him only as "Master Harry." At his tender years, a top, or even a marble, more or less, is of more consequence than a title or a dukedom. But the young prince was neither harmed in mind or body by his republican gaolers. The fair young princess Elizabeth was unfortunately of an age when the reverses of fortune are felt as keenly, nay, more so, than at a more advanced period of life. Perhaps her death-wound was inflicted by the agony she suffered at the touching interviews with her father; interviews which drew tears down Cromwell's iron cheeks, it may be supposed, gave mortal pangs to the tender mind of the young bereaved daughter.

"The princess was," says Père Gamache, "of a high

[1] The newspapers of the English roundheads allude to this unprosperous suit of Charles to the daughter of Gaston duke of Orleans, and exult sordidly over the fallen fortunes of the royal family. "The Scots' king is still in Paris, but now on his remove. What shall he do then? Trail a pike under the young lady of Orleans, who has lately raised a regiment. It is an honour too great for the late majesty of Scotland. His confidants have sat in council; and it is allowed, by his mother, that, during these tumults in France, it is neither honourable nor expedient for him to continue in Paris."—July 16, 1652, Mercurius Politicus.

and courageous spirit, and possessed a proud consciousness of the grandeur of her birth and descent. The anguish she felt at her father's murder was still farther aggravated, when she was forced from the palace of St. James, the place of her birth, and carried to Carisbrooke castle, the scene of his saddest imprisonment, from whence he was dragged to die. She perpetually meditated on his bitter sufferings, and all the disasters of her royal house, till she fell into a slow but fatal fever. When she found herself ill, she resolutely refused to take medicine."[1] Her little brother, "Master Harry," as he was called, was her only companion. She expired alone, sitting in her apartment at Carisbrooke castle, her fair cheek resting on a Bible, which was the last gift of her murdered father, and which had been her only consolation in the last sad months of her life. Sir Theodore Mayerne, her father's faithful physician, came to prescribe for her, but too late; he has made the following obituary memorial of the death of this princess, saying, "she died on the 8th of September, 1650, in her prison at the Isle of Wight, of a malignant fever, which constantly increased, despite of medicine and remedies."[2]

"The queen, her mother," resumes Père Cyprian Gamache,[3] "did not learn the sad death of the young princess Elizabeth without shedding abundance of tears; but the grief of her brothers, the duke of York and the king, bore testimony to the fine qualities this beautiful princess possessed. All the royal family had, considering her great talents and the charms of person, reckoned on her as a means of forming some high alliance, which would better their fortunes." Her lot was, however, very different,—she was

> "Doomed in her opening flower of life to know
> All a true Stuart's heritage of woe."[4]

The young Elizabeth's melancholy death occurred in her fifteenth year. She was buried obscurely at Newport, on the 24th of September, 1650.

The queen had now resided upwards of six years in France, and all her habits and feelings began strongly to return to their original channel. A certain degree of libe-

[1] MS. of Père Gamache, section 106.
[2] Mayerne's Ephemerides. MS., Sloane, 2075.
[3] MS. of Père Gamache, 106.
[4] Poems by Agnes Strickland.

rality and political wisdom, which the strong pressure of calamity had forced into her mind, vanished after the war of the Fronde was pacified. The first step she took in utter opposition to her duty as the widow of Charles I., and queen-mother of the royal family, was acting on her resolution of educating her younger children as catholics. With this view she placed her little daughter Henrietta under the tuition of the capuchin, whose inedited MS. we have already quoted.

Père Cyprian Gamache was one of those men, such as we often see among Christian clergymen, of various denominations. The sincerity of belief, and the simplicity of heart and kindness of manner of the old friar, must have made him far more persuasive to the queen's children and household, who were of church of England principles, than his learning, his talents as an author, or his skill as a controversialist in the subtleties of disputation. The picture he draws of the royal child, who was given up by the queen entirely to his tutelage, is a pretty simple sketch, and most valuable to us besides, as an insight into the domestic manners of the banished court of England, with which the Père Cyprian brings us closely acquainted, in recording his hopes and fears regarding the conversion of those who professed the principles of the church of England.

"The queen," says Père Cyprian Gamache, "had, during the life of the king her husband, employed every effort, in her letters, to obtain the permission of her royal husband to bring up their youngest child as a catholic." And we must observe that, if she had succeeded, father Cyprian would most certainly have had infinite pleasure in naming the circumstance; he, however, reconciled the queen to her open disobedience of her husband's last injunctions, by pointing out to her that king Charles, with many other professors of church of England principles, allowed that a good person of the Roman-catholic faith could be saved. It is hard that the liberality of the church of England should be turned against her cause by controversialists; but this is neither the first nor the last instance.

"As soon, then," continues Père Cyprian, "as the first sparks of reason began to light in the mind of the precious child, the queen honoured me with the command to instruct her; and her majesty took the trouble to lead her herself

into the chapel of the Louvre, where I was teaching the little ones of poor humble folk the principles of Christianity, and there she gave a noble instance of humility, by placing her royal daughter below them, and charging her, all the time I catechised, to listen. Then I taught her in her turn, even as the most simple of my company, how to learn to seek God, who made us. The princess profited so well by these humble examples, that, as she went out, she said aloud, 'that she would always come to hear me teach those little children.'" [1]

Père Cyprian soon after began to give the princess Henrietta a regular private course of instruction, in which he mentions, "that he continually pressed on her mind that she ought to consider herself eternally indebted to the troubles of her royal family, for the opportunity of being brought up a catholic." The countess of Morton, who still continued governess to the princess, was always present when Père Cyprian gave the little princess her religious instruction; this lady had been brought up a member of the church of England, and still continued in its principles. Father Cyprian had an extreme desire to convert the countess. One day that lady said to her charge, "I believe father Cyprian intends his catechism as much for me as for your royal highness." This casual remark did not fall unheeded on the mind of her loving pupil, who immediately confided it to her tutor, and he, who owns that lady Morton had accurately divined his intentions, was wonderfully encouraged in his hopes. Soon after, the queen being present at his tuition, the little princess, at the end, expressed a great wish that every one believed in her religion.

"Since you have so much zeal," said the queen, "I wonder, my daughter, you do not begin by trying to convert your governess."

"Madame," replied the little princess, with childish earnestness, "I am doing so as much as I can."

"And how do you set about it?" asked the queen.

"Madame," replied the princess, in her infantine innocence, "I begin by embracing my governess; I clasp her round the neck; I kiss her a great many times, and then I say, 'Do be converted, madame Morton; be a catholic, madame

[1] MS. of Père Gamache, pp. 116, 117.

Morton; father Cyprian says you must be a catholic to be saved, and you have heard him as well as me, madame Morton. Be then a catholic, *ma bonne dame.*' "[1]

Between the entreaties and caresses of this sweet prattler, whom she loved so entirely, and the persuasions of Père Cyprian, poor lady Morton, who was no great theologian, was almost coaxed out of her religion. Nevertheless, her affections only were engaged, not her religious principles, as Père Cyprian acknowledges in his manuscript, with more anger than he expresses in any other passage.[2]

The political horizon, in 1652, darkened on every side round the house of Stuart. A strong military despotism was established in the British islands by the successful general, who found himself at the head of the veteran troops, who proved victors at the time when the people were utterly worn out with the horrors of anarchical strife. Despotism, in the hands of a military man, sufficiently cruel and cunning, is always the strongest of all governments, therefore it is not very marvellous that Cromwell was finally able to dictate a peace to Anne of Austria, who was not the strongest-minded female that ever governed an empire.

During the course of these long-pending negotiations, queen Henrietta requested cardinal Mazarine, in her name, to demand the annual payment of her dower. Cromwell promptly replied, "that she had never been recognised as queen-consort of Great Britain by the people, consequently, she had no right to this dower."[3] The usurper would have, doubtless, found some other excuse to deprive the helpless

[1] MS. of Père Gamache, p. 119.

[2] Lady Morton had promised the queen and her beloved charge, that she would profess their faith; but craved leave to retire to England, that she might make an effort to arrange her affairs. In London she fell ill of a burning fever, which seems to have been fatal. When she was at the point of death, a catholic lady of high rank, and her intimate friend, came to her, and said aloud, "Lady Morton, you say nothing of religion; are you not a catholic?" "No," replied Lady Morton, "I am not, and I never will be one." Thus, adds Père Cyprian, died this miserable lady, who pretended to dispose of divine grace according to her pleasure." (MS. of Père Gamache, p. 118.) This passage shews that the countess had been outwitted, but not converted.

[3] Carte's Life of Ormonde. This historian seems lost in astonishment at the circumstance. But the recognition of the queen-consort, either at her own or at her husband's coronation, was a most important point in legalizing her claims on her dower; and it appears that Henrietta had carried her girlish whims so far, as to renounce the solemn recognition procession through the

queen of her maintenance, if her own act and deed, in her inexperienced girlhood, had not furnished him with so injurious a reply. It will be remembered, that Henrietta refused to be crowned as queen-consort, because her religious bigotry would not permit her to assist in the liturgy of the church of England, and this refusal, which proved the first step to the misfortunes of her husband, obtained for her, in course of time, this bitter insult, which struck at her character as a woman, as well as her rank as queen, and had probably a prospective view towards the illegitimation of her children.

Henrietta observed, with some dignity, to Mazarine, "that if she were not considered by the English nation as the wife and consort of their late sovereign, the question was, what had she been? And the obvious answer, that a daughter of France could have been otherwise than a wife of the king of England, was more disgraceful to her country than to herself; and if the king of France could submit to such a public stigma on his royal honour in a treaty, she must rest satisfied, being perfectly content herself, with the constant respect paid her as queen, by her husband and his loyal subjects."[1]

Although the usurper would not pay queen Henrietta's dower, he returned to her the young duke of Gloucester, declaring "that Henry Stuart, third son of the late Charles I., had leave to transport himself beyond seas."

Charles II. was about to be driven a wanderer from his mother's home at the Louvre, when young Gloucester arrived there. Queen Henrietta acknowledged the authority of her eldest son, as king over her children; she therefore requested him at his departure to leave her youngest son with her, for she represented, "that he had been brought up as a prisoner in England, without learning either manly exercises or languages; that he had seen nothing of courtly manners, or good company, till he came to Paris; and that it was not right to take him from a city where he had the

city, as well as the crowning and unction as queen. The coronations of the second wife of Edward I., and the last four wives of Henry VIII., had, it is true, been omitted, but each had solemnly taken her place as queen at the royal chapels, at the celebration of divine service, which Henrietta had never done.

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. v. pp. 250, 251.

best opportunity in the world for acquiring everything of the kind." The queen was very importunate, and the young king acknowledged "that her reasons were good, for he had no funds to educate his young brother, or even to support him, according to his quality; his only objection was, that he feared that Gloucester would be perverted in his religion."[1] Queen Henrietta assured him that she would not suffer any such attempt to be made; and she added, "that the queen-regent of France, as some compensation for her discourtesy in driving him away, had augmented her pension at the rate of 2000*f.* per month, "and this," she said, "will enable me to maintain Gloucester."[2] King Charles, before he left Paris, made his mother reiterate her promise that his young brother should not be brought up a catholic, and then departed, to wander over Europe, wherever his evil fortune chose to lead him. He settled his head quarters at Cologne, where a hospitable widow received him into her house, and lodged him for two years gratis.[3]

To aggravate her misfortunes, queen Henrietta, some time before, had received the news of the death of her son-in-law, the prince of Orange, a severe loss for her family, as it threw the preponderance of power in Holland into the hands of the republican party there, the sworn friends of Cromwell. The death of Henry Frederic, the father of her son-in-law, had occurred at a fatal time for Charles I., in 1647, and now her daughter's husband was suddenly carried off by the small pox, at the early age of twenty-two, leaving his young widow overwhelmed with grief, and in a dangerous state of health, being ready to become a mother. She brought forth a posthumous son, three days after the death of her husband. This boy, the first grandchild queen Henrietta had, was afterwards William III., the elective king of Great Britain.

Whilst the prince of Orange lived, queen Henrietta and her children had always, in all their wanderings and distresses, found an hospitable welcome at his court; now she saw her daughter left a young widow of nineteen, the mother of a fatherless son, with an inimical party to contend against in Holland, which was supported by all the might of Crom-

[1] Carte's Life of Ormonde, vol. ii. pp. 149, 150. [2] Ibid.
[3] Evelyn's Works.—Correspondence, vol. iv

well's successful despotism. How the young princess of Orange struggled through all the difficulties that environed her, and reared her son without seeing him wholly deprived of his father's inheritance, is one of the marvels of modern history. The princess of Orange was no longer able to receive her brothers openly at her court, the burgomasters of Holland being informed by Cromwell, that such reception was tantamount to a declaration of war against him. Charles II. therefore established his abode at Cologne, whence he frequently visited his sister, as a private individual.

A great alteration took place in the conduct of queen Henrietta at this disastrous epoch, which was occasioned by the change of her confessor. Father Phillips had held that office since the second year of her marriage; he was a mild, unambitious man, under whose influence the best points of her character had appeared. Unfortunately for the peace of her family, he died at the close of 1652, and his place was filled by abbé Montague, a diplomatic priest, who was naturalized in France, and had long been immersed in the political intrigues of that court. It is a singular fact that Montague was brother to the puritan, lord Kimbolton,[1] who had taken so active a part in revolutionizing England at the commencement of the civil war; if we may judge by results, neither the puritan nor the priestly brother were very ardent lovers of peace.

The same restless spirit that made the puritan disturb the quiet of Charles I.'s kingdom, impelled the jesuit brother to break the harmony that had hitherto subsisted between the unfortunate sovereign's family. The first fruits of abbé Montague's polemic activity was to suggest to the queen of France, that it was injurious to the catholic religion to permit the church of England service to be celebrated under the roof of the Louvre. He likewise accused queen Henrietta of great sin; because she had established it there, for she had, from her first settlement in that palace, set apart one of her largest saloons for that purpose, where our church ritual was performed with great reverence by Dr. Cosins, the exiled bishop of Durham. The young king and

[1] Afterwards the earl of Manchester. His brother, the abbé, called lord Walter Montague, was converted by the jesuits, when *attaché* to an embassy in France.—Carte's Ormonde, and Evelyn's Journal.

the duke of York, who were both at that time zealously attached to the religion of their father, attended its service regularly when they were in Paris, likewise any persons of the queen's household who belonged to the church of England.[1]

Queen Henrietta at first was grieved at the intolerance of abbé Montague; she expressed to her ladies how much the loss of father Phillips had embarrassed her, and said with displeasure, "that it was abbé Montague, who had induced her sister-in-law to break up her establishment at the Louvre, and transfer her residence to the Palais Royal." This was a severe blow to the English exiles, for the queen-regent then held her own court at the Palais Royal, and queen Henrietta lost the independence of a separate dwelling. The queen-regent, at the same time, forbade her to receive her son Charles II., to visit the Palais Royal, on account of political expediency, and likewise declared that no religious worship, excepting according to the ritual of the Roman-catholic church, should take place within the walls of her palace.

Thus the duke of Gloucester, and other members of the church of England in queen Henrietta's family, were deprived of all opportunities of worship, excepting at the chapel of sir Richard Browne,[2] for this gentleman had been ambassador from Charles I., and still retained the residence and privileges of the embassy, among others, a chapel. Thither the duke of Gloucester went every day as he walked home from his riding and fencing academy;[3] and when the duke of York returned from his campaigns, he likewise attended his religious duties of the church of England at the same chapel. Thus matters continued for some months after Charles II. had left his young brother under his mother's care; her confessor, Montague, viewed the daily attendance of the Stuart princes at divine service very invidiously; however, he formed his plans in secret, and began to work on queen Henrietta's mind accordingly; the fruits of his machinations appeared in due time.[4]

It was probably owing to the influence of abbé Mon-

[1] Carte's Life of Ormonde.

[2] Father-in-law of the celebrated John Evelyn.

[3] Carte's Life of Ormonde, vol. ii. p. 163.

[4] *Ibid.*

tague, that queen Henrietta founded the convent of Chaillot at a period when scarcely a hope remained of the restoration of the royal family. After her independent residence at the Louvre was broken up, queen Henrietta yearned for some private home, where she could pass part of her time in perfect quiet, without being subjected to the slavery of living in public with the French court. Such a retreat was needful for her health and peace of mind, and we scarcely reckon it among her sins of bigotry, for it vexed no person's conscience, and provided for a community of harmless and charitable women, who were at that time struggling with distress.[1]

The nuns of Port Royal offered their house when queen Henrietta wished for religious retirement. Whether or not the stigma of predestinarianism (afterwards called Jansenism) had then been affixed to this community by abbé Montague, is not mentioned, but the queen declined the offer. She took under her protection a very poor community of the Nuns of the Visitation of St. Mary, and settled them in a house which Catherine de Medicis had built as a villa on the bold eminence at Chaillot, opposite to the Champ de Mars. Queen Henrietta purchased this estate of the heirs of marechal de Bassompierre, to whom her father had granted it, but the foundation was at first beset with many difficulties. At last she obtained for her nuns the protection of the queen-regent, and the archbishop of Paris, and the latter expedited the letters patent, under the appellation of the foundation of the queen of England.[2]

Queen Henrietta chose for her own apartments those whose windows looked without, and a most noble view they must have commanded over Paris; "her reasons were," she said, "that she might prevent her ladies from having access to the secluded portions of the convent, unless they obtained the especial leave of the abbess, lest they might trouble the calm of the votaresses; as for herself, she usually received her visits in the parlour of the convent, and even came thither to consult her physician."[3] In this convent was edu-

[1] Inedited paper, in the Secret Archives of France, Hotel de Soubise, Paris, by favour of M. Guizot.

[2] The letters patent to this effect are in the Archives of France, Hotel de Soubise.

[3] Ibid.

cated her youngest daughter, Henrietta. The queen used to tell the nuns, that on their prayers and good example she depended for the conversion of the rest of her family.

On these conversions queen Henrietta had now entirely fixed her heart. Above all things, she wished to interrupt the attendance of the young duke of Gloucester at the church of England chapel. Her chief counsellor, abbé Montague, about the close of the year 1654, either discovered, or affected to discover, that the duke of Gloucester required a course of education which did not allow him so much freedom, because he had formed an imprudent intimacy at the academies of exercise with some young wild French gallants, who were like to mislead his youth.[1] This was by no means an unlikely circumstance, as he walked to and from the academies like any other day scholar; but it appears only to have been urged as an excuse for sending Gloucester to the Jesuits' College, not only to be tamed, but to be cut off from all opportunities of attending worship at the ambassador's chapel. The idea of the severity of the jesuits' plan of education was terrific even to catholic boys, what it was to young Gloucester may be imagined. A long contest ensued between the queen and her son; he pleaded his religion, and positively refused to enter the walls of the college; finding that he was resolute, she compromised the matter, not much to his satisfaction, by sending him to spend the month of November with her confessor Montague, who chose to retire, at the season of advent, to his benefice, the abbey of Pontoise. At first, Mr. Lovel, the young duke's tutor, accompanied him, but the queen made an excuse to send for this gentleman to Paris, and Gloucester was left alone with Montague and his monks.[2] Then the abbé confided to the young prince, that it was his mother's intention to educate him for a cardinal; at the same time he strenuously represented to him, "that as his sole hopes of advancement in life must proceed from the royal family of France, who were willing to adopt him as a son, how much it would be to his interest to embrace immediately the catholic religion, on various points of which he offered to convince him instantaneously by argument."

[1] Carte's Life of Ormonde.

[2] Abbé Montague is usually called in history a jesuit. He was converted by the jesuits, but seems to have belonged to one of the regular orders.

If young Gloucester had even been a catholic, there is no doubt but he would have made the most lively resistance to a religious destination; as it was, he pleaded vehemently his church-of-England creed, and the promise his royal mother had made to the king, his brother, not to tamper with it, adding, "that it was shameful to assail him with controversy in his tutor's absence, who could and would answer it."

At Gloucester's earnest request, Mr. Lovel was sent back to Pontoise. The queen afterwards permitted him to bring his pupil to Paris, where he again attended the service of the church of England, at sir Richard Browne's chapel.

Queen Henrietta, a short time after, had a stormy interview with Gloucester, and told him "that all abbé Montague had said to him was by her directions," and "that, as to his urging against her her promise to the king, she must observe, that she had promised not to force him his belief, but she had not said that she would not shew him the right way to heaven; she had, besides, a right to represent to him how very desperate his worldly fortunes were, as a protestant in France; but, if he would embrace the catholic faith and accept a cardinal's hat, she could promise him unbounded wealth in French benefices." It was scandalous of the queen thus to tempt her young son, who, in return, as she equivocated with her promise made to his king and brother, solemnly pleaded to her the promise that his murdered father had exacted from him in their last interview, never to renounce the faith of the church of England, which, infant as he then was, he distinctly remembered.

Henrietta hardened her heart against this tender appeal, and soon after removed her son's faithful tutor, Mr. Lovel. She bade Gloucester "prepare to go to the Jesuits' College, under penalty of her malediction and utter renunciation:" but before the day that the queen had appointed to remove him to walls which he deemed a prison, she received a letter of remonstrance, which came from his brother, Charles II., then at Cologne, reminding her of her promise, and forbidding her "to enclose his subject and brother in the Jesuits College."[1] He likewise wrote to his exiled subjects in Paris,

[1] Life of Ormonde, vol. ii. p. 166.

to do all their poverty could permit to aid his brother, if the queen proceeded to extremities. Queen Henrietta testified the utmost anger when she read the letter from the young king, and found by it that Gloucester had appealed against her authority.

The young king's opinion of these proceedings is freely expressed in the following letter to his brother, in which the tenour of the complaint that Gloucester wrote to him, and the letter that queen Henrietta received from him, may be ascertained, though neither are forthcoming:—

CHARLES II. TO THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.[1]

"Cologne, Nov. 10, 1654.

"Dear Brother,

"I have received yours without a date, in which you tell me that Mr. Montague has endeavoured to pervert you from your religion. I do not doubt but you remember very well the commands I left with you, at my going away, concerning that point. I am confident you will observe them; yet your letters that come from Paris say, that it is the queen's purpose to do all she can to change your religion, in which if you do hearken to her, or to any body else in that matter, you must never think to see England or me again; and whatsoever mischief shall fall on me or my affairs from this time, I must lay all upon you, as being the only cause of it. Therefore, consider well what it is to be, not only the cause of ruining a brother who loves you so well, but also of your king and country. Do not let them persuade you, either by force or fair promises: the first, they neither dare nor will use; and for the second, as soon as they have perverted you, they will have their end, and then they will care no more for you.

"I am also informed, there is a purpose to put you into the Jesuits' college, which I command you, on the same grounds, never to consent unto; and whensoever anybody goes to dispute with you in religion, do not answer them at all. For, though you have reason on your side, yet they, being prepared, will have the advantage of anybody that is not upon the same familiarity with argument as they are.

"If you do not consider what I say unto you, remember the last words of your dead father, which were, to be constant to your religion, and never to be shaken in it; which, if you do not observe, this shall be the last time you will hear from,

"Dear brother,

"Your most affectionate,

"CHARLES II."

The queen, notwithstanding the royal authority of her eldest son, resolved not to give up her intentions without trying another mode of shaking the resolution of young Gloucester. One day, after dinner, she took him apart, she embraced him, she kissed him, and, with all the sweet-

[1] Original Letters, Evelyn's Works, vol. iv. pp. 142-3.

ness possible, told him how tender an affection she bore to him, and how much it grieved her that love itself should compel her to proceed with seeming severity. "You are weary, my child," she continued, "of being entreated, and truly, I am weary of it too; but I will shorten your time of trial; give one hearing more to abbé Montague; sequester yourself in your apartment, without entering into any diversion; meditate on his words, and then either send or bring me a full and final answer."

The duke of Gloucester, before this conversation commenced, had perceived that his mother, as soon as she had risen from table, meant to have a private conference with him, and fearful, lest some admission should be extorted from him favourable to her views, he had sent young Griffin, the gentleman of his bed-chamber, to fetch the marquess of Ormonde to his assistance, as soon as he could come, for the king, his brother, had placed him under this nobleman's protection, in regard to his religion. When the queen had finished all her entreaties and caresses, Gloucester retired to his chamber, in obedience to her commands. Abbé Montague came directly to him, and commenced a long course of arguments to influence his determination, and then urged him to know what answer he was to carry to her majesty, his mother? Gloucester said, "None:" resolving first to see the marquis of Ormonde. "Then," said Montague, "I shall return in an hour, and carry to her majesty your answer." At that moment the marquess entered, according to the summons sent to him by Griffin, and when the young duke found himself supported by the presence and testimony of his father's friend, he turned to the abbé Montague, and said, "that his final answer to his mother was, that he meant to continue firm in the religion of the church of England." The abbé answered abruptly, "Then it is her majesty's command that you see her face no more." Gloucester was deeply agitated at this message; with the utmost earnestness he entreated "that he might be permitted a last interview with the queen to ask her parting blessing. "This," Montague said, "he was empowered to refuse."[1]

Gloucester remained in despair; his brother, the duke

[1] Carte's Life of Ormonde, vol. ii. p 166.

of York, came to him, and with great tenderness pitied his misfortune. York went to his royal mother, and interceded earnestly for his brother, but in vain. Henrietta was inexorable; she violently reproached York, and declared "that she would henceforth signify her pleasure to neither of her sons, except by the medium of her confessor, Montague." York returned to Gloucester's apartments in the Palais Royal with this message. It was Sunday morning, before church time. The conference of the royal brothers was interrupted by the entrance of abbé Montague, who renewed the controversy, by representing to Gloucester the destitution in which he would be plunged by his mother's renunciation: he advised him to speak to her himself, as she was then going to mass at her convent of Chaillot; he added, "that the queen had proposals to make to him which would quite set his heart at rest."

"I fear, sir," replied the duke of Gloucester, "my mother's proposals will not have that effect, for my heart can have no rest but in the free exercise of my religion." At this moment the queen passed, in her way to her coach; the young duke followed her, and kneeling in her way, asked her maternal blessing; she angrily repulsed him, and haughtily passed on: he remained overwhelmed with sorrow. Upon which the abbé Montague, who was watching the effect that Henrietta's harshness had had on her son, stepped up to him, and, in a tone of condolence, asked him, "What her majesty had said, which had so discomposed him?" "What I may thank you for, sir," replied the young duke, sharply, "and it is but reason that what my mother has just said to me, I should repeat *to you;* be sure that I see your face no more."

So saying, he turned indignantly from his persecutor, and, as it was then time for morning service, he went immediately to sir Richard Browne's chapel, accompanied by his brother, the duke of York, and these princes comforted themselves by attending devoutly to the liturgy of the persecuted church of England. When Gloucester returned from divine service, he went to his apartments as usual, little thinking the course his mother had taken. He found, to his consternation, that queen Henrietta had given strict orders that no dinner was to be prepared for him, and he must have starved that day, if lord Hatton had not taken

him home to his table, and begged him accept a future lodging at his house. The young prince was with difficulty prevailed on to accept his hospitality; for he generously reminded lord Hatton that it might occasion Cromwell to sequester his estate in England, the remnant of which was, as yet, spared to this banished cavalier.[1]

When Gloucester left the Palais Royal, with a heavy heart, queen Henrietta received a visit from her sister-in-law, the queen regent of France, who was eager to know what success these severe measures, (which they had previously concerted with Montague,) had had in inducing submission. At the desire of queen Henrietta, she sent the young duke of Anjou,[2] her second son, to seek his cousin, the duke of Gloucester, to represent to him, in a friendly manner, the trouble he would incur by resisting the wills of both queens. Anjou returned, after a long search, and said that no one knew whither Gloucester had taken refuge, after he found that his apartments were dismantled and his food cashiered. The queens, at length, after experiencing some alarm, heard that he had taken refuge with lord Hatton; thither they sent the marquis du Plessis, to persuade him into submission, but the sole message he could induce him to send was, "that he was more than ever attached to the church of England, however fallen and distressed she might be."

That night, after his return from evening prayers, the duke of Gloucester stole back to the Palais Royal to take the opportunity of bidding farewell to his sister, the princess Henrietta, before their mother returned from vespers at her Chaillot convent. But the moment the young princess heard of his intention to resist the queen's will, and to leave her, she began to shriek and cry aloud, "Oh me, my mother! Oh me, my brother! Oh, my mother, what shall I do? I am undone for ever!"[3] The duke gathered from these exclamations that she was in mortal terror of the queen's displeasure; he therefore left her, and disconsolately sought his own sleeping-room, which he found cold and dismantled, with the sheets taken off the bed.[4] While poor

[1] Carte's Ormonde, vol. ii. pp. 166-7.
[2] Afterwards duke of Orleans.—Carte's Life of Ormonde.
[3] The Late Troubles in England, p. 437.
[4] Carte's Life of Ormonde.

Gloucester was looking in dismay at this very un-maternal arrangement for his night's rest, his groom entered in great perplexity, to know what he should do with his horses, for the queen's comptroller was, by her commands, turning them out of the royal stables. The duke declared a new place could not be found for them at nine o'clock at night. The comptroller said, "queen Henrietta would discharge him before morning, if they remained during that night." Gloucester, when all these cares regarding his horses, his servants, and himself, were thrown upon his hands, was penniless, and just fourteen.

In this dilemma, the marquess of Ormonde sold the last jewel he possessed, which was the George of the order of the Garter, to provide the persecuted son of his master with the necessaries of life. It was equally disgraceful of Henrietta to distress her husband's faithful and impoverished servants, by throwing on them the maintenance of her son, as it was to persecute him for his integrity in preserving the promise he had made to his father in his tender childhood. This was decidedly the worst action queen Henrietta ever committed.

This religious persecution, carried on against one of her own family, made Henrietta exceedingly unpopular among the faithful servants of Charles I. Religious bigotry was active in the minds of both parties, and produced its usual consequences, a venomous political hatred.

The queen seems to have taken an ungenerous advantage of her superior influence in the land of their mutual banishment, to shew former grudges and jealousies, which she had imbibed during the lifetime of her husband, against chancellor Hyde, Ormonde, and many others, among the most virtuous of the church-of-England royalists; but, it must be owned, there was no love lost, for they hated her most bitterly. Hyde has left curious minutes of his farewell interview with the queen, when he departed from Paris to join her son at Cologne, in the autumn of 1654. Previously, the queen had not been on speaking terms with him, but lord Percy intimated to him her permission for audience of leave. When he came into her presence, she reproached him for disrespect, and told him "that every one noticed he never entered her presence, though he lodged under her roof."

The chancellor replied, "that she had mentioned his punish-

ment, and not his fault; that it was true he wished not all the world to behold that he was not favoured by her who was the widow of his late benefactor, and the mother of his present king; and that, as she enjoyed the assistance of a puissant court, and he had not in his power to aid her with the smallest service, he had abstained from obtruding himself on her presence, as he knew he was unwelcome; but he hoped she would not now dismiss him, without naming what she had taken amiss in his conduct."

Queen Henrietta could have told him that his zeal in keeping her sons steady in their attachment to the church of England was the head and front of his offending. But though she shut her eyes to the fact that their compliance with the dominant religion of France would seem at once time-serving, insincere, and ruinous to all their future hopes in England, still she did not name the real cause of her heart-burning against her husband's old friend. She said some passionate words respecting an old grudge, "that he had lessened formerly her credit with her husband, but that she should be glad to change her opinion now." So, carelessly extending her hand to him, and turning half away while he knelt and kissed it, she departed, with a displeased air, into her bed-chamber.

The duke of York did all that was in his power to assist his young brother; indeed, he was nearly under as much disgrace as Gloucester with his mother for the same cause.[1] This prince testified as ardent an attachment to the church of England, while oppressed and exiled, as he shewed to the church of Rome in the decline of his life. No representations of interest, made by his mother, could induce him to forsake his father's faith. Charles II. had charged him to watch over the proceedings of their mother, in regard to the religious education of their young brother. He wrote to him thus:[2]—"I have told you what the queen hath promised me, concerning our brother Harry, in point of religion; and I have given him charge to inform you if any attempt should be made upon him, in which case you will take the best care you can to prevent his being wrought upon."

[1] Autograph Memoirs of James II. [2] Miscellanea Aulica, p. 108.

When the princess of Orange and the queen of Bohemia (who then resided under the protection of the States of Holland) heard of the persecutions which young Gloucester was enduring from his mother, on account of his attachment to the religion of which they were both tried and sincere votaries, they were shocked and indignant, and urged Charles II. to send for him to them. The admirable queen of Bohemia thus wrote her mind to sir Edward Nicholas on this subject:[1]—"I was, Saturday last, with my *best* niece (the princess of Orange) at Teiling, it being her birth-day; I assure you that she is in much trouble for her dear brother Gloucester. I am sorry the king (Charles II.) has so much cause for grief; I beseech God that he may speedily remedy it. I believe that my dear nephew Gloucester has a good resolution, but there is no trusting to one of his tender age. I confess I did not think the queen, his mother, would have proceeded thus." The postscript to this letter comprised an important event, as it afterwards proved, to queen Henrietta, and this was the arrival of Anne Hyde, at the Hague, as maid of honour to the princess of Orange. The princess had previously, out of gratitude for the fidelity of chancellor Hyde to her unfortunate father, given him a house of hers at Breda, rent-free, without which, as he declares, he must have wanted shelter for his children. When his eldest daughter was about fifteen, the princess, who was very fond of her, wished to relieve the chancellor of her maintenance. The chancellor reminded her that queen Henrietta would be offended, because he knew she wished to recommend a young lady in the place of young mistress Killigrew, who had died of the small-pox, while the princess of Orange was staying at the Spa with the king, her brother. He declared likewise, "that her royal highness's favour to his daughter would draw upon him a further access of the displeasure of his queen, which already heavily oppressed him, and that her royal highness would experience her share." To which the princess of Orange very properly replied, "I have always paid the duty to the queen, my mother, which was her due, but I am mistress of my own family, and can receive what servants I please; nay, I should

[1] The queen of Bohemia to sir E. Nicholas, dated Nov. 16, 1664.—Evelyn's Correspondence, &c., vol. iv. p. 152.

wrong my mother if I forbore to do a good and just action lest her majesty should be offended at it. I know that some ill offices have been done you to my mother, but I doubt not that in due time she will discern that she has been mistaken."

Chancellor Hyde remained greatly averse to a separation from his daughter; but the partiality of the princess and the queen of Bohemia to the young lady overbore his reluctance, and Anne Hyde was finally established at the Hague.

Meantime, queen Henrietta shewed some repentance for her cruelty to her youngest son; but, poor as they were, her children and her husband's family preferred taking the cost of his maintenance upon them, to trusting his religion and happiness with her.

"By this post," wrote the queen of Bohemia, "I have had very good news of Gloucester's constancy in his religion, and of my lord of Ormonde's handsome carriage in that business; the queen saith, 'she will press him no further in it;' but I hope the king (Charles II.) will not trust to her, but get him away."

This suggestion was immediately acted upon; Charles II. wrote formally to his mother, claiming his young brother as his subject. Queen Henrietta was obliged to permit him to depart,[1] in the middle of December, 1654.

Queen Henrietta, having thus driven her sons from her, remained, with her young daughter, a guest in the Palais Royal, occupied with the hopes and fears of that child's future destination. She had ventured to hope that the

[1] There is a letter from her extant, dated on that day, written to the old cavalier, sir Edward Nicholas, at Cologne, who was the secretary to the exiled king. In it the queen of Bohemia preferred an earnest request that the royal boy might be permitted to visit her and his sister on his way to Cologne. "I long to hear," she says, "that my sweet nephew Gloucester is at Brussells. My niece of Orange has sent Nick. Armourer to meet him there. I have written by him to Gloucester, that if the king would permit him to take this place (the Hague) and Teiling in his way from Brussells, he need not make such haste to see the king, who saw him lately, but it is much longer since we saw him. I *am sure* our *Hoghen Moghens* will take no notice of it, if they be not asked the question, as they were for the king's coming to Breda." The young duke of Gloucester did not arrive at Brussels till New Year's-day. He was accompanied by his faithful tutor, Mr. Lovell. He visited Teiling, at that time the residence of his sister, the princess of Orange, where his aunt of Bohemia went to meet him.

This young prince made his first campaign under the auspices of his brother James, duke of York. They fought in the Spanish service against

young king, Louis XIV., would be captivated in due time by the charms of her daughter; and the queen-regent, Anne of Austria, had assured her "that if the marriage treaty with her brother's daughter, the infanta Maria Theresa, was broken, that the king, her son, should espouse the young princess of England;" but she owned, "that to see him marry her Spanish niece, was the first wish of her heart." Louis XIV., who was still in his minority, had as yet seen no beauty in his young English cousin, who was a small delicate child, and he took an opportunity of shewing his mother and aunt, that if any accident freed him from his Spanish *fiancée*, it was the last of his thoughts to replace her with the English princess.

One evening, in the spring of 1655, queen Henrietta and her daughter were invited to see the king dance at a ball, which Anne of Austria gave in her private apartments. That queen had been ill some days, and appeared dressed in a wrapping robe, and the cornette, or morning cap of that era, to mark that she was an invalid. Her guests were the duchesses and ladies of her household, and those who had young daughters brought them to figure in the *grande quadrille*, which was formed for the young king. The party was rather of a juvenile character, and the dancers were from the age of the princess of England, who was about eleven, to the age of Louis XIV., who was just sixteen.

It was the first amusement of the kind in which the princess Henrietta of England had appeared, and etiquette

Cromwell, who attacked the Spanish Netherlands afterwards. The duke of York records, when describing a very sharp action,—"The duke of Gloucester, during all that day, seconded me, and behaved as bravely as any of his ancestors." He was then scarcely sixteen. This slight digression throws some light on the perfect harmony that prevailed among the children of Charles I., and their attachment to the church of England at a time when there was no worldly motive to induce them to adhere to it. The tender friendship that subsisted between the queen of Bohemia and her brother's children, although rival interests rendered their descendants foes, is likewise an historical fact, fully proved by her correspondence, from which the above quotations have been made. She felt all their wrongs and sufferings as keenly, or more so, than her own; she loved and cherished their friends, and hated their foes, with all the vivacity of her nature. Elizabeth detested Christine of Sweden, and utterly refused introduction to her, on account of the abuse that fantastic personage levelled at Charles I., "her most dear brother," and the sycophantic homage she offered to Cromwell. "Sure," wrote the queen of Bohemia, at this juncture, "Cromwell is the beast in the Revelations, whom all the kings of the earth do worship. I wish him a like end, and speedily."—Letters of the Queen of Bohemia, Evelyn Collection.

demanded that her cousin, the young king of France, should dance with her. He was then distractedly in love with Marie de Mancini, (niece to his artful prime-minister, Mazarine,) and was ready to share his crown with her. This young lady not being present, he chose to dance with her sister, the duchess de Mercœur, and, despite of his mother's commands, led her out as his partner in the *branlé* or brawl, the national dance of the English being then fashionable in France. The queen-regent rose abruptly from her chair of state, where she was sitting by queen Henrietta, and advancing to Louis XIV., took the niece of Mazarine from him, and commanded him to lead the young princess of England to the dance. Queen Henrietta, greatly alarmed at the anger of her sister-in-law and the lowering brow of her nephew, immediately rose and joined the group; she assured the king "that her daughter would not dance, she was too young, besides she had hurt her foot, and could not be his partner." These polite excuses availed not; Anne of Austria declared that if the queen of England suffered not her daughter to dance, the king should have no partner of lower rank. The result was, that neither Louis XIV. nor the princess Henrietta joined the dancers. The king was in disgrace all the evening with his mother, who reproached him from time to time, and he answered, sullenly, "that he did not like little girls."[1]

The queen of England could not help attributing the rudeness of the young king to contempt for her fallen state. She, however, experienced a still more serious mortification when the princess Marguerite, the daughter of her sister, the duchess of Savoy, arrived at the court of France, literally as a candidate for the hand of Louis XIV. This tawny princess treated her aunt and the fair, delicate, English princess, her daughter, with the supercilious condescension that some rich heiresses use towards poor relations.[2]

For nearly two years a coldness had been kept up between queen Henrietta and her sons, who were inclined to view her exclusive fondness for their young catholic sister with something like angry jealousy, when the princess of Orange paid her a visit in hopes of reconciling all differences. The queen was delighted to see her eldest daughter; but

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. v. pp. 185, 186. [2] Ibid.

the moment she beheld her the mania of conversion returned. She carried her to the nuns of Chaillot, who beset the poor princess with their pious entreaties; father Cyprian added his theological arguments; but all in vain, the princess of Orange persisted in remaining true to the church of England.[1]

It was at this visit that the duke of York, who had accompanied his sister at the end of his campaign as her escort to Paris, fell in love with Anne Hyde, of whom he thus speaks in his memoirs:—"Besides her person, she had all the qualities proper to inflame a heart less apt to take fire than his, and she brought his passion to such a height, that, between the time he first saw her and the winter before the king's restoration, he resolved to marry none but her, and promised her to do it. The king, to whom he confided his passion, refused his consent, and dissuaded his brother from the marriage, which made him conceal it for several months.[2]

Time and death, meanwhile, were silently effecting a change in the fortunes of the royal family of England; but the decease of her great enemy, Cromwell, at first raised no hopes in the mind of the widowed queen, for the restoration of her son. It is a curious point to be able to unveil her actual feelings at this crisis, by means of the following letter,[3] written to a person in whom she so thoroughly confided as madame de Motteville. It was in answer to a letter of that lady, congratulating her on the removal of her persecutor:

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO MADAME DE MOTTEVILLE.

"You might accuse me with reason of showing little sensibility to the kindness of my friends, if I did not inform you that I only received your letter this morning, though dated on Sunday. I thought you would hear with joy the news of the death of that *scélérat*; but I own to you, whether it be that my heart is so wrapped in melancholy, that it is incapable of it, or that I really see not, as yet, any great advantages that will accrue to us, but I feel no very great satisfaction; the most I have is, seeing the hopes of all

[1] MS. of Père Cyprian, who admits, when discussing this visit, that queen Henrietta had secretly endeavoured to turn her daughter Mary from the church of England in her girlhood.

[2] Autograph Life of James II., edited by Macpherson, p. 15-21.

[3] Madame de Motteville, vol. v. p. 275. This letter is headed, "Copy of a letter of Henriette Marie, queen of England, written throughout with her own hand, to madame de Motteville, this Wednesday, September 18, 1658, N.S." The death of Cromwell had occurred September 13, N.S., September 3, Old Style.

my friends. I beg you will thank madame du Plessis and mademoiselle de Belnave very warmly. I should be indeed rejoiced to make the fourth in your company. I would dwell long on the tried friendship of all of you for me; but in truth there is more in my heart than can be expressed, and my actions shall make you see it on all occasions. I entreat you to believe, or you will wrong me, that I am, from the depth of my soul, your friend,

"HENRIETTE MARIE R."

The hopes of better times, which had appeared so indistinct to the mind of the widow of Charles I., were gradually developed in the course of the next few months, when the appearance of certain English time-servers, who flocked to her court, and endeavoured to forestal her favour, proved the unerring symptoms of approaching prosperity. From the journal of one of these fair-weather friends may be gathered the following intelligence: "After the death of Cromwell," says sir John Reresby, "I endeavoured to be known in the queen-mother's court, which she kept then at the Palais Royal. Her majesty, at that time, had none of her children with her, but the princess Henrietta Maria, and as few of the English made their court to her, I was the better received. I spoke French, and danced pretty well, and the young princess, then about fifteen years of age, behaved to me with all the civil freedom that might be; she danced with me, played on the harpsichord to me in her chamber, suffered me to wait on her, as she walked in the garden, and sometimes to toss her in a swing, between two great trees, and, in fine, to be present at all her innocent diversions.[1]

"The queen had a great affection for England, though she had met with such severity of usage there. Before the great men and ladies of France, she discoursed much in praise of the people and country—of their courage, their generosity, and good nature; and she would excuse the rebellion, as being brought about by some desperate enthusiasts, rather than proceeding from the temper of the nation. To give a little instance of her care, in regard to our countrymen, I happened one day to carry an English gentleman to court, and he, willing to be very gay, had got him a garniture of rich red and yellow ribbons to his suit, and the queen, observing the absurd effect, called to me,

[1] Sir John Reresby's Memoirs, p. 4. Swinging was still a fashionable diversion in the time of Addison. See the Spectator.

and advised me to tell my friend to mend his taste a little as to his choice of ribbons, for the two colours he had joined were ridiculous in France, and would make people laugh at him."

"I had three cousins in an English convent, in France, one of them an ancient lady, since abbess of the house. Thither the queen was wont to retire for some days, and this lady told me that lord Jermyn had the queen greatly in awe of him, and indeed it was obvious that he had uncommon interest with her and her concerns; but that he was married to her, or had children by her, as some have reported, I did not then believe, though the thing was certainly so." Pepys mentions the same gossip story, and speaks of a daughter that the queen had by Jermyn.

An assertion has likewise been made in print, to the following effect, by an anonymous writer: "I myself have often heard Mr. R. Osborne, then at Paris, with the exiled king, affirm that he saw lord Jermyn and queen Henrietta solemnly married together." Who I myself may be, by name, it would not be easy at present to discover; he is the anonymous author of a most atrocious libel, published in 1690, with the avowed intention of surpassing all the other personal slanders on the Stuart sovereigns, a difficult task, but he has certainly accomplished it.[1]

So little did the government of France expect the restoration of the royal family of Stuart, that cardinal Mazarine, fearful of incurring the enmity of Cromwell's successor, would not permit Charles II. to stay more than a few days with queen Henrietta, when he was on his road from Fontarabia. Both the queen and her son earnestly petitioned that he might be permitted to stay longer with her, she being then at her country seat, at Colombes;[2] nevertheless, Mazarine insisted on his departure from France. Charles left his mother unwillingly, as he had many consultations to hold with her, respecting the important change in English affairs, and to the regret of both, he was forced to retire to Brussels.

Reresby, who was rather better acquainted with the state of the public mind in England than the French prime

[1] Secret History of the Reigns of Charles II. and James II., with a True Portraicture of William Henry of Nassau.

[2] Memoirs of James II., written by himself.

minister, remained a close attendant on queen Henrietta's court, and was actually there when the news of the Restoration arrived. He affirms that the queen expressed extravagant joy; and that the whole French and English court might rejoice with her, she gave a magnificent ball, to which every courtier of note, belonging to either country, was invited, and all the English gentlemen of whatsoever politics they might be, were guests; among others, sir John Reresby was commanded by the queen to dance with the cardinal's niece, the beautiful Hortense Mancini. "There was a much greater resort at this time to our queen's court," pursues Reresby, "than to those of the two French queens, for her good humour and wit, and the great beauty of the young princess, her daughter, made it more attractive than the solemn Spanish etiquette observed in the others. I had more honours from our queen and her daughter, while I staid at Paris, than I deserved." That certainly was true, since the only return he made for their hospitality, was to promulgate a slander, for which not the slightest evidence can be discovered.

In private, the joy of queen Henrietta assumed a devout character; it appears that she was at the Palais Royal when the news arrived, and hastened from her abode to her nuns at Chaillot the moment she heard of it, to glad them with the good tidings. Here she remained till her son Charles II. paid her a flying visit, incognito, to Paris, for the purpose of consulting her on the subject. The mother and son dined together in the refectory of the Chaillot convent, and were waited on at table by the nuns. In the evening the queen assisted at a solemn service in the chapel, in which the whole choir sung, and prayers were offered for the benedictions of Heaven on the royal family of England.[1]

The queen resumed, from this time, all her former activity of mind; and to assist her son in his restoration, she exerted herself to obtain for him a loan, or present, of fifty thousand crowns, from the duchess of Savoy, her sister, and she renewed every ancient tie and alliance in his favour.

The delirious joy of the Restoration, May 29, 1660, was not witnessed by her, a circumstance which called forth the

[1] Inedited MS. at the Hotel de Soubise, Secret Archives of France.

following apostrophe from her poet and secretary, the celebrated Cowley, in his ode on the return and restoration of Charles II.

"Where's now the royal mother—where?
To take her mighty share
In this inspiring sight,
And with the part she takes, to add to the delight!
Ah, why art thou not here?
Thou always best, and now the happiest queen!
To see our joy, and with new joy be seen.
How well thy different virtues thee become,
Daughter of triumphs, queen of martyrdom!"

Her delay seems to have been occasioned by the negotiation she had in hand, in regard to her daughter's marriage with her nephew Philippe, who, by the death of her brother Gaston, in the autumn of 1659, had lately become duke of Orleans. In the midst of the rejoicings for the union of his eldest brother, Louis XIV., with the infanta, Maria Theresa, Orleans had fallen violently in love with his beautiful cousin. It is said that Louis XIV. was likewise sensibly touched by her charms, when it was too late. A marriage between one or other of her royal nephews, with her daughter, was the aim of Henrietta, from the time she determined to bring her up a catholic. Even so unworldly a person as Père Cyprian was fully aware of the policy of the queen of England in this matter. His manuscripts contain a graphic portrait of Henrietta of England. He says: "Now, I will continue the history of my *petite princesse*. It was well known how entirely she was beloved by the queen her mother. Indeed it often happens, that parents love most tenderly their youngest children, witness the affection of the patriarch Jacob, for Joseph and Benjamin. Of all her children, certainly the queen cherished *la petite princesse* the most, though she had for the whole, the true affection of a mother." It must be owned, with due deference to the Père Cyprian Gamache, that she had a most extraordinary way of shewing it, to those who persisted in attending the service of the church of England.

"*La petite princesse*," continues the father, "was of a rare beauty, of a sweet temper, and a noble spirit, and applied herself to all the exercises fitting to her royal degree. She excelled the most skilful in dances, in musical instruments,

and all similar accomplishments; the elegance of her person, her port sweetly majestic, and all her movements so justly and tastefully regulated, called forth the praises of every one who beheld her. Above all, her aunt, madame Christine, the duchess of Savoy, envied the queen, her mother, *la petite princesse.* Supposing that she was to be brought up as a protestant, like her brothers and sisters, her aunt of Savoy expressed a wish to take her for her own, and bring her up in the religion that she thought would make her graces of mind equal those of her person."

As this sister of queen Henrietta had disgraced her regency by a fierce persecution of the Vaudois—that infamous persecution, which called forth the glorious sonnet of Milton, commencing—

> "Avenge, O Lord! thy martyr'd saints, whose bones
> Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,"

it was better that *la petite princesse* was educated under the mild tuition of her loving tutor, father Cyprian.[1]

The peaceable re-establishment of king Charles II. in his kingdoms, without war, without contest, and without a sword being drawn, occurred at the time when the princess, his sister, had gained the perfection of her beauty. The duke of Orleans, with the consent of his brother Louis XIV., proposed to marry her, and demanded her of the queen her mother.[1]

This affair came to a conclusion, when Charles II. had been settled in his kingdom about five months; queen Henrietta knew there was the important point of the portion of the young princess to settle with the English parliament. She therefore resolved to go to England with her daughter, to conclude the negotiation, and take possession at the same time of her own long withheld dowry. She hoped likewise to break the marriage of her second son James, with Mrs. Anne Hyde, of which she had heard some rumours, with rage and disgust. She need not have been so very indignant, if it is true that she had undertaken the negotiation of the marriage of the niece of cardinal Mazarine with her son, Charles II.,[2] for Mazarine and his family had sprung from the very lowest classes in their native country, while the ancestors of Anne Hyde belonged to a rank of English country

[1] MS. of Père Gamache. [2] Madame de Motteville, vol. vi.

gentry, the *nobiles minores*, as they are very truly called in the Issue Rolls, from among whom the proudest of her son's royal ancestors had not disdained to choose queens. Perhaps her chief inducement to negotiate this degrading marriage was, that she meant to divert the cardinal from shaking her son's newly-settled throne by his intrigues. However, Charles II. positively refused the alliance, and death removed Mazarine a few weeks after queen Henrietta had undertaken this commission.

Queen Henrietta was never again to behold the son with whom she had parted with such wrath, on account of his attachment to the church of England. The young duke of Gloucester had accompanied his brothers at the Restoration, and had been received with great regard, on account of his firmness to his religious principles. He fell ill with the small-pox, in September, and died on the 22nd of that month, "notwithstanding repeated bleedings," as the public papers of the day affirm.

The queen's grief for the death of her youngest son was interrupted by the unwelcome confirmation of the marriage of the duke of York with Anne Hyde. Nothing could exceed her exasperation at this event; it was not allayed by the letters she received from her eldest daughter, the princess of Orange, who had arrived in England at the very crisis of the whole discovery, and was warm in the expression of her rage at the idea of her maid becoming her sister-in-law. The queen expedited her journey to England, in hopes of rending asunder ties which she resolved should not be permanent; she immediately wrote a very severe letter to her son James, reproaching him "for having such low thoughts as to wish to marry such a woman." The duke of York shewed his mother's letter to his beloved, and assured her he would not be moved by it to her injury. To king Charles II. the queen wrote, "that she was on her way to England, to prevent, with her authority, so great a stain and dishonour to the crown;" and, among other passionate expressions, she added, "that her purpose was to complain to the parliament against the lord-chancellor, and to urge that the highest remedies were to be applied for the prevention of so great a mischief."[1]

Meantime envy and scandal had been busy with their

[1] Life of Clarendon, vol. i. p. 384.

usual work; a knot of profligate courtiers, stimulated by the hopes of ingratiating themselves with the queen-mother and the princess of Orange, had invented so many atrocious slanders on the character of the wife of the duke of York, that no man of honour could have retained an attachment to her, while they persisted in their testimony.

HENRIETTA MARIA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF CHARLES I. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER V.

Queen arrives at Calais—Meets her son, the duke of York—Rates him for his marriage—Embarks with him on board his fleet—Lands at Dover—Fanaticism of the queen's chaplain—Her arrival at Whitehall. Excessive sorrow—Death of her eldest daughter—Queen's recognition of Anne Hyde as duchess of York—Queen's arrangements of revenue and household—Her portraits as a widow—Embarkation at Portsmouth—Dangers and adventures—Forced to land again—Illness of her daughter—Arrival in France—Marriage of her daughter with Orleans—Queen grieved by her imprudence—Queen returns to England—Her residence at Somerset House, &c.—Conduct in England—Declining health—Returns to France—Residence at Colombe—Grief at the war with England and France—Her serious illness—Fatal consultation of physicians—Queen takes the opiate prescribed—Never wakes again—Expires—Distress in her household—Her heart sent to Chaillot—Her body rests there—Grand funeral at St. Denis—Bossuet's funeral sermon—Grand commemoration for the queen at Chaillot—Anecdotes of her from the nuns' manuscript—General mourning throughout England and France—Grief of the duchess of Orleans—Elegiac verses to the memory of queen Henrietta Maria.

FULL of wrath at the imprudence of her second son's marriage with an English gentlewoman, the queen-mother arrived at Calais, to embark with her beautiful darling, the princess Henrietta, for those shores from which she had so long been banished. Her son, the duke of York, against whom her rage flamed so high, arrived at Calais the same day, Oct. $\frac{8}{18}$, 1660, to escort her, as lord high admiral, to England, for which purpose a fleet of the finest ships in the British navy waited under his command.

Directly queen Henrietta saw her son, her passion gave vent to a torrent of reproaches on the subject of his engagement with Anne Hyde. The wrong which the duke imagined had been done to his disinterested love, was then burning at his heart, and he replied to his royal mother, "that he asked her pardon for having placed his affections so low; that he had been punished by the unworthiness of the object, of which he had received such evidence, that he would never again see her, nor could he own as his wife, a woman who had been so basely false to him."[1] The queen expressed herself well satisfied with this resolution, and nothing now prevented her from enjoying the scene of her embarkation, which took place with the utmost splendour, as a grand marine festival.

"All those mighty vessels were hung, from the topsails to the decks, with the gayest flags, numerous as the leaves of trees," says Père Gamache, who is the only historian of this embarkation; "the masts of that great fleet seemed to rise thickly as a forest. Their cannon began to discharge, one ship after another, when her majesty's embarkation commenced, and, in truth, for half an hour, a most marvellous noise they made, which was distinctly heard from Calais to Dover. But never surely was there seen so profound a calm at sea; the ocean remained waveless as a looking-glass; not a sail, not even a flag stirred or waved, and those majestic ships laid motionless on the surface of the water. Thus the English fleet, with her majesty on board, continued a day and night, which we had to pass on the sea. The duke of York had fortunately provided a sumptuous banquet on board, not only for his mother and sister, but for all their retinue; and thus was that great hunger appeased, which so long a sojourn on a calm sea naturally provoked. This regale was at the expense of our grand admiral, the duke of York, and when he remembered that we had to fast, because, by our calendar, it was the vigil of All Saints, he came to us kindly,[2] and said, 'I hear that you must not eat meat to-day. I doubt you will be inconvenienced, for all my people are huguenots,

[1] Life of Clarendon, vol. i. p. 387.

[2] MS. of Père Gamache, p. 120. Oct. 29th by New Style; Oct. 19th by Old Style, followed England.

who have made no provision of fish for such an exigence, but I believe there is some sturgeon for the queen, part of which I will send to your table." At that time, James, duke of York, was a very zealous member of the church of England; he had forgotten that his mother could not partake of his banquet on fast days any more than her ecclesiastics.

"The passage from Calais to Dover is usually made, in a favourable wind, in three hours," continues Père Gamache; "it was accomplished with difficulty, in this singular calm, in two days. About three o'clock in the afternoon the fleet drew near Dover, and his majesty, Charles II., came on board to welcome his royal mother. These illustrious personages landed at vesper time, with all the demonstrations of joy from the people that it was possible to shew. The king had prepared a feast for his royal mother and his sister, at Dover castle, with the utmost magnificence. At this supper were assembled every member of the royal family of Stuart, to welcome queen Henrietta; her beloved daughter, the princess of Orange, was there; and with them sat down to table, Charles II., James, duke of York, the princess Henrietta, and prince Rupert. Some of these royal personages were protestants, and others catholics: it was necessary to say grace according to their separate faiths. The king's chaplain began, and blessed the viands according to the protestant fashion. Immediately after, I made a catholic benediction, saying, in a solemn and elevated voice, '*Benedic Domine nos et hæc tua dona quæ tua largitate. Sumus sumpturi per Christum Dominum nostrum.*'[1] Then, extending my arms, I made a great sign of the cross over the table which was served, the king and my queen, and all the princesses and princes standing while I made my benediction. Around stood as spectators the townsmen of Dover, being puritans, independents, and *trembleurs*, (quakers, we presume,) all sworn enemies to the ceremonies of our church, especially to the sign of the cross; they testified great astonishment at the liberty I took in making it thus publicly at the table of their protestant king."

The whole population of Dover, it seems, had come to see the royal supper; and as the *père* says they were chiefly dissenters, assuredly nothing could be more mis-

[1] The Latin is thus written in the MS.

chievous or ill-judged than this parade of ceremonies, against which the religious feelings of the great body of the English people were opposed. The man was perfectly impracticable, being thoroughly unworldly, and only ambitious of martyrdom. He had, in his former residence in England, sought with great zeal an opportunity of being knocked on the head by some roundhead trooper or other, at the queen's chapel, in Somerset House, where he persisted in performing the Roman-catholic rites after the rebellion had broken out; and he returned to England full of the same spirit. At the same time, he seems perfectly unconscious of the great injury he was doing to the queen-mother, and the lately restored royal family. He goes on to describe the astonishment of the people, when, next morning, he and his coadjutors said high mass before queen Henrietta, in the great hall of Dover castle.

King Charles brought his mother from Gravesend by water to Whitehall, Nov. 2. The river from Lambeth to the city was so thronged with boats, that no person could make way among them. Pepys, who laid out sixpence for a sculler to row up to the royal barges, was disappointed, and observes, in a pet, "that there were but three bonfires in the city to welcome her, and it was believed that her coming did not please any one." The very next day after the queen's arrival at Whitehall, she held a great levée, and many of the nobility came to kiss her hand; the privy council waited on her in a body, and congratulated her on her return to England. The lord chancellor Clarendon, was obliged, by the etiquette of his official situation, to appear at their head. Notwithstanding the indignation that the queen cherished against his daughter, and which she had declared in France should prevent her from even speaking to him, she did not receive him less graciously than his companions.

The unfortunate Anne Hyde brought into the world, some days afterwards, a living son, which the duke of York would, a few weeks before, have been proud to own as his heir, but at this time his sister, and his friend sir Charles Berkeley, had so completely poisoned his mind with the doubts of his wife's fidelity, that he remained in a state of miserable uncertainty.[1]

[1] Life of Clarendon, vol. i. p. 390.

Although queen Henrietta manifested lively indignation whenever the remembrance of Anne Hyde occurred to her, yet she must be acquitted of the great wickedness of suborning false witnesses against her, of which crime the princess of Orange, who still remained in England, was by no means clear. But the dialogue that Clarendon himself records as passing between the duke of York and his royal mother at the embarkation, proves that these iniquities had been practised before the return of the latter, and that she was then equally a stranger to the scandals on Anne Hyde, and the effect produced by them on the mind of her son.

The thoughts of Henrietta soon were forced back to those heavy sorrows which prove how little the world is, with all the vain distinctions and pomps thereof, to a heart which has once been truly given to an object loved and lost. The transient triumph of her entrance into a metropolis which she had quitted so disastrously, was succeeded by feelings of the deepest sorrow, to which she abandoned herself, as if in a long lasting fit of despair. She shut herself up for hours alone, and when her ladies craved admittance, it was found that she had been weeping bitterly.[1] "The sight of the apartments where she passed her happy wedded life with Charles I. she declared agonized her; the vicinity to the scene of his death wrung her heart. She could not bear to look on that Westminster Hall where he was arraigned as a criminal, nor that palace of their former pleasures, the Banqueting House before which his blood was shed.[2] She sunk into the deepest melancholy, and the worst was, that the relief of change of place could not be afforded her, for there was neither funds or time to restore her dower palace of Somerset House, which was utterly dilapidated. 'Ruins and desolation,' she said, 'are around and about me.' A thousand sorrowful thoughts beset her; she wept, she wrung her hands, and called herself the desolate widow of Charles, *la reine malheureuse*.[3] All the ladies and officers of her household hoped that her stay would not be long in England."

While the queen-mother remained in this unhappy state, the duke of York, her favourite son, was ill and wretched with his heart yearning towards his wife and son. Al-

[1] Vie de Henriette de France, appended to the Oraison de Bossuet.
[2] Ibid. [3] MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache.

though he was quite ready to defy his mother and sister, who were so furiously set against his marriage with the daughter of Clarendon, he was strangely perplexed by the declaration of sir Charles Berkeley, the captain of his guard, who affirmed that both the mother and child pertained to him, and that he was ready to marry the one and own the other. The unfortunate Anne protested that her hand, her heart, and her infant, belonged to her princely husband, and took the most solemn oaths to this effect, before the bishop of Winchester and the duchess of Ormonde, while she was in a dangerous state between life and death. The king, who seems to have acted with unusual respectability on this occasion, took the part of his distressed sister-in-law, whom he declared he believed to be greatly wronged. In this state was the court of England, when the Christmas of 1660 drew near, which was to be celebrated in the palace with all the ancient festivities of merry England.[1]

The Christmas of 1660 was no season of rejoicing for the queen-mother. The royal vault which had so recently been unclosed to receive young Gloucester, again yawned for another of the royal family before the year was completed. The princess of Orange was smitten with the small-pox on the 18th of December. The fatal practice of bleeding repeatedly, while the eruption was appearing, was then the favourite medical treatment, and was the true cause why that horrid disease was generally fatal whenever it attacked persons of rank at this era. The struggle both

[1] "Christmas," says Père Cyprian, "was always observed in this country, especially at the king's palaces, with greater pomp than in any other realm in Europe." Among other ancient ceremonies now forgotten, he mentions a pretty one, in which a branch of the Glastonbury thorn, which usually flowers on Christmas-eve, used to be brought up in procession, and presented in great pomp to the king and queen of England on Christmas morning. Père Gamache, in mentioning this ceremony, says, this blossoming thorn was much venerated by the English, because, in their traditions they say, that St. Joseph of Arimathea brought to Glastonbury a thorn out of our Lord's crown, and planting it in the earth, it bourgeoned, and blossomed, and yearly produced blossoms to decorate the altar on Christmas-eve mass—

> "That only night in all the year
> Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear."
>
> WORDSWORTH.

The Père seems to enjoy very much the following anecdote of Charles I., though it was against the catholics:—"Well!" said the king, extending his

with the disease and the doctor was too much for most constitutions, and the patient usually succumbed. The queen, when she found that the princess of Orange was attacked with the small-pox, hurried away her beautiful darling Henrietta, and enclosed herself with her in the palace of St. James.[1]

How the queen could bear to leave the faithful daughter to expire alone, whose life had been a constant scene of self-sacrifice for the support and benefit of her exiled and impoverished family, seems strange; but so it was. All the maternal affections of queen Henrietta were centred in her adoration for her youngest child, from the moment that she resolved to educate her as a Roman-catholic.

When the princess of Orange was in the agonies of death, the thought smote her conscience that Anne Hyde had been foully slandered, whether with her consent is a point that Clarendon leaves doubtful. But he expressly says, that from what passed at the death-bed of this princess, the innocence of his daughter became apparent. The princess expired[2] on Christmas-eve, and was buried at midnight, on the 29th of December. Her funeral procession was by torch-light from Somerset House to Westminster Abbey, where she was laid in the Stuart vault, by the side of her beloved brother Gloucester.

Grief and disappointment had thrown the duke of York on a sick bed, when sir Charles Berkeley came to him, and avowed that all he had said against Anne Hyde was false-

hand, one Christmas-day, to take the flowering branch of Glastonbury thorn, "this is a miracle, is it?" "Yes, your majesty," replied the officer who presented it, "a miracle peculiar to England, and regarded with great veneration by the catholics here." "How so?" said the king, "when this miracle opposes itself to the pope?" (Every one looked astonished in the royal circle, papist and protestant.) "You bring me this miraculous branch on Christmas-day, old style. Does it always observe the old style, by which we English celebrate the nativity, in its time of flowering?" asked the king. "Always," replied the venerators of the miracle. "Then," said king Charles, "the pope and your miracle differ not a little, for he always celebrates Christmas-day ten days earlier by the calendar of new style, which has been ordained at Rome by papal orders for nearly a century." This dialogue probably put an end to this old custom, which, setting all idea of miracle aside, was a picturesque one, for a flowering branch on Christmas-day is a pleasing gift, whether in a court or a cottage.

[1] Memoir of Henrietta Maria, 1672, pp. 57-59. MS. of Père Gamache, p. 123; and Evelyn's Diary.

[2] Memoirs of James II.

witness, and "that he had been prompted to it by the belief that it would be the utter ruin of his royal highness if he married a private gentlewoman, and therefore he thought it would be better for her to have a husband of her own rank; but as he found that his dear master was so heart-wounded by the slander, he came to confess the truth and ask his pardon." That the death-bed confession of the princess led to this avowal there can be no doubt; probably Berkeley heard of it before the duke of York, and owned his guilt before it was proved to his confusion. The duke of York felt his heart suddenly relieved from its heavy load by this acknowledgment; he forgave the culprit, who had been heretofore his dearest friend and comrade in arms, and immediately wrote to his injured wife "to keep up her spirits, for Providence had cleared her aspersed fame; and above all things to have a care of his boy, and that he should come and see them both very shortly."[1] It is probable that Berkeley had formed a passion for Anne Hyde as well as his master, and wished to gain her on any terms.

The duke and duchess of York, though reconciled to each other, remained under the malediction and interdict of their royal mother, a circumstance which was in those days still considered inauspicious for an outset in married life. The duke of York was very desirous that queen Henrietta should forgive them, and receive his much-tried wife as her daughter. The time was short; the queen was departing for France early in the month of January, and her demeanour was as yet so implacable, that when king Charles gave some leading hints on the propriety of doing justice to the daughter of Clarendon, her majesty affirmed, in her passion, "If that woman enters Whitehall by one door I shall leave it by another." She was furious when she heard that the duke of York had visited his wife and infant; she would not speak to him or see him willingly; when he came with the king, she dared not refuse him entrance, but forbore to take the least notice of him.[2]

There is no satisfactory reason for the queen's sudden change given by Clarendon, who best knew all the motives that actuated the proceedings of the court at this juncture. He mentions that abbé Montague and the earl of St.

[1] Life of Clarendon, vol. i. [2] Ibid., p. 138.

Albans waited on him one after the other, and assured him that the queen was ready to forgive and receive his daughter, on account of a message she had received to that effect from cardinal Mazarine, who wished to remain on friendly terms with him. Yet, as Clarendon truly says, "he could not comprehend from what fountain the good-will of the cardinal proceeded, who had never before been propitious to him." The whole reconciliation evidently sprung from the death-bed remorse of the princess of Orange, for the queen's change of mind and purpose suddenly took place between the day of her death and of her burial. The queen had in all probability been told how differently her daughter had thought of the matter on her death-bed, but did not wish that the name of the princess should be called in question concerning the disgraceful calumny, but rather gave her forgiveness the semblance of a matter of diplomacy.

The queen's recognition of the daughter of Clarendon was observed on New Year's-day as a public festival. It was but two days after the burial of the princess of Orange, and the mourning for her was general, when the duke of York brought his duchess[1] from her father's residence, Worcester House, Strand, in state to Whitehall, where the royal family were to dine together in public. "As the queen passed to dinner, the duchess of York knelt to her; her majesty raised her, kissed her, and placed her at table."[2]

Such is the brief notice that father Cyprian takes of this scene. He is far more intent on describing an odd adventure, that took place at the same time, relative to his own small ceremonials, than dwelling on the feelings of the duchess of York. Nevertheless, we learn from him "that the royal family of Stuart usually dined in public," it may be supposed in the same manner customary to the royal family of France before the revolution of 1790. At the New Year's festival there sat down to table with the king, his mother, and his sister Henrietta, the duke of York, the newly-forgiven duchess, prince Rupert, and prince Edward, sons to the queen of Bohemia. Queen Henrietta never would eat her dinner without her chaplain, father Cyprian, said a Latin grace, and the king, of course,

[1] Pepys' Diary, vol. i. p. 165. [2] MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache.

ordered his chaplain to say grace according to the form of the church of England. There was a regular contest which of them should begin first. "On this occasion," observes father Cyprian, "the crowds were so vast, that both I and the church of England minister were struggling with the press of people who came to see the royal family dine, so that the minister fell down, and could not reach the royal table; but I gained it, and said the grace, and the king had begun his dinner some time before the minister could approach. When he did so, all the lords and gentlemen who stood behind the royal chair set up a loud laugh, and shouted 'that the king's chaplain and the queen's priest had run a race to say grace, but the chaplain was floored (*terrasse*), and the priest had won.'"[1] This is a specimen of the disorderly manners of the English courtiers just after the Restoration.

In the afternoon, queen Henrietta gave an audience of farewell in her bed-chamber, at Whitehall, to the ladies of her court previously to her departure for France. The duke of York led in his duchess, and presented her to his mother, "who," says Clarendon, "received her with the same grace as if she had approved the marriage from the beginning, and very kindly made her sit down by her."[2] Thus the queen, who had so lately pursued her daughter-in-law with scorn and malediction, in a few days associated her with the reception of her court. When lord Clarendon entered the queen rose from her chair, and as he had kept proudly aloof from her majesty since she had taken off her interdict from his daughter's marriage, the scene was likely to prove too interesting for so many witnesses, and at a sign from her majesty all her ladies retired.

The queen then said to Clarendon, with a serene and pleasant countenance, "that if she had spoken anything in her passion which he had taken ill, he ought to impute it to the great provocation she had received," for "she owned she had been deeply offended with her son the duke of York, and certainly had had no inclination to consent to his marriage; but as she had been informed by the king that this alliance had not been contrived by him (the chancellor), and that he was as much offended with it as was

[1] MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache. [2] Life of Clarendon, vol. i. p. 402.

worthy of him; and as his fidelity to her late husband was very eminent, and that he had served her son not only with as much fidelity, but with extraordinary success—And, therefore," pursued queen Henrietta, "do I receive your daughter as my daughter, and will heartily forgive the duke and her; and I am resolved ever after to live with all the affection of a mother towards them. And I am resolved to make a friendship with you myself, and I shall expect from you all the good offices which my kindness will deserve."

Lord Clarendon replied by praising "the mercy and clemency of her majesty in departing so soon from needful severity, and in pardoning a crime which was unpardonable," and assured her, "that she would have forgotten her own honour and station if she had been less offended; that, as for himself, he should always depend on her protection as his most gracious mistress, and would pay all obedience to her commands."

The queen then put into lord Clarendon's hand a paper, in which she pointed out to him some things which concerned her service and interest, and requested him to despatch them; and the evening drawing on, and many ladies filling the outer apartments, all anxious for an audience, lord Clarendon took his leave, by kneeling and kissing her majesty's hand.[1]

Such are the particulars of one of the most extraordinary marriages that ever took place in England, from which afterwards sprung two queen-regnants of Great Britain and Ireland, queen Mary II. and queen Anne, grand-daughters to Henrietta Maria. The duke and duchess of York had several sons, but out of a numerous family two daughters only reached maturity. Charles II. has been greatly blamed for suffering this marriage to receive his royal sanction. But what could the king do? The church and people of England still held the marriage vow in the deepest reverence, as irrevocable.[2]

[1] Life of Clarendon, vol. i. pp. 402, 403.

[2] The venerable law of England acknowledged the sanctity of the vow of wedlock without any respect of persons; and when parliament illegitimatized the children of a similar marriage to that of the duke of York with Anne Hyde, a revolution was the consequence; and the legitimacy of the daughters of Edward IV. was, in fact, decided by the bloody battle of Bosworth. Nor did Henry VIII. venture on his bigamies till he had enslaved

The queen had hastened her arrival in England in order to break this marriage, which she finally sanctioned, and now she only tarried till parliament had secured the marriage portion of the princess Henrietta, and her own dower, which was finally accomplished in the beginning of January, 1660-1. Most of her dower lands had been shared among the regicides. Okey, Walton, Scroop, Norton, Pride, Whalley, Edwards, and Tichbourne, Lambert, and Blackwell had not done their bloody work for nought, and were found in patriotic possession of large portions of the queen's dower. In many instances, it was considered impossible to wrest possession from those who held the dower lands, and in all the property was greatly wasted and injured. Therefore parliament granted her majesty, in compensation, 30,000*l.* per annum, and the king added a pension of 30,000*l.* more from the exchequer. As it was contrary to the ancient customs of the country for a queen dowager to be an absentee, being expected to spend her dower income in the country, her majesty promised to return and live in England, after she had superintended the marriage of the princess Henrietta to the duke of Orleans. She gave orders and plans for the repairs of her dower palaces of Somerset House and Greenwich. She likewise settled her court and household after the following plan. Her lord chamberlain and steward of her revenue was Henry lord Jermyn, lately created earl of St. Albans. The gossips of the court now resumed the story that she was secretly married[1] to him: of this we cannot gather a

his people. Instances were very rare in which an English parliament had ventured to put asunder those whom God had joined together; and the marriage vow of an English prince or peer was as sacred as that of a peasant. If a prince married against the leave of his sovereign, he rendered himself obnoxious to personal restraint and punishment, but not to divorce.

As the duke of York remained constant to the wife he had chosen, all that the king could do was to imprison and torment him; but a friendship subsisted between the royal brethren. Besides, the marriage could not be broken without degradation to the royal pedigree, by invalidating the marriages of Katharine of Valois with Owen Tudor, and Edward IV. with Elizabeth Woodville, both of which the church and people had maintained against all opposing acts of parliament. All these reasons, added to the affection there was between the royal brothers, caused Charles II. to acknowledge his sister-in-law as duchess of York. Moreover, at that time Charles II. had grace enough left to feel veneration and gratitude to her father, the loyal earl of Clarendon.

[1] We have been favoured by a communication from the noble family who

particle of evidence. The only proof offered in support of this assertion is not a very complimentary one to matrimony; it is, that the queen often looked pale, and seemed alarmed when he entered the room where she was.[1] Sir John Reresby gathered this intelligence from his cousins, the nuns, who, not being very conversant in matrimonial affairs, supposed, perhaps, that this was the usual effect of the presence of a lady's lord and master. But we have shewn that lord Jermyn had, from a very early period of her life, been the queen's confidential servant at the head of her court, and was, by his office, obliged to communicate whatsoever had befallen. How direful his tidings had sometimes been, these pages have related. It is no marvel, then, considering how full of disasters her career had been, that her poor cheek sometimes blanched at his entrance. In his hands, likewise, all her funds were placed; he had the management of her expenditure, and she had suffered sufficiently, in regard to pecuniary distress, to cause uneasiness of mind, when she apprehended that he entered her presence to discuss harassing money matters.

Lord Jermyn, by his new title of St. Albans, still continued the prime minister of her court and revenue. Her vice-chamberlain was a Frenchman, M. Vautelet, whose salary was 200*l.* The celebrated sir Kenelm Digby was her chancellor; he was a Roman-catholic, much given to a fantastical belief in spirits and astrology. The queen's master of horse was lord Arundel of Wardour, count of the Roman empire. He was a Roman-catholic. Her secretary was sir John Winter; the poet Cowley was her private secretary, employed in the decyphering of her correspondence.[2] From Cowley's complaining letters, it is generally supposed that he had been cruelly and ungratefully neglected by the queen. Such was not the case; she granted him lands for life, as soon as she obtained possession of any part of her dower-domains. She gave him that which would have enriched him, but he died not long after the Restoration.

The comptroller of the queen's household was sir Thomas

are the collateral representatives of lord Jermyn. They possess some of his letters, but not one which gives the least authenticity to this report.

[1] Sir John Reresby's Memoirs.

[2] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1672, p. 62.

Bond. She had four gentlemen ushers, or ushers of the privy chamber, at 130*l.* per annum each, and diet; four grooms of the privy chamber, each at 60*l.* salary, and diet; four pages and eight grooms of her great presence chamber. She had two cup-bearers, two carvers, and two gentlemen ushers of the great presence chamber; each had 120*l.* salary, and "*bouche* of the court" at the same table.[1]

The chief lady of Henrietta's bed-chamber was the dowager duchess of Richmond, a beautiful young widow, the eldest daughter of the mighty favourite of James and Charles I., and sister of the dissolute and witty Villiers, duke of Buckingham.

This lady belonged to the church of England; in conversation she agreed with father Cyprian on so many points, that he had the most lively hopes of her conversion; but, to the great vexation of his spirit, he found it impossible to coax her into a profession of the Roman-catholic creed.

Lady Newport was the next lady of the bed-chamber; there were four ladies of the privy chamber, each having a salary of 150*l.* per annum; there were eight bed-chamber women. Lady Saunderson was the queen's laundress; this lady was a trusted servant of the royal family; to her care Charles I. had consigned his George and personal jewels the day of his execution.[2]

The ecclesiastical establishment of queen Henrietta was re-instated in her palace. If she had been ruled by wisdom and right judgment, she would have kept all the outward and visible signs of her religion as much as possible from collision with the furious prejudices of the sectarians, instead of irritating them by an ostentatious display of ceremonies, which were obnoxious to them. But, instead of this moderation, even father Cyprian, the meekest of the party, boasts of making the sign of the cross to the vexation of the sectarians of Dover; and if he, whose private memoirs bespeak him, in general, a mild philanthropist, indulged in this species of warfare, how, may we ask, did the fierce abbé Montague conduct himself, who had already urged the queen to so much intolerant cruelty towards

[1] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1672. [2] Ibid.

young Gloucester? No doubt the catholic establishment of the queen-mother in England was as injurious to the popularity of her newly restored family as it had been to the cause of her husband when she was queen-consort. She had her lord almoner, (abbé Montague,) brother to the earl of Manchester, his salary being 700*l.* per annum. The queen's confessor, father Lambert, a French gentleman, had a salary of 300*l.* per annum. Her clerk of the closet, who was assistant to her confessor, had 200*l.* per annum, and a lay brother received a salary of 40*l.* Her convent of capuchins adjoined the chapel at Somerset House, and consisted of a warden, called a father guardian, seven priests, the elder of whom was Père Cyprian Gamache, and two lay brothers; this convent cost the queen 500*l.* per annum. The capuchins undertook the service of the chapel daily, and preached sermons every Sunday and holiday, and during Lent."

"In the depths of her distress, at the blockade of Paris, queen Henrietta had sold not only her jewels, to supply her famishing household, but even the altar-plate of her chapel; she had not hitherto been able to afford to replace them. But when she was preparing to depart for England, at the Restoration, the duchess d'Aiguilon, niece of cardinal Richelieu, presented the altar-plate, left her by that minister, to queen Henrietta: it was very rich, brilliant, and magnificent, and was used at the catholic chapel in Somerset House."[1]

The queen had a guard of gentlemen-at-arms, very splendidly dressed, all men of family. They wore black velvet cassocks, embroidered with gold, and with a gold embroidered badge; they carried halberts, and waited in lines when her majesty went to her sedan, or into her chapel, or when she passed to her meals. When she went out in a coach, they rode, gallantly mounted, each with carabines slung to their waist, on each side of her carriage, which was usually drawn by six horses; these guards always wore their hats, whether they were on duty in the palace, or without doors. The earl of St. Albans was their captain.[2]

[1] MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache.

[2] Life of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

The chief equerry of the queen was sir Edward Wingfield, who governed the stable, and had under his care four-and-twenty horses and four coaches. There were, in the queen's establishment, twelve footmen, twelve bargemen in her liveries, four pages of the back stairs, and several officers of her pantry, ewry, cellar, and buttery. She appointed a master of the buck hounds, a master of the bows, of the queen's games, and of her chapel of music.[1] Such was the establishment of a queen dowager within the last two centuries.

Although the household of queen Henrietta was thus magnificently arranged, she had long given up all splendour of dress. She never left off the sable garb she wore for king Charles, and her pictures represent her in widow's weeds. The plainness of her attire, after she returned to England, is noted by that quaint oddity, Pepys, in terms of disparagement and disappointment, when he describes a visit to Whitehall, to gaze on the royal family. "Mr. Fox came in presently, and did take my wife and I to the queen's presence chamber, where he got my wife placed behind the queen's chair, and the two princesses came in to dinner. The queen is a very little *plain*[2] old woman, and nothing more in her presence or garb than in any ordinary woman."

Several portraits are extant of the once lovely daughter of Henry Quatre, in the plain black dress with the widow's veil, which she wore after the death of her husband. There is one painting, at château d'Eu, in this mourning, which represents her with her beauty scarcely faded. Even under the iron rule of Cromwell, engravings were published of the royal widow in her weeds. One of these is a good likeness, representing her in the black veil with its triangular frontlet, a strait white cape, but one jewel formed in a cross, and a black dress; it is the frontispiece of a cookery-book, a great curiosity, called the "Queen's Closet Broke Open." The publisher has fearlessly put his name

[1] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, pp. 62-67.

[2] Pepys' Journal, vol. i., p. 160. By the word plain, he means unpretending. He adds, "The princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing herself with her hair frizzed short up to her ears, did make her seem so much the less to me. My wife standing near her, with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than *she*."

and address. Much praise is bestowed on the widowed queen's virtues and skill in medicine and cookery, which were more likely to interest in her favour the middle classes of England than commendations on her courage and magnanimity, especially as on the title page it is affirmed that some of the recipes had been honoured by her majesty's own personal practice in her leisure hours—when these occurred, the author, who pretends to be one of her household, does not say, and we can assure our readers that the assertion is an audacious bookseller's puff. Several possets and plague-waters are in the work, sanctioned by the queen's name, and many strange and barbarous compounds quoted as her favourite dishes.

There is another portrait of Henrietta completely in sable weeds, with merely a small fold of white lawn round the throat; her hair is in full ringlets, but wholly enveloped in crape.

As soon as her reconciliation with the duke and duchess of York was effected, queen Henrietta, in mortal terror, lest the small-pox should destroy the life or beauty of her only remaining daughter, hurried that darling of her heart from the infected metropolis to Hampton Court. She waited there till parliament had settled on the princess Henrietta a marriage portion of 40,000 jacobuses, accompanied with a gift of 20,000*l.* as an outfit. The king attended his royal mother and sister to Portsmouth, where they embarked in a first-rate man-of-war, (the London,) January 9, 1660-1.[1] A train of disasters as usual attended her voyage.

The queen sailed from Portsmouth the following day; the princess Henrietta was very ill, which was attributed to sea-sickness; but the next day a violent eruption appeared, with all the symptoms of the small-pox, and the queen recalled, in agony, how lately she had lost two of her children with the same malady. The princess grew worse every moment, and the queen insisted on returning to Portsmouth. Her terrors regarding her child's illness were soon varied by apprehension of losing her by drowning, for the pilot, or the earl of Sandwich, who commanded the London, ran the vessel on the Horse-sand, near Portsmouth, where she

[1] Pepys' Diary, vol. i. p. 170.

grounded. The queen positively refused to leave the ship till she saw what turn the illness of the princess would take. The physicians soon after declared that the princess might land, for her illness was not the small-pox, but a bad attack of measles. During the recovery of the princess, the queen remained with her at Portsmouth.[1]

Père Cyprian was in the queen's suite, and ought to have given the best account of all these adventures, but the whole soul and intellect of the father was intent upon a conversion at Portsmouth; it seemed in his eyes of more consequence than the safety of the London, her majesty, his royal pupil, the admiral, the crew, and passengers, including himself. He had almost persuaded the clergyman of one of the churches at Portsmouth to declare himself a catholic, and to forsake his wife and family, assuring him "that the queen would allow him, as a proselyte to her faith, a handsome pension."[2] Nothing could be more mischievously mad than for her to do any such thing, or even for it to be talked of, or hinted at, that she was likely or willing to do so. It is an instance which illustrates the causes of the extreme unpopularity of queen Henrietta in England. However, the proselyte altered his mind, and the queen was not tempted to commit so notorious a wrong, as to pension a renegade clergyman of the church of England out of the dower she received from the country.

The queen was forced to abide at Portsmouth a fortnight, before she could re-embark without danger of injuring the princess. It was the 26th of January before they sailed; and this time they accomplished the voyage very happily, and soon arrived at Havre. It was the intention of the queen to pass through Rouen; but the governor sent word, on their approach, that the small-pox was raging there like a pest, and that many persons died of that disease daily. At first the queen was disposed to think that the governor sent this message to spare himself the trouble and expense of entertaining royal guests; but, on inquiry, she found it was a salutary warning which probably had saved the life of the daughter who was so precious to her. The queen therefore took her route towards Pontoise, but, on the road, the duke of Longueville, governor of Normandy, met

[1] Pepys' Diary, Mademoiselle de Motteville, and MS. of Père Gamache.
[2] MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache, p. 124.

her at the head of a squadron of horse, composed of the flower of the Norman nobility. He escorted her majesty to a château of his, at some distance from the infected city of Rouen, and there he entertained her most splendidly. The times were changed since this prince and his party of the Fronde[1] had besieged Henrietta in the Louvre, and caused her and the very princess who accompanied her to suffer cold and hunger.

Queen Henrietta held a grand court at the château de Longueville, where were presented to her many of the Norman nobles and their ladies. The president of Rouen craved an audience, and made her a very eloquent harangue, "to which," says Père Gamache, "her majesty listened with the utmost attention, and having a ready wit and great presence of mind, she made him a prompt and judicious answer, in the course of which she recommended to his attention some differences between the civil authorities and the capuchins of his province." Of course, if such was the theme of her majesty's discourse, it would appear to possess the eloquence of an angel to the mind of father Cyprian. It will, however, be owned that the power of answering gracefully and promptly to an address, is one of the most valuable qualifications a royal personage can possess.

The president of Rouen having promised her majesty his favourable attention to her protegés, the capuchins, she was conducted to her coach with great state; the duke of Longueville, and the cavaliers of the *haute noblesse* of Normandy, rode by her carriage a day's journey on the way to Pontoise. Here she had consented to accept of the hospitality of her lord almoner, Montague, who was abbot of Pontoise. The queen was astonished at the grandeur with which her almoner performed his hospitalities; neither she nor her retinue could sufficiently admire his plate, his pictures, his jewels, his hangings, and the fine banquet spread for them. But it soon appeared that queen Henrietta and her daughter were not the only royal guests expected. A mighty flourish of trumpets, kettle-drums, and cymbals was heard, and, soon after, Louis XIV. and his queen, Marie Therese, with the duke of Orleans, alighted at the abbey, and came to welcome queen Henrietta and the princess.[2]

[1] MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache, p. 125. [2] Ibid.

"The king and queen of France remained conversing alone with her majesty the queen of England till evening," adds Père Cyprian, "and as to Monsieur, the duke of Orleans, he deemed himself in paradise when he saw our princess Henrietta,[1] whom he tenderly loved, and whom he considered as his future spouse. He had suffered much from grief and apprehension during her absence. He had been troubled with insomnolences, agitations of the heart, and the greatest anguish when her life was in danger." It would seem, whether to test his affection, or from some other reason not explained, that the unfortunate lover had been kept in suspense, and was not informed that his princess accompanied her mother. Father Cyprian describes his demeanour as if he were very desperately enamoured indeed. "He stood at first with his eyes intently fixed on the princess Henrietta, as if he knew not how to believe that he saw her, and expected her to vanish from his sight. At last he recovered himself, kissed her, and spoke to her; and, after some time, he begged to learn from her own lips all the particulars of her voyage, and he listened with great pleasure and rapt attention to all her adventures."[2] And we must say that we are (and so, no doubt, are all our readers) excessively angry with father Cyprian that he did not journalize these adventures of his royal patronesses, instead of unsettling the creed of the Portsmouth clergyman.

The queen received the pope's breve of dispensation to authorize the marriage of her daughter and her nephew, Orleans, towards the end of Lent. The recent deaths in her family made the queen desire that the nuptials should be quietly performed at her own private chapel in the Palais Royal. The marriage took place, March 31, 1661, with as little pomp as was consistent with the presence of the illustrious guests who assisted at the ceremony; these were Louis XIV., his consort, and royal mother. The great Condé was likewise queen Henrietta's guest on this occasion. To her deep sorrow, she found that the duke of Orleans, a few days after his marriage, insisted on withdrawing his bride to his own residence—first to the Tuileries, and then to Fontainbleau. "This thing was only

[1] MS. of Père Gamache, p. 125. [2] Ibid., p. 126.

just, and according to the law of God," observes father Cyprian; "nevertheless the separation which tore asunder this royal mother and daughter was attended with more anguish than the occasion seemed to warrant. The princess had, in a manner, been brought up in her mother's bosom, and the adversity they had encountered together had made them inexpressibly dear to each other. But there was more anxiety at the heart of the mother than arose from the mere parting."

When her daughter departed with the royal family to pass the summer at Fontainbleau, queen Henrietta retired to her favourite château of Colombe, situated on the river Seine, a few miles from Paris.

Madame de Motteville gives the reason of the grief with which queen Henrietta parted from her daughter. Without doing or even thinking of evil, the young duchess of Orleans plunged giddily into the vortex of dissipation that the court of Louis XIV. presented; she was seen as the leader of every masque, at every ball, at every hunting party, and especially at some nightly promenades, which gave great displeasure to the two queens of France. In a little time both her health and her respectability were somewhat injured by this thoughtless career. The duke of Orleans, her adoring husband, in whom the mischief had originated, by withdrawing her from the care of her mother before she was of age to understand how to guide her course, now manifested great uneasiness at her conduct.[1]

Alarmed at these sinister reports, queen Henrietta begged madame de Motteville to keep a watch over her daughter, and on this matter that lady says, "By a letter that I received from the queen of England, her uneasiness was perceptible as to what passed at Fontainbleau, and that the queen-mother (of France) was ill satisfied at the conduct of madame d'Orleans. I have taken care of all the letters that this great queen did me the honour to write to me, which are all marked with the goodness and beauty of her mind. Queen Henrietta, it is true, was so long habituated to speak English, that her French diction was a little vitiated, but her kindness and good sense are always intelligible."

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. vi. p. 62.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO MADAME DE MOTTEVILLE.[1]

"I believe, that in your soul you say, 'as to this queen of England, she has wholly forgotten me.' That is not the case. M. de Montague[2] will tell you, how often and affectionately I have thought of you. But, as to your letters, I have to avow idleness; at the same time, I acknowledge that I was wrong not to have expressed to you the satisfaction I had at the receipt of your two letters; and, if you have leisure, I ask the continuation, having seen yesterday ladies who came direct from Fontainbleau, who tell me that you are always engaged near the queen, and that it is not possible to have access to you.

"I feared as much from not receiving any letters by them, as by the matter of which they hint.

"If you have plenty of news where you are, there is complete silence here; silence is certainly proper to remember one's friends in. I am persuaded you reckon yourself among the number, and can be assured that you will thus continue.

"You have with you another little self of mine,[3] who is strongly your friend, I assure you. Continue so to both; that is enough to say to you from

"HENRIETTE MARIE."

[This was written from Colombe, apparently early in June, 1661.]

Before the end of the summer, however, the queen-mother of France, Anne of Austria, sent for the abbé Montague, and for Jermyn, earl of St. Albans, and complained to them very harshly on the subject of their young princess. She bade them tell their queen of England that she ought to keep no measures when reproving her.

"The queen of England," pursues madame de Motteville, "led a sweet and easy life at Colombe; she sought for nothing but peace, and now declared that, knowing the good disposition in the soul of her Henrietta, she did not expect any ill from her actions, for she believed them exempt from any intention of evil." Certainly, in this matter, the folly rested with those who placed an inexperienced child of sixteen in so difficult a station; the queen had been very unwilling to give up the guidance of her daughter, and worse results might have taken place.

Queen Henrietta was always honoured and beloved in her own country. In the midst of her adversities, she had possessed great influence in France; she did not lose it of course when her fortunes improved; she was invited to stand sponsor for the infant dauphin, the eldest child of Louis XIV. and Marie Therese of Spain. The dauphin

[1] Madame de Motteville, vol. vi. pp. 63, 64.

[2] The queen's grand almoner, the abbé lord Walter Montague.

[3] Her daughter, the young duchess of Orleans. The expression is, *Vous avez avec vous un autre petit moi-même.*

being born on All Saints'-day, the 1st of November, she gave him at the font the quaint addition of Toussaint to the name of Louis. In the spring of 1662, the queen received a long visit at Colombe from the duke and duchess of Orleans; from thence they accompanied her, on her way to England, as far as Beauvais. There was a doleful parting here between the queen and her daughter, for they both believed that her future residence would be life-long in England. Queen Henrietta proceeded to Calais, and the young duchess of Orleans returned sorrowfully to Paris.

England, with all its sad reminiscences and religious enmity, did not hold out a very inviting futurity to the widow of Charles I. Yet she redeemed her promise of returning thither, July 28, 1662. She did not make the voyage without danger of her life from a violent storm. Her son, Charles II., whose marriage with Catharine of Braganza had lately taken place, with his bride, received and welcomed her at Greenwich palace. As the repairs of Somerset House were not yet completed, queen Henrietta took up her abode in the old palace of Greenwich,[1] then greatly dilapidated. She was the last royal occupant it ever received. The king sent for his mother from Greenwich, to join in the grand water procession which took place when [illegible] bride came in her barge down the Thames, from Hampton Court, to take possession of her state-palace of Whitehall.

Catharine of Braganza was a daughter-in-law whose religion suited queen Henrietta only too well, consequently she lived in peace with her. The duchess of York, her other daughter-in-law, was treated by her with amity; she had lost her grandson the duke of Cambridge, but his loss she found replaced by the birth of a very lovely granddaughter, Mary, afterwards elective queen-regnant of Great Britain.

In the course of the summer queen Henrietta took possession of her palace of Somerset House, to which she had made very splendid additions and restorations. On this circumstance her former poet, Waller, again brought

[1] Pepys, vol. i. p. 290.

his adulation to the feet of the queen. His verses, though inferior to his earlier poems, are full of historical allusions.

> "Great queen, who does our island bless
> With princes and with palaces,
> Peace from this realm and you were gone,
> Your bowers were in the storm o'erthrown.
> But true to England in your love,
> As birds are to their wonted grove,
> Though by rude hands their nests are spoiled,
> There the next spring again they build.
> Accusing some malignant star,
> Not Britain, for that fatal war."

A tradition is extant that the queen, inheriting the practical taste for architecture, which had caused her mother Marie de Medicis to design with her own hand the Luxemburgh palace, had made original drawings of all the buildings she added to Somerset House.

Her majesty's chamber and closet at Somerset House were considered remarkable for the beauty of the furniture and pictures. The great stone staircase led down into the garden on the bank of the Thames. The echo on this stair, if a voice sang three notes, made many repetitions, and then sounded them all together in concert.[1] This melodious echo was well adapted to the frequent concerts with which this musical queen made the Somerset House palace resound. Henrietta had there a beautiful gallery, which she had ornamented in the finest taste; [illegible] Evelyn mentions, with admiration, the grace of her manner when she crossed it to meet and thank him for a copy of one of his works which he had presented to her.

Queen Henrietta kept within her income; she paid all her accounts weekly; she had no debts. She had, as her contemporary biographer quaintly expresses it, "a large reputation for justice." Every quarter she dispersed the overplus of her revenue among the poor, bountifully bestowing, without consideration of difference of faith, her favourite charity—releasing debtors confined for small sums, or for non-payment of fees: likewise sending relief to those who were enduring great hardships in prison. And prisons in that era were noxious with dirt and pestilence.

The health of queen Henrietta began visibly to give way while in England; the fogs of London had always

[1] Pepys' Diary, vol. i. p. 243.

affected her chest, yet she confined her residence chiefly to London, on account of her religious establishment. Woodstock, where she had had a chapel and residence for her ecclesiastics, had been desolated by the republicans, perhaps on that account. Father Cyprian thus mentions her in the spring of 1664:[1] "God had given to her generous spirit a body very frail and delicate; the dreadful scenes she had passed through in life had exalted her courage and refined the qualities of her mind, but at the same time had sapped and undermined her constitution. The last time she returned to England, the heaviness of the atmosphere made her, who had so long respired the clear air of France, cough extremely. One year, two years, three years, rolled away, while she patiently endured these sufferings, before she began to bethink herself of remedies; at last, she remembered that the waters of Bourbon had always restored her to health, but she was most unwilling to leave London, lest her chapel should be closed against the catholic congregation who usually assembled there under her protection. She had a conference with her son king Charles; she told him 'that she should recover if she went for a time to breathe her native air, and seek health at the Bourbon baths, and she would do so if he would not close her chapel against his catholic subjects; but if it was closed for one day on account of her departure, she would stay and live as long as it pleased God, and then die at the post of duty.' Charles II. granted her request, but infinitely bewailed the necessity of his separation from his dear and virtuous mother. When she had obtained this permission, she prepared to depart, and ordered me, father Cyprian, to attend her as chaplain, and to choose another of my fraternity to assist me. I chose the reverend father Matthieu of Auxerre, who had had the honour of preaching before her for two Lents in London to general satisfaction; in fact, he was her preacher after she went to France, and as long as she lived. A little before this great princess left London, she bade me call together all our fraternity, that they might learn her wishes from her own mouth."

"As God had given her a mind prompt and acute, with great facility of utterance, she made off-hand a very fine speech, in which she told them "that she hoped by God's

[1] MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache, p. 156.

grace that her absence would not be long; that her chapel was, meantime, to be open to English catholics as well as French; that she took with her Père Cyprian and Père Matthieu, but the rest of her *religieux* were to stay in England; and she charged them, as they would answer hereafter, to make the best use of their time in aiding the catholics with the rites of their religion."

Queen Henrietta left London, June 24th, 1665, accompanied by the king, queen Catherine, and most of the lords and ladies of their household, "who sailed with her fifteen leagues," says father Cyprian; that is, the court attended her to the buoy at the Nore: her son, the duke of York, escorted her to Calais. He was then the hero of the day, having just returned triumphant from a victory over the Dutch fleet.

From Calais queen Henrietta took her way direct to her château of Colombe, where the king and the queen of France came to welcome her with the greatest warmth. Her beloved daughter, the duchess of Orleans, was not with the royal family. "She was ill and in danger of her life. Some person, out of malice, had informed her that her brother, the duke of York, had been beaten in his naval engagement;[1] and, pierced to the heart at the stain on her family honour, the young duchess fell into convulsions, was prematurely confined, and lost her infant. Queen Henrietta hastened to her, and soon convinced her that her brother James had gained the greatest naval victory ever known, having beat the Dutch invaders back to their coast, destroyed many of their ships, and taken twenty of them." The queen, after seeing her daughter out of danger, departed for the baths of Bourbon, which had hitherto always proved successful in curing her maladies.

Scarcely, however, had she arrived in France, before the plague increased so terrifically in London, that the week after her departure between 4000 and 5000 persons died of it. In some alarm lest the pestilence should infect her palace of Somerset House, and spread by reason of the closely packed crowds that flocked to her chapel there, she wrote to her capuchins to have the chapel closed,[2] but they returned an earnest supplication to her, begging her not to impede their duty. At this appeal the queen overcame her fears of infection, and moreover disbursed vast sums in

[1] Madame de Motteville, p. 230. [2] MS. Gamache, p. 157.

charity, by the hands of her capuchins, to alleviate the appalling miseries with which the poor of London were afflicted at that season of horror.[1] Two of the queen's capuchins fell victims to their exertions;" father Cyprian, unfortunately for us, leaves off journalising the proceedings of his royal patroness, to give memoirs of their lives, and eulogize their labours in the plague-smitten metropolis.

"The queen," he resumes, "passed the autumn very peacefully at her château of Colombe, and the winter in the magnificent *hôtel de la Balinière*, which Louis XIV. had given her for her residence in Paris."

The war in which England was engaged against France, allied with Holland, gave queen Henrietta the utmost uneasiness, and with her confidant Jermyn, earl of St. Albans, who was resident ambassador from England, she laboured incessantly to avert it. She often had interviews of mediation with her nephew Louis XIV.; this is apparent from the despatches of lord Hollis, an envoy from England at this period.[2]

"I was yesterday," says lord Hollis, in a letter to Clarendon, "at Colombe, to take my leave of the queen-mother. The king of France (Louis XIV.) came to Colombe whilst I was in her presence; at last he thought proper to notice me, and gave me a little salute with his head, and truly, my lord, I answered him with just such another, because I know his ambassadors in England are welcomed in different style."

The great Condé was likewise the visitor of Henrietta Maria, at her country palace of Colombe; for the high-spirited ambassador—who, as the representative of England, nodded to the king of France as unceremoniously as France nodded to him—continues, "I did before him (Louis XIV.) entertain myself all the while with the prince de Condé, who is very affectionate in all that concerns his majesty—but this by the way. Soon after, the king of France and the queen-mother went alone into her bed-chamber, and our princess Madame (the young duchess of Orleans) went in after they had been there at least an hour. When the king of France went away, I had an interview with the queen-mother afterwards, and took the boldness to ask her 'how she found things.' She said,

[1] MS. of Père Gamache, p. 150; likewise Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671.
[2] Original letter in the State Paper Office, August 12, (O.S.) 1665.

'They had been all the time within talking over these businesses of Holland, and that Louis XIV. told her he had made king Charles some propositions, which were very fair ones, which, if he refused, he must take part with the Hollanders.'

"I asked the queen-mother, 'if she knew what these propositions were?' She said 'she did not.' But it seemed strange to me that the king kept them from her. Perhaps he did not, but she did not think fit to acquaint me with them." "The next morning, though pouring with wet," resumes lord Hollis, "the queen-mother set off towards the baths of Bourbon. Her health at that period began to decline; it was aggravated by her sorrow regarding the approaching war.[1] One day she said to the duke de Beaufort, who had returned from an unsuccessful diplomatic mission in London, to undertake a naval command, 'I ought to be afraid of you, now you are fighting against the English.'"[2]

Charles II. took pleasure in speaking of his mother by the familiar name he called her in his infancy. He mentions her thus in one of his letters to his sister, the duchess of Orleans, March 22nd, 1669, saying, that a man of the name of Mercer, by whom she had sent letters and presents, had ventured from Havre to England in an open shallop, and was drowned in the passage. "I hear *Mam* sent me a present by him, which I believe brought him the ill-luck, so she ought in conscience to be at the charges of praying for his soul, for 'tis her bad fortune has caused the poor man's disaster."[3] This letter, in which he alludes to the constant stormy weather that always attended his mother's voyages, was written but a few days before her health assumed alarming symptoms.

"Our queen," says father Cyprian, "was not destined to see the end of the year 1669. Ever since her return from her last sojourn in London, she had laboured under complicated maladies, which caused her perpetual insomnolence, and intense suffering. From time to time the baths of Bourbon softened these pains, but could not cure them. Their paroxysms came nearer and nearer till they defied relief. Yet the queen did not give way to sadness,

[1] Letter of Hollis. [2] Madame de Motteville, vol. vi.

[3] Dépôt des Affaires Etrangères, formerly at Versailles. Letter of Charles II., dated from Whitehall, March, 1669.

she exhaled not her internal agonies by plaints, by tears, or bad temper, like ordinary women. With the blood of the great Henry she had inherited his high courage, excepting when sometimes the sharp pains she endured became apparent on her fine features; but she often said 'that piteous complainings did no good in illness,' and 'she did not wish to imitate ladies and damsels who cried, and wept, and lamented for a little pain in the head, or a cut finger.' Her daughter, the duchess of Orleans, and the duke her husband, took the most lively interest in her health, and were unremitting in their attendance on her person. At their united entreaty, she permitted the most able medical men in France to hold a consultation on her case; and M. Valot, the first physician of Louis XIV., M. Espoit, first physician to the duke of Orleans, and M. Juelin, to the duchess, all met at the château of Colombe, where M. D'Aquin, physician to our queen, introduced them into the chamber of her majesty. She explained to them her symptoms with great clearness, and desired her physician in ordinary 'to tell them the remedies he had applied for the shooting pains which deprived her of rest.' Then M. Valot said, 'that, by the grace of God, nothing very serious ailed her; that her malady was inconvenient, but not dangerous; and that to the prescription of M. D'Aquin, he should add but three grains, which would give her majesty sleep, and cure her disorder.'"

"When the queen heard him talk of grains, she immediately suspected that he meant to prescribe opium, and she said, positively, that she would not take them, 'for she knew by experience how noxious it was to her, and how ill it made her; besides, her famous physician in England, Dr. Mayerne, had warned her against taking any great dose of the kind.'"

Her repugnance was, however, overruled by the united arguments of M. Valot and his medical brethren, all but the physician of the duchess of Orleans, on whom the opinion of Mayerne made some impression; nevertheless, the result of the fatal consultation was, that the queen was to take the grains at eleven o'clock that night.[1]

[1] In her memoir, appended to Bossuet's funeral sermon, it is asserted, that the queen took the opium at nine in the evening, and was found dying by her lady-in-waiting at eleven at night, and expired at midnight. This is scarcely consistent with Père Cyprian's account of the supper; his narrative is regular and circumstantial, being an eye-witness.

"In the intermediate time she went to supper as usual, for she was by no means confined to her bed, or even to her chamber, though much troubled with a pulmonary complaint and harassing cough. She was, however, better than usual that day; she conversed pleasantly, and even laughed several times at supper, which she ate with more appetite than usual. When she went to bed she immediately fell into a sweet sleep." Nothing can be more absurd than to wake a patient for the purpose of administering a sleeping potion, yet such was the case; "the lady who slept in her majesty's chamber roused her at the hour indicated, and gave her the prescription. A few minutes after the queen again sunk to sleep, and her attendant left her for repose, with the intention of awakening her by day-break, to give her a draught, as directed by Dr. Valot."[1]

"Accordingly, the lady approached her bed-side in the morning, and asked her majesty[2] 'how she had passed the night?' There was no reply. She spoke again, louder; still no answer. Alarmed, she touched the queen, she moved not; she shook her, and made violent efforts to rouse her, but in vain, for she never awoke in this world. The affrighted lady leant down to her royal mistress, and fancied she heard low murmurs, sighs, and a laboured respiration, upon which she flew to rouse the *valet de chambre*, to seek for medical and spiritual aid, to fetch priests and physicians." "We came first," continues the sorrowful father Cyprian;[3] "the doctors soon followed; they felt her pulse, and asked her many questions regarding her state; and we spoke to her of contrition for sin, of the love of God, and confidence in his mercy, and we entreated her to make some sign that she heard us; but alas! a mortal silence was our only reply."

"The physicians affirmed that she still breathed, and was even sensible, but that a dull vapour, mounting to the brain, prevented all speech, that it would soon dissipate, and that she would manifest consciousness, and speak. I believed them at first," continues the Père; "but seeing that her awful quietude still continued, I sent in haste for monsieur le curé of Colombe, and the sacrament of extreme unction being performed, she received the host without any difficulty, or the least convulsion of countenance, and

[1] MS. of Père Gamache, p. 167. [2] Ibid., p. 168. [3] Ibid.

soon after her slight respiration ceased, and she rendered her soul to God, undisturbed by a struggle."[1]

"A gentleman of her majesty's household immediately rode at fiery speed from Colombe to St. Germains, to carry these fatal and most unexpected tidings to the duke of Orleans, who immediately accompanied him back, hoping to have seen our queen alive." After the duke had given the necessary orders, he hurried to his own palace of St. Cloud, where his duchess was, to break to her and his daughter the fatal tidings.[2] "My pen fails to describe," says Père Cyprian, "the violent grief of the duchess of Orleans, for a mother so loving, and so beloved." And then the affectionate old priest proceeds to give the following character of the deceased: "This great queen was indeed universally regretted, for she had established a real empire over all hearts; her cheerful temper, her gay and witty conversation, which enlivened all around her to her last hours; her graceful familiarity, and all these winning qualities, joined to a sincere piety, rendered her delightful to every one. The king of France regarded her, not only as his dear aunt, whom he had known from infancy, but as a real bond of peace between his country and Great Britain; and her son-in-law, his brother, the duke of Orleans, convinced of her rare prudence and sagacity, consulted her on every affair of moment, and gave her his most intimate confidence, as if she had been his real mother."[3]

Such is the testimony of one who had been domesticated with Henrietta for twenty-nine years: it agrees exactly with that of madame de Motteville, her other friend. It would seem, that her character was peculiarly agreeable and estimable in private life. No opposition, or irritation, regarding her religion, ever occurring in her own country, there was nought to interrupt the serenity of her temper, therefore her life flowed on brightly to the last. Many persons who abhor Henrietta Maria, from the part she took in the civil war, may condemn the praises bestowed by her French contemporaries, as partial and flattering. Partial they certainly are, for they were written by intimate friends, whose love continued after her death; flattering they cannot be, for madame de Motteville's memoirs, which give

[1] MS. of Père Gamache, p. 168.
[2] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 90.
[3] Ibid., p. 169.

such lively delineations of her character, were never printed till her relatives of the third generation had passed away from this world. Flattery may be administered by memoirs in these times, when works are printed before the ink of the manuscript is dry; but when authors wrote them literally for the fourth generation, why should they flatter "the dull cold ear of death?"[1] As for Père Cyprian Gamache, his manuscript has never been printed, nor does it seem that any eyes but these now guiding the pen, have scanned the ancient yellow pages which dwell on the death and character of his beloved patroness.

The cause of the death of Henrietta Maria is mentioned by mademoiselle de Montpensier, her niece. She says, in her usual flippant style,[2] "she could not sleep, the doctors gave her a pill to cure her wakefulness, which it did so effectually that she never woke again."

What would father Cyprian have said, could he have seen this unfeeling witticism of *la grande mademoiselle*, as she was called, on the death of her own aunt? Truly, he would have been as severe as he was on the first physician of Louis XIV., whom he all but calls a murderer. He declares, that Dr. Valot excused himself to his king, by assuring him "it was the disease of the chest, and not his over-dose of narcotic, that killed queen Henrietta;" but the indignant father continues, that "though Valot retained his post at court, yet a very few months afterwards, he himself fell into a serious malady, which his *grains* could not cure, and which soon took from him his place and his life together. But all the time he lived, the people of the defunct queen's household cried out against him, as the murderer, in fact, if not in intent, of their royal mistress."[3]

Meantime, a swift courier brought to the royal brothers in England the news that their queen-mother had expired on Tuesday morning, August 31st, New Style, 1669, at her castle of Colombe, situate four leagues from Paris. Charles II. and the duke of York received the news with great grief; they immediately left their hunting in the New Forest, and

[1] There are passages in the Memoirs of Madame de Motteville wherein she speaks, with such severity of moral justice, of the conduct of Louis XIV., that he would have consigned her to the Bastille, had he known that such a manuscript existed.

[2] Mémoires de Montpensier, vol. v. p. 218.

[3] MS. of Père Cyprian, p. 169.

retired to Hampton Court, where they continued till all the mourning ceremonial was completed at Whitehall.[1]

The same day that queen Henrietta Maria died, her corpse remained as if she slept in her bed, and all persons were admitted to see it there. The next day her body was embalmed, and laid in state in the hall of Colombe.

At eleven o'clock the same night, the whole household at Colombe, headed by the grand almoner Montague, went in procession from the château, bearing the heart of their deceased queen to her convent at Chaillot. It was received with solemn ceremonial by the abbess and her nuns. A manuscript, till now inedited, in the archives of France, gives the following account of the respect with which the ladies of the Visitation received the heart of their foundress.[2] It is written by one of the nuns.

"It had ever been the intention of her majesty to come to us, when her declining health warned her that she must shortly endure the sharpness of death, which she did not wish should surprise her in the routine of worldly existence: but God willed it otherwise, having permitted a remedy, which it was hoped would cure her, to cut short her life, in her 61st year. Divine Providence had spared her the long agonies of a lingering death, of which she had a natural fear. She had not the time to mark her intentions towards us by her last will; she had intended to make our church the depository of her royal heart and body likewise; she likewise intended to demise to us certain goods for our benefit. Nevertheless, although her sudden death had prevented these intentions, she had previously, on many occasions, proved a most beneficent foundress, and had deserved our grateful remembrance at a time when we were in a very destitute state.

"Although we possess not the body, we have what we esteem very precious; this is, the heart of this great queen. At eleven o'clock at night this dear heart was delivered to us by M. Montague, accompanied by the whole household of her majesty. Our sisterhood received it in its urn, at the gate of our cloister, and bore it in procession to our church, which was hung with black; these hangings were encircled

[1] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 90.

[2] MS. at the Hôtel de Soubise, Secret Archives of France, by favour of M. Guizot.

by three bands of black velvet charged with the escutcheons of the defunct queen. The Miserere was chaunted by the full choir; a platform of three steps was raised, on which was placed a *credance*, to receive the royal heart of our beloved foundress. Round this was placed wax lights. *Monsieur le grande almoner* said the prayers, to which we all responded; then he addressed himself to our very honoured mother and superior, Anne Marie Caulin, in these terms:—

"'My mother, behold here the heart of the princess Henriette Marie, of France, daughter of Henry the Great, wife of Charles I., mother of Charles II., at present reigning in England, aunt to Louis XIV. All these temporal grandeurs were not equal to the virtues of her soul, on which I need not dwell in particular, because you knew her so well. The affection that this great queen always cherished for you has caused you to be chosen as the guardians of this precious deposit, which I am certain you will carefully retain, and will not cease your prayers for the repose of her soul.'[1]

"To this our good mother made reply:—

"'With my mind absorbed in grief, I render the very humble thanks of our convent to the king, and to Monsieur and Madame, for having confided to us so valued a treasure, which alone can console us for the loss we have sustained in the death of this great queen. We will never remit our prayers for her repose, as the sole means we have of shewing our gratitude to her.'

"After every one had withdrawn, we said the prayers for the dead, and when we had sprinkled holy water we retired."

The corpse of Henrietta was likewise carried, for lying in state, from Colombe to the convent at Chaillot.[2] Her coffin was placed on a mourning-car, attended by her lord almoner Montague and the duchess of Richmond, her principal English lady of honour, and by madame du Plessis, her principal French lady. The guards, already described, followed and preceded the royal corpse, which was likewise attended by the coaches of the queen of France and

[1] Inedited MS. in the Hôtel de Soubise, now edited and translated by the author from the original, by favour of M. Guizot.

[2] MS. of Père Gamache, p. 169.

duchess of Orleans, with all the officers of their household. The body was thus escorted to Chaillot, and was received with much tender reverence by the nuns, to whom she had been the benefactress.

Her heart was, on the 10th of September, placed in a silver vessel, whereon was written her name and titles in Latin, to the following effect:—

Henrietta Maria, queen of England, France, Scotland, and Ireland, daughter to the French king Henry IV., the Victorious; wife of Charles I., the Martyr; and mother of the restored king, Charles II.

The funeral took place on the 12th of September; the place of sepulture of queen Henrietta was with her royal ancestors at the magnificent Abbey of St. Denis, near Paris. The procession commenced from Chaillot, an hour after dark; all the guards of the deceased queen carried torches, and a hundred pages, sent by the queen of France, bore each a lighted flambeau. The niece of the deceased queen, mademoiselle de Montpensier, followed as chief mourner, assisted by the duchess of Guise. All the ladies and gentlemen of the royal household at Colombe followed, in the deepest mourning. The monks and chapter of the Abbey of St. Denis, carrying lighted tapers, received the royal corpse at their door, and when it was consigned to them, the grand almoner, Montague, made them an oration in Latin, which was answered by the prior. The Abbey of St. Denis was hung with black, and fully illuminated for the funeral service.

No monument or tablet exists, to the memory of the queen, at St. Denis, that we could discover, when we visited the royal tombs in the crypt of that magnificent structure, this last summer, 1844. When the bones of her ancestors were exhumed by the French republicans, robbed of their leaden coffins, and flung into a common trench, behind the Abbey of St. Denis, the remains of Henrietta Maria, doubtless shared the same fate.

Forty days after the death of queen Henrietta, a still grander service was performed to her memory, to soothe the grief of her favourite daughter, Henrietta of England, duchess of Orleans, by her grateful nuns of Chaillot. The princess came with her husband to this ceremony, which was far more distinguished by the eloquence of Bos-

suet than by all the funeral pomps that Rome could devise. All the choir of the chapel at Chaillot was hung with black, and in the midst was a platform of four steps, and a bier covered with a black velvet pall; at the corners, worked in gold, were queen Henrietta's armorial bearings, and laid thereon, under a stately canopy, was a wax effigy exactly resembling her.[1]

The duke and duchess of Orleans having taken their places, Montague, the almoner of her late majesty, officiated at the service, and then all eyes were fixed on Bossuet, who proceeded to deliver that grand historical oration on the varied scenes of Henrietta's life, which at once gave him the reputation he has since maintained as the first orator of modern times. Much of this sermon would be displeasing to any one but a Roman-catholic; but the genius of Bossuet is more talked of in England than known, which must plead our excuse for the following attempt to give the reader an idea of the view taken by this great man, of the historical events of the life of his royal countrywoman.

"Nine voyages," said Bossuet, "were undertaken by our great Henrietta in the course of her life. The English rebels, it is well known, had seized the arsenals and magazines of the king, her husband. He had soldiers, but not wherewithal to arm them. She abandoned her pleasures and her palaces for the sake of her lord, and not only parted from her jewels, but even cared not for her life. She put to sea in the midst of February, regardless of waves and tempests, for the ostensible purpose of conducting to Holland her eldest daughter, who had espoused the prince of Orange. Her real object was to engage the states of Holland in the interests of the king. She gained them, gained their officers, and obtained supplies, and artillery, and ammunition. The storms of winter had not prevented her from embarking on this errand; the storms of winter did not hinder her return to the king when she had gained her object. Her homeward voyage was, however, beset with difficulties and accidents. The dreadful tempest which tossed her fleet for ten days is beyond my power to describe. The mariners, at length, lost all presence of mind, and stood aghast. Some threw themselves in the sea, preferring instant death to further toils. The queen, nevertheless, remained intrepid; and the higher the waves raged, the more she reassured every one around her by her firmness; and, to avert from their minds the fatal ideas of death which presented itself on all sides, she said, "Queens have never been drowned." Alas, she was reserved to suffer a fate still more extraordinary! She saw vessels perish around her, but the admiral's ship in which she was embarked was sustained by the hand of Him who rules over the mighty deep, and who can bridle its insurgent billows. The vessel was thrown back on the coast of Holland, and every one was astonished at her signal deliverance.

"'Those who escape from shipwreck,' says an ancient author, 'are sure to bid an eternal adieu to the sea; nay, they can never again abide the sight of

[1] Inedited MS., written by a nun of Chaillot, in the Secret Archives, to which access was given by favour of M. Guizot.

it.' Yet, with astonishing perseverance, the queen, in the short space of eleven days, again committed herself to the mercy of the ocean, and in the utmost rigour of winter. She was impelled to this extraordinary exertion by her earnest desire of beholding her husband once more, and leading to him the succours she had obtained. She gathered together the transports which had escaped the tempest, and finally landed on the coast of England. Scarcely had she touched the shore, when a hundred pieces of cannon thundered on the house where she rested after the fatigues of her voyage, and shattered it with their balls. Yet she retained her intrepidity in the midst of this frightful peril; and her clemency did not fail when the author of this black attempt fell in her power. Some time after, he was taken prisoner, and destined to the executioner; but she pardoned him his crime against her, dooming him solely to the punishment of his conscience, and the shame of having attempted the life of a princess, too kind and merciful to take his, even after such provocation."

This incident is only found in this oration and in the preceding memoir of Henrietta, where it is more circumstantially related; it is in close accordance with the character and disposition of Henri Quatre, her glorious father, whom our Henrietta closely resembled, as her countrymen declared, in person as well as disposition. The narrow bigotry in which she was reared marred the popularity which must infallibly have attended this fine disposition, always so attractive in England. The prejudices of the people were offended, at every turn, with a thousand troublesome teazing ritual observances, which they, with equal bigotry, were brought to look upon as enormous crimes; thus Henrietta's virtues and grand actions were either viewed invidiously, or passed over in silence; the church of England historians, although agreeing as to religion in so many main points with the essentials of her faith, could not forgive the troubles her attachment to the church of Rome had brought on their king and party, therefore they are equally her enemies with the puritans, and their narratives are more prejudicial to her because the truth is expected from them. The French historians alone preserve the facts that redound to her credit.

Bossuet rapidly traces her progress to the midland counties, and the effects that her heroism had on the people:

"It was into her hands that the governor of Scarborough rendered that port with its impregnable castle. The two Hothams, father and son, who had given the first example of perfidy, in refusing to the king in person admittance to his port and arsenal of Hull, now chose the queen for their mediatrix, and prepared to surrender to the king that place, together with that of Beverley, but they were prevented, and decapitated by their own party, for God punished their disobedience by the hands of the rebels, whom they had served so signally.

"Our great Henrietta marched, as a general, at the head of her royal army.

She thus traversed triumphantly the provinces hitherto entirely held by the rebels. She besieged a considerable town which obstructed her march. She conquered, she pardoned; and finally met her monarch on the ground where he had previously gained his signal victory over the earl of Essex. One hour after the reunion of this happy pair, they received the tidings of another victory gained by the king's party over the rebels. All seemed to prosper in the presence of Henrietta; and had her advice been taken, and had the king marched direct to London instead of dividing his forces, and wasting their time and dissipating their strength at the unsuccessful sieges of Hull and Gloucester, that campaign had seen the end of the war. On that pivot the fortune of the royal cause turned. From that fatal moment all was disaster and decadence. The queen's situation obliged her to retire from Oxford, which was besieged by the rebels. The royal pair bade each other an adieu, sad enough, although neither supposed it was to prove their last. Her majesty retired to Exeter. There she gave birth to a daughter; but, in less than twelve days, she was forced to leave the infant princess, and seek refuge in France."

We must remember that it was before this princess, the duchess of Orleans, that Bossuet was speaking the words we here are quoting, and, when he arrived at this passage, he broke into one of those impassioned bursts of eloquence which stamped his fame as an orator for ever. And here we depict a trait of the manners of the past; an address of the kind, in the present times, to a royal mourner at the funeral sermon of her parent, would entrench on modern reserves and etiquettes most strangely. Society was not then civilized into that conventional smoothness which is ruffled by such bold bursts of original genius; and therefore avoids or suppresses them. The effect must have been grand, when Bossuet diverged from his oration on the dead mother, thus to address the daughter:—

"Princess, whose destiny is so great and glorious, are you, then, in your first dawn of being rendered a captive to the enemies of your royal house? O Eternal! watch over her! Holy angels, rank around her cradle your invisible squadrons, for she is destined to our valiant Philippe, of all the princes of France most worthy of her, as she is most worthy of him. Gentlemen of France, God did, in truth, protect her! Lady Morton, two years afterwards, drew this precious infant from the hands of the rebels. Unconscious of her captivity, but feeling her high birth too powerfully to submit to conceal it, the royal child refused to own any name or rank but her own, and persisted that she was no other than the princess.[1] At last, she was brought to the arms of her mother, to console her for all her sorrows, and finally to contribute to the happiness of a great prince. But I am diverging from the course of my history. I have already said that the queen was forced to retire from the kingdom of England: in fact, her vessel left port in the full view of the ships of the rebels; they pursued her, and came so near, that she actually

[1] This passage confirms the narrative of Père Cyprian Gamache, quoted 139.

heard the cries of the seamen, and could distinguish their insolent menaces. Oh! how different from her first voyage on the same sea, when she went to take possession of the sceptre of Great Britain, when, for the first time, she felt the waters heave under her, and submit their proud waves to her, the ocean-queen. Now chased, pursued by her implacable enemies, one moment lost, the next saved, fortune changing its aspect every quarter of an hour, having no support but God and her own indomitable courage,—she at last arrived at Brest, and there was suffered to respire awhile from her troubles.

"God left no resource to her royal husband; the Scotch, though faithful guards to our monarchs,[1] betrayed their own, and sold him to the parliament. The parliament, feeling the evils of military despotism, would dismiss the army, but the army, declaring itself independent, expelled the parliament by violence. The king was, in these commotions, led from captivity to captivity; his queen in vain moved France, Holland, and even Poland and the distant north, to his rescue; she reanimated the Scotch,[2] and found the means of arming 30,000 of them in his behalf. She concerted an enterprise with the duke of Lorraine for his deliverance, the success of which promised, at least, to be complete. She really succeeded in withdrawing her dear children from captivity, and confessed that, among her mortal sorrows she felt on this occasion she was capable of joy. If she could do no more, she at least consoled her royal lord perpetually by her letters. He wrote to her from his prison that she alone supported his mind, and that he could submit to all degradations, when he remembered that she belonged to him, and was unalienably his own. O wife! O mother! O queen! incomparable and deserving a better fortune.

"After all her struggles, there was nothing left but to resign herself to the inevitable; yet, like some grand column, she stood firm amidst the ruins around her. But who can express her just grief, who can recount her sorrows? No, gentlemen of France, my words cannot paint them; the prophet who sat alone amidst the ruins of Jerusalem can alone lament as she lamented. Truly might she say with Jeremiah, 'Behold, Lord, my affliction; my enemies fortify themselves, and my children are lost. The cruel one has put his sacrilegious hand on all that is most dear to me. Royalty is profaned, princes are trodden under foot. Leave me to weep bitterly, for I cannot be comforted.'[3]

"Charles," says Bossuet, "was just, temperate, magnanimous, well-informed regarding his affairs and the science of governing. Never prince was more capable of rendering royalty not only respected, but amiable and dear to a people. He could be reproached with nothing but with too great a degree of clemency. This illustrious defect of Charles was likewise that of Cæsar himself; but those who expected to see the English monarch succumb under the weight of misfortune, were astonished when they experienced his valour in battle and his strength of intellect in council. Pursued to the utmost by the implacable malignity of his enemies, betrayed by his own people, he never lost himself. The result of the contest might be against him; his foes found that, although they might crush him, they could never bend him A pang seizes me when I contemplate that great heart in its last trials. But, assuredly, he shewed himself not less a king when facing his rebels in Westminster Hall, and on the scaffold in Whitehall, than when he confronted them at the head of his armies; they saw him august and majestic in that woful

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[1] Here he alludes to the Scottish guards of the king of France.

[2] Bossuet here alludes to the campaign of the gallant marquis of Montrose.

[3] The Latin text is in the margin, but Bossuet has drawn his quotations from Isaiah and Lamech, as well as from Jeremiah.

time as when he was in the midst of his court. Great queen, well do I know that I fulfil the most tender wishes of your heart when I celebrate your monarch—that heart which never beat but for him; is it not ready to vibrate, though cold in the dust, and to stir at the sound of the name of a spouse so dear, though veiled under the mortuary pall?"

The hearers of Bossuet could not have believed the story of Henrietta's second marriage, or surely they would have blamed him for this passage, instead of praising him to the skies.

At this point of his oration, Bossuet addressed himself to the nuns of Chaillot, who were assisting at the funeral of their benefactress:

"But after she had listened to your consolations, holy maidens, you, her inestimable friends—for so in life she often called you—after you had led her to sigh before the altar of her only Protector—then, then, she could confide to you the consolations she received from on High, and you can recount her Christian progress, for you have been faithful witnesses. How many times has she returned thanks to God—For what? my hearers, ask you, for having restored her son? No, but for having rendered her *la reine malheureuse*. Ah! I regret the narrow boundaries of the place where I speak. My voice ought to resound to the ends of the wide earth. I would make every ear to hear that her griefs had made her learned in the science of salvation and the efficacy of the cross, when all Christendom were united in sympathy for her unexampled sorrows."

After this ceremony, the duke of Orleans placed the abbé Montague, grand almoner of his deceased aunt, at the head of the ecclesiastical establishment, in his household. The duchess of Orleans received her mother's aged friend, Père Cyprian Gamache, as her almoner; but the old man did not long survive his patroness—his well known characters soon cease from the yellow pages of his journal, and another hand takes the pen.

The continuator of the manuscript observes, when describing the general mourning ordered through France by Louis XIV., on the death of his aunt, "Our country did not merely recognise the decease of a queen of England, in the loss of this princess, but that of the last surviving child of her great Henry, as a daughter of France—sweet, familiar, obliging, and doing good to all around her, and manifesting those great qualities which win all hearts. Our king ordered all the rites of her interment and obsequies at St. Denis to be conducted with the utmost pomp of royalty, and the expenses were discharged at his cost."

There is a manuscript[1] among the archives of France,

[1] Inedited paper in the Hotel Soubise, marked in pencil, K 1351.

the contents of which have been partly quoted, when they occurred in chronological order. It was evidently written under the direction of the abbess of Chaillot, for the assistance of Bossuet, when he composed his funeral oration. He has availed himself of its contents in many passages which he knew would be edifying to his auditory, but which we omit, as displeasing not only to the reformed church, but to English readers in general; the composition is simple and innocent—the French spelled in an illiterate manner; nevertheless, it preserves a few anecdotes of interest which are illustrative of the private character of the queen.

"She founded our convent, in July, 1651, at a time when she was under a very heavy pressure of grief." Her husband's murder had previously caused her deep and enduring sorrow; at first, she was overwhelmed with despair. By degrees her mind returned to God, but she could not resign herself to his will till she had many times offered up this orison—

"'Lord God, thou hast permitted it, therefore, will I submit myself with all my strength!' Conversing with us in her most private hours she declared that she had found this aspiration efficacious in producing resignation even on occasions the most excruciating. 'And these,' she added mournfully, came very frequently, 'for since the last twenty years I have not passed one day, but what has brought much trouble.'

"She once told our very honoured mother, the abbess De la Fayette, speaking of the health of her soul, 'that she often returned thanks to God that as he had called her to the state of royalty, that he had made her a Christian, and consequently an unfortunate queen, for, 'she added, 'that queens in a state of prosperity are too much tempted to forget his ordinances." Here we trace one of the most striking perorations of Bossuet's discourse.

Among the practical virtues of Henrietta, the good nun very properly recognises the interest she felt in the welfare of her domestics, and the pains she took to reconcile any differences that arose among them; the frequent consultations she held, if any unhappiness or ill fortune befel them. "Any other queen who was less sweet tempered," says another fragment MS. in the Hotel de Soubise, "would have been wholly deserted" when she was reduced to such distress at the time of the Fronde, but the

privations that her lowest servants endured before they quitted her for a short time in search of food were astonishing. 'Our dear queen,' they said, 'shares them with us, and what is enough for her is so for us.' From which we gather that the daughter of Henri Quatre inherited that true heroism which led her to reject all indulgences which she could not share with her suffering household. "If they had fire, she warmed her shivering limbs; if they had none, she went without; if they had food, she broke her fast; if they had none, she starved with them." "Consideration for the feelings of others marked her conduct," resumes her friend the abbess; "she never took advantage of her power, as our foundress, to fill our quiet cloisters with noisy and irreverent persons of her court; when she came she only brought one of her ladies and two or three quiet female servants; so particular was she in preventing unhallowed intrusion that, one day, when she came to see us, and she was too ill to walk, and was obliged to be carried from her coach, she sent in first, to know if we had any objection to permit her bearers to enter our court?"

These little traits prove that queen Henrietta had the manners in private life of a perfect gentlewoman.

"We have since said mass, in remembrance of her majesty," continues the manuscript, "on the 10th of every month, which we shall continue all round the year; and on the anniversary of her death we devote to her memory all possible marks of our respectful gratitude."

Henrietta died intestate, but thanks to the careful liquidation of her expenditure every week, she was not in debt. Her nephew, Louis XIV., according to a law of France then in force, was heir to all her effects as an intestate person. Against this proceeding, Charles II. remonstrated by the agency of Sir Leoline Jenkin, doctor of laws. A document among the archives of France[1] states that, November 6, 1669—

"The king of France gave permission to the ambassador from England to abbé Montague, to count Arenberg, equerry to the deceased queen, and to *le docteur Jinquin*, to enter into the abbey of the Visitation of Chaillot when it pleased them, to make an inventory of the effects that queen Henrietta had left there."

An inventory of the furniture of her reserved apartments in the convent is extant; it is simple and homely.

[1] Hotel de Soubise, by favour of M. Guizot.

The abbess of the convent delivered a wrought silver casket, which the queen had left in her care, to abbé Montague, who took possession of it for Charles II. A few days afterwards the visitors returned again, and presented to the convent, in the name of that king, the furniture which belonged to his mother.

At the importunity of his sister Henrietta he bestowed a more solid reward on the community of Chaillot for their attention to his mother's remains. There is written the following memorandum, on a little yellow scrap of paper, torn off some printed circular of a sermon, preached in 1670, and pinned on the nun's manuscript we have recently quoted:[1] "When Henrietta duchess of Orleans, went to visit her brother in England, his majesty, Charles II., gave her for us 2000 gold Jacobuses, worth 26,000 francs, for the purpose of building a chapel to put therein the precious heart of our beloved queen. Of this sum, we have received half! May our Lord recompense those who have done this, and give repose to our illustrious queen and founder: 'Dieu soit benit!'"

The king of France sent the count de St. Aignan, first gentleman of his bed-chamber, to condole with Charles II., on the death of his mother. A general mourning was ordered for her throughout England, and the people vied with each other in testifying respect to her memory.[2] This court mourning must have been of an extraordinary length, for, according to a passage in the memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Henrietta duchess of Orleans, on her return from England, six months afterwards, expressed her satisfaction to that princess, "at the respect paid by the English to the memory of the late queen her mother, for she found the people as well as the whole court in the deepest mourning."

"This visit," continued Mademoiselle, "renewed the grief of my cousin the duchess of Orleans for her mother, she felt her loss severely at this particular time; since she always had relied on queen Henrietta to reconcile her with her husband, as she usually lived on uneasy terms with him. Whenever she spoke of her mother, after her return to France, she was ready to weep, and had some trouble to

[1] Inedited paper, Hotel de Soubise, marked K, 1351.
[2] Continuation of the MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache, p. 172.

restrain her tears; more than once I saw them ready to fall." This was but a few days before the sudden death of the beautiful Henrietta, duchess of Orleans; she only survived a few months the parent, whose loss she still mourned, and whose maternal friendship she so much needed. She died June 15, 1670. The story that she was poisoned is too deeply rooted to be easily eradicated. Her cousin, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, declares "that she died of cholera morbus."

Henrietta, duchess of Orleans, was the only daughter who survived queen Henrietta out of five. Of her three sons, Charles II., and James duke of York only were alive at the time of her death. She was mother to two monarchs of Great Britain, and grandmother to three, to a queen of Spain, and a dauphiness of France.

Verses and elegies, both Latin and English, were written in such profusion to the memory of queen Henrietta, that a large volume might be filled with them. The best of these elegiac tributes, is the following:—

"Great queen of cares and crosses, tossed and hurled
Through all the changes of a guilty world,
A queen to kings and emperors allied,
Great Henry's daughter, and blest Charles's bride!
Yet did the envious thistle interpose
'Twixt her French lilies and our English rose!
Blest queen, thy mind maintained so calm a state
As crowned thee sovereign of thyself and fate:
Angels now sing to thee their airs divine,
And join in an applause as vast as thine,
Who claimed the garland by the matchless life,
Of a dear mother and a faultless wife;
And having gained it, meekly, now layest down
An earthly diadem for a heavenly crown;
And you, dear queen, one grateful subject leave,
Who, what he owed your life, has paid your grave!"[1]

[1] Remains of Henrietta Maria, 1672, pp. 106, 107.

CATHARINE OF BRAGANZA,

QUEEN OF CHARLES II. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER I. 267-337

Birth of Catharine of Braganza—Her birth-day fête—Her father proclaimed king of Portugal—Catharine proposed to Charles, prince of Wales—Her education—Her father endows her with princely appanages—His death—Her mother governs Portugal—Overtures for marrying Catharine to Charles II. —The Spanish ambassador depreciates her—Charles hears injurious reports of her person—Demurs—Sees Catharine's picture, and concludes the marriage—Rejoicings in Portugal—Charles writes to Catharine and her mother—Catharine assumes the title of queen of Great Britain—Her parting with her mother and family—Her embarkation—Serenaded on the water by the king, her brother—Her stormy voyage—The duke of York visits her in her cabin—Presents her lord-chamberlain—Desires to see her in her national costume—She lands at Portsmouth—Honours paid to her there—She writes to king Charles—Her illness—Arrival of the king—Their first interview—His favourable opinion—Marriage—Her reception at Hampton Court—Address and present from the city of London—Bridal festivities—Happiness of the royal pair—Their first quarrel—Lady Castlemaine—The king's misconduct—Catharine's jealousy and grief—The king's tyranny—Queen refuses to receive lady Castlemaine—Her passionate behaviour—Threatens to return to Portugal—The king's resentment—She goes with him to visit the queen-mother at Greenwich—Temporary reconciliation with the king—Catharine brought to Whitehall in state—Her attempts at speaking English—Evil influence of lady Castlemaine—The king's unkindness to Catharine—He dismisses her Portuguese attendants —Catharine neglected in her own court—Her wretchedness—She gives up the contest—Censured by her friends for want of spirit—Birth-day ode to Catharine—Royal balls and festivities at Whitehall.

THE birth of Catharine of Braganza occurred at a momentous crisis for her country and her family. Her father,

John duke of Braganza, afterwards surnamed the Fortunate, was the grandson and representative of donna Maria, duchess of Braganza, the rightful heiress of the royal house of Portugal, who, on the death of the cardinal-king, don Henry, the successor of the unfortunate don Sebastian, entered the lists as a claimant of the crown, with two powerful competitors, the prince of Parma and Philip II. of Spain. Might overcame right on that occasion, for it is well known that Philip succeeded in annexing Portugal to his own dominions; and, for a period of nearly sixty years, that country remained in the degraded position of an oppressed and misgoverned province of Spain.

Repeated wrongs and insults roused, at length, the spirit of the descendants of the Lusitanian heroes, who had maintained the independence of their country against the victorious legions of Rome, and, for centuries of successful warfare, repelled the aggressions of the Moors. The imbecile despotism and political blunders of their Spanish rulers, Philip III. and IV., while they excited their anger and contempt, inspired them with hope that a bold struggle for liberty might be successfully attempted. Patriotic associations were secretly organized in Lisbon, and all the principal towns of Portugal, for throwing off the Spanish yoke and asserting their national independence once more. The hour of political regeneration drew nigh; all eyes naturally turned on the last of the old royal line, the duke of Braganza, the patriotic party with hope and confidence, and the Spanish authorities with feelings of jealous suspicion. Braganza considered, meantime, that measures were not sufficiently matured for a successful rising, and to avoid alike the observations of his foes and the perilous intrigues of his friends, he retired with his beloved wife, donna Luiza, the daughter of the duke of Medina Sidonia, and their two infant sons, to his palace of Villa Viçosa. It was in this delicious spot, which has been justly named the terrestrial paradise of Portugal, that the duchess gave birth to her third child, a daughter, on St. Catharine's-day, Nov. 25, 1638, between the hours of eight and nine in the evening.

On Saturday, the 12th of the following December, the infant princess was baptized, with great pomp, in the ducal chapel of the parish, by Antonio de Brito e Sousa, the dean

of the chapel, and in honour of the virgin saint and martyr on whose festival she was born, she was named Catharine. Her godfather was the marquis de Ferreira, don Francisco de Mello, a wealthy grandee of high rank, and one of the most devoted of her father's friends and partisans.[1]

The anniversary of Catharine of Braganza's birth has always been regarded as an auspicious day for Portugal, in consequence of an incident, which connected the celebration of the fête, when she completed her second year, with the emancipation of that country from the yoke of Spain. It was on that day, Nov. 25, 1640, that don Gaspar Cortigno came to Villa Viçosa, to urge the duke of Braganza to accede to the prayer of the associated patriots that he should declare himself their leader, and accept the crown of which he was the rightful heir.[2]

This proposition filled the duke with perplexity, for he was not only happy in the enjoyment of all the ties of domestic love as a husband and father, but in peaceful possession of estates, comprising not less than a third of the realm, and was unwilling to hazard the loss of these by embarking in an enterprise so full of peril. The bold spirit of his wife decided his doubtful resolve, by an appeal to his parental love and pride.

"This day," said she, "our friends are assembled round us to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of our little Catharine, and who knows but this new guest may not have been sent to certify to you that it is the will of Heaven, through especial grace, to invest you with that crown of which you have long been unjustly deprived by Spain. For my part, I regard it as a happy presage that he comes on such a day." She then caused the infant Catharine to be brought in, and having made her kiss the duke, she added, "How can you find it in your heart to refuse to confer on this child the rank of a king's daughter?"[3]

This burst of feminine eloquence had a more powerful effect, on the wavering mind of the duke, than all the persuasions and reasoning of the patriotic nobles and statesmen, by whom he was surrounded, and he declared his deter-

[1] Historia Genealogica, Casa Real, Portuguesa. P. D. Antonio Caetano de Sousa, tome vii.

[2] Leti. [3] Ibid.

mination to peril his great wealth, his life, and all the blessings by which he was surrounded, for the glorious object of delivering his country from a foreign yoke. A few days afterwards, he bade adieu to the peaceful shades of Villa Viçosa, and removed, with his wife and little ones, to Lisbon, where he was immediately proclaimed king, by the title of Juan IV., and commenced active measures for the liberation of his realm. The struggle was long and fierce, for although don Juan won almost every battle in which he encountered his enemies, the physical force and resources of Spain were so infinitely superior to those of Portugal, that at times it required all the energetic eloquence of his queen, donna Luiza, to encourage him even to hope for a successful issue. The event proved the truth of the glorious aphorism—

> "That freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is always won."

The title of don Juan was not allowed by the pope, or by any of the catholic courts of Europe, except that of France; but Portugal had always found an ally and protector in England; and Charles I., though unable to assist don Juan in any other way, rendered him the important service of recognising him as the sovereign of Portugal. Immediately after the decisive overthrow that was given to the Spanish forces by don Juan, in the year 1644, he empowered his ambassador, Sabran, to make overtures to Charles for a marriage between their children, the prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., and the little infanta, Catharine of Braganza.

The finances of the royal party in England were then at so low an ebb, that the dower with which the great wealth of don Juan enabled him to endow his daughter, would, doubtless, have been very acceptable, yet Charles did not respond to the proposal in an encouraging manner.[1] He had probably felt the disadvantage of the differences on religious matters between himself and his own consort too keenly, to wish to see his son united to a Roman-catholic princess. Nothing, in fact, could have been more unpo-

[1] Letter of Charles I. to the queen, dated Jan. 30th, 1645; Letters of Charles I. printed at the Hague.

pular than such an alliance, independently of the unsuitable ages of the parties, Catharine having only just completed her seventh year, while the prince of Wales was turned of fourteen. Seventeen years afterwards, when they actually became man and wife, Catharine was, by many persons, considered too old for the consort of a prince so many years her senior.

The father of Catharine maintained the contest against the gigantic power of Spain, with better fortune than that which attended the struggle of Charles I. with his rebellious subjects, and he finally succeeded in establishing himself on the throne of Portugal. Catharine received her education in a convent, where she was very strictly bred under the watchful superintendence of the queen-mother, by whom she was tenderly beloved, and she was so much the object of her royal father's affection, that just before his death he executed a grant, dated November 1, 1656, in which, after an acknowledgment of her virtues, he gave her the island of Madeira, the city of Lanego; and the town of Moura, with all their territories, rents tributes and other privileges to be enjoyed by her. He also gave her other places and sources of income; but provided that, in case of her marriage out of the kingdom, she should relinquish them on receiving a proper equivalent from the crown.[1]

Soon after he had made this princely settlement on donna Catharine, her illustrious father died in the prime of life, worn out with the toils and anxieties of the arduous struggle in which he had engaged. The Spaniards testified an indecent joy at the news of his death, but he had left the regency of the kingdom in the hands of his queen, the master spirit by whom he had been incited to the glorious enterprise of a liberator, and to her the honour was reserved of completing the work of national regeneration, which he had been compelled to leave unfinished.

Don Alphonso, the eldest brother of Catharine, was of age to reign at the death of the king their father, but such was the confidence that all parties reposed in the talents and virtues of the widowed queen, that she was permitted to assume the reins of government, which she retained for

[1] Ereceira Portug. Rey Fam., tom. ii. lib. vi. p. 369. Historica Geneaogica. Casa Real, Portuguesa. By Sousa.

upwards of ten years. She triumphantly established the independence of Portugal, not merely by the repeated victories which her armies won over the invading forces of Spain, but by the diplomatic skill with which she steered her difficult course with foreign powers. Her domestic government and commercial policy were even more admirable, and she was universally considered as the wisest sovereign in Europe. The daughter of such a princess was not likely to remain without candidates for her hand. Many proposals were made, but donna Luiza had determined to render Catharine's marriage a source of additional strength to the newly established throne of Portugal; and she appears to have kept her single with the secret intention of securing an alliance with England, by wedding her to Charles II., whose restoration her penetration enabled her to foresee.

If Burnet may be credited, the preliminary overtures for this marriage were made to General Monk, by a Jew, who, notwithstanding the penalties attached to his proscribed and persecuted religion in Portugal, had obtained very considerable influence in the cabinet of donna Luiza.

This statement is probably correct, for Jews have frequently been employed both as spies and political agents; the strong links of fellowship which bind this widely scattered people together, as one large family, extend from one end of the world to the other, and afford peculiar means of information to a diplomatist of that race. The sagacious queen of Portugal had no doubt received, through this source, certain intelligence of the impending changes in England, when she directed him to propose the alliance to the man, who was silently, but surely concerting measures for securing a lasting peace for England by the recal of her exiled king. The idea of a catholic consort for Charles was not likely to meet with much encouragement from Monk—Charles himself, was then occupied in wooing a princess, who would have been a more suitable bride for him than a daughter of either Spain or Portugal. After wounded pride had enabled him to conquer his passion for the fair Hortense Mancini, he withdrew to Hochstatin, a village in Flanders, about four miles from Breda, where he often went to visit his sister the princess of Orange. He had there frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing

with the princess Henrietta, daughter of Frederick Henry, prince of Orange, and became honourably attached to her. The regard was mutual, and he sent the marquess of Ormond to propose the marriage to the elder princess dowager of Orange, but she declined the offer for her daughter, declaring "that she saw no chance for the amendment of his fortunes."[1]

When the deputation from the parliament, inviting Charles to return to England and take possession of the crown, arrived at Breda, bringing a present of 50,000*l.* in gold, to relieve the personal necessities of the destitute sovereign, the old lady regretted her narrow-minded policy, and would willingly have made any concession to repair the blunder she had committed in declining his alliance. Charles, however, treated all overtures from her, for that purpose, with the contempt they merited. He could not forgive the personal affront that had been offered to him in the season of his adversity.

When the first burst of national joy, which greeted Charles II. on his restoration to the throne of Great Britain, had a little subsided, his friends became urgent with him to chuse a consort.[2]

The selection of Catharine of Braganza for the queen of Charles II. has generally been attributed to the family policy of the lord chancellor Clarendon, who, it is said, did not wish the sovereign to marry a princess likely to bring heirs to the crown, to deprive the children of the duke of York, by his daughter, of the regal succession. But, as Catharine was only in her 23rd year when the negotiations for this alliance first commenced, it was quite as likely that she would have a family as the duchess of York, and Charles was the last man in the world to be guided in his choice of a wife by the selfish views of his minister. The real spring of this marriage was Louis XIV.; and, according to Carte, the person by whom it was suggested to Charles, in the first instance, was no other than his own mother, queen Henrietta, who was in the interest of the French cabinet, and at the same time desirous of seeing her son united to a princess of her own religion. The negotiation was opened towards the close of her visit

[1] Carte's Life of the Duke of Ormond.
[2] Clarendon. Lingard.

to England in 1660, or immediately after her departure, in the following manner. The Portuguese ambassador, don Francisco de Mello, Catharine of Braganza's godfather, paid Charles's lord chamberlain, the earl of Manchester, a visit one day, and after bestowing many commendations on his royal master, observed "that it was time he should bestow himself in marriage, and that nothing could keep him single but the difficulty of finding a suitable consort for him;" he then added, "that there was in Portugal a princess in her beauty, person, and age very fit for him, and who would have a portion suitable to her birth and quality. She was indeed a catholic, and would never depart from her religion, but she had none of that meddling activity which sometimes made persons of that faith troublesome, when they came into a country where another mode of worship was practised; that she had been bred under a wise mother, who had carefully infused another spirit into her, and kept her from affecting to interfere in state affairs with which she was totally unacquainted, so that she would be contented to enjoy her own religion, without concerning herself with what others professed." The ambassador concluded by saying, "that he had authority to make the proposition to the king, accompanied with such advantages as he thought no other power in Europe could offer."[1]

The lord chamberlain duly repeated this conversation to the king, who merely replied that he would think of it, but the next morning the ambassador came to his majesty, and going straight to the point, repeated to him all he had said to his lord chamberlain, and concluded by stating "that he was authorized to offer 500,000*l.* sterling, in ready money, as a portion for the infanta, and likewise to assign over and annex to the crown of England for ever, the possession of Tangier, upon the African shore, in the Mediterranean sea, a place of that strength and importance as would be of infinite benefit and security to the trade of England; likewise to grant to the English nation a free trade in Brazil and in the East Indies, which they had hitherto denied to all nations but themselves; and also promised to put into his majesty's hands the island of Bombay, with its spacious bay, towns, and castles, which

[1] Life of Clarendon.

possessions, he said, might be valued far above the portion in money."

Charles, who was not only burdened with the debts incurred by the Protectorate, but already pretty deeply involved on his own account, listened to the proffer of half a million of money with ill-suppressed delight, and hastened to communicate the overture to his premier. Charles confessed to Clarendon "that the proposals pleased him, and that he considered they might prove of notable advantage to the kingdom," and asked him what he himself thought of it. Clarendon replied, drily, "that he had not heard enough of it to form an opinion, never having heard a word of it till that moment; and, therefore, he should not be able to do more, when the ambassador came to him, than to hear what he said, and report it to his majesty. For the present, he only asked if his majesty had given up all thoughts of a protestant wife?" Charles replied, "that he could not find one except among his own subjects, and among them he had seen no one that pleased him sufficiently for that purpose;" then, observing Clarendon to look fixedly at him, he added, "that he would never more think of the princess of Orange's daughter, her mother having used him so ill when he proposed it; and if he should now propose it, he knew his mother would never consent to it, and it would break his sister's heart."

To this his minister replied, "that he desired nothing more than to see his majesty well married, and he was very confident all his good subjects were in the same mind, and that he was ready to confer with the Portuguese ambassador on the subject."[1]

Charles then appointed a secret council to be held at the lord chancellor's house, consisting only of the marquess of Ormond, the lord treasurer, the lord chamberlain, secretary Nicholas, and the chancellor, at which he presided, and opened the business to them in person. He said, "that he had inquired of his two great naval commanders, the earl of Sandwich, and sir John Lawson, what place Tangier was, pointing to it at the same time on the map, and they both said 'they knew it well from sea.' But sir John Lawson had been in it, and had represented it as a place of great importance, which, if it fell into the hands

[1] Clarendon's Autobiography.

of the Dutch, and they were to make a mole there, would enable them to give the law to all the trade of the Mediterranean," with which discourse his majesty seemed much impressed.[1]

The expediency of his chusing a protestant queen having been suggested by some of the lords, Charles again asked, "where he should find one?" Several German princesses were then mentioned to him." "Odds fish!" exclaimed the king, impatiently, "they are all dull and foggy; I cannot like any one of them for a wife."[2]

Another of the lords named a lady, whom report said had been to his majesty's taste—the princess Henrietta of Orange; but Charles cut him short, by saying, "he had unanswerable objections to that marriage."

It was then unanimously agreed that "there was no catholic princess in Europe who could offer such advantages as the infanta of Portugal, whose portion in money was almost double what any king of England had ever received with a consort, and her territorial appanages were places of great importance for the increase of trade, especially in the Indies and the Mediterranean, where much damage had been sustained by the commercial relations of England during the late troubles." The king approving of these observations, ordered their lordships to open the matrimonial treaty with all possible secrecy.[3]

Don Francisco de Mello offered to go back to Portugal, in order to facilitate the business there, "not doubting," he said, "to return with full powers for the completion of the treaty." Charles wrote to Catharine's mother, the queen-regent, and her brother, the king, letters expressing his wish for the marriage, and also to herself, as to a lady he looked upon as his betrothed wife. He assigned two ships for the convoy of the ambassador, who, with his wife and family, immediately set sail for Lisbon. The news of the auspicious manner in which the preliminaries for this alliance had been opened filled the court of Lisbon with great joy, and the diplomatic skill of don Francisco was immediately rewarded with the title of count da Ponte, and he was despatched to England with full powers to conclude the marriage. He arrived in London, January, 1661, but found an unexpected change in the manner of

[1] Clarendon. [2] Carte's Life of Ormond. [3] Clarendon.

his reception, or rather non-reception, for he could not obtain an audience from the king, or leave to present the replies of the royal family to Charles's letters. The king had, in the meantime, received a very unpleasant impression of Catharine, from the reports of the emissaries of Spain, who were of course anxious to break the match. Digby, earl of Bristol, Clarendon's great enemy, had just returned from a visit to the court of Spain, and in his first interview with the king penetrated the secret of the matrimonial treaty with Portugal. "This earl," says Clarendon, "valued himself on the faculty of perplexing and obstructing everything in which he had no hand." In accordance with this amiable propensity he went to the Spanish ambassador, and informed him of what was going on. That envoy, who had established himself on terms of great familiarity with king Charles, took the liberty of remonstrating with him on the subject of his friendly negotiations with Portugal; and finding his arguments made no impression on the king, he began to depreciate the person of the infanta, saying "that she was deformed, had bad health, and that it was well known in Spain and Portugal that she would never have children;" with many other remarks, to which Charles's curiosity tempted him to forget his dignity so far as to listen.[1]

These injurious reports were confirmed by the earl of Bristol, who then, by way of antithesis, drew an attractive description of the beauty of some of the Italian princesses, of whom he said the king might take his choice; and that, if he would give up the Portuguese match, the king of Spain would agree to give either of those ladies whom he might select, as large a portion as if she were a daughter of Spain. These discourses greatly abated Charles's inclination for a marriage with Catharine of Braganza. He broke off his negotiations with that court, and inclined so far to the persuasions of the Spanish ambassador, to take a consort of his master's recommending, as to send the earl of Bristol on a secret mission to the city of Parma, to obtain further information regarding the personal qualifications of the two princesses. One sight of these ladies, of whom he had a view as they were going to church, was sufficient to convince the earl that neither would suit the taste of his royal

[1] Autobiography of Clarendon.

master. One was so fat, and the other so ugly, that he dared not incur the risk of recommending either to a prince, who was so great a connoisseur in female beauty as Charles.[1]

When Vatteville, the Spanish ambassador, learned the ill success of Bristol's voyage of discovery, he made a bold attempt to prevent the Portuguese alliance, and actually offered to portion a protestant bride for Charles. He pathetically enlarged on the inconveniences and unpopularity that would attend a catholic marriage, and earnestly recommended him to marry a daughter of the king of Denmark, or of the elector of Saxony.

Charles, meantime, had made inquiries of several persons who had lately returned from Portugal, as to what manner of woman the infanta really was, and received a description of her very different from the prejudiced representations of the Spanish envoy and his créatures. This decided him to shew a little more courtesy to the Portuguese ambassador, who had fallen sick with vexation at the contempt that had been put upon him and his princess by the fickle monarch. The renewal of friendly communications in that quarter elicited fresh remonstrances from Vatteville, and Charles, who was really weary of his interference and importunity, began to evince some impatience. Then the haughty envoy changed his caressing tone, and said, in plain words, "that he was directed by the king, his master, to let his majesty know that, if he should proceed towards a marriage with the daughter of his rebel, the duke of Braganza, he had orders to take his leave presently, and declare war against him."

Charles took fire at this impertinence, and replied, with becoming spirit, "that he might be gone as soon as he liked, and that he would not receive orders from the catholic king how to dispose of himself in marriage."

The ambassador found he had gone too far, and the next day waited upon his majesty, and, after many flattering expressions, made him an offer, in the name of his royal master, of endowing her, whom he had once been eager to marry, from motives of pure affection, Henrietta of Orange, with a portion equal to a daughter of Spain.[2]

[1] Clarendon. Lingard.

[2] Clarendon.—The Spanish ambassador, being greatly irritated at finding it was out of his power to break the marriage, vented his rage in a pitched

Any proposition for making her his queen, whose hand had been denied him in the season of his adversity, always appears to have excited an indignant feeling on the part of Charles; nor could the proffered gold and political adoption of Spain overcome his pique against her. His misgivings, as to the personal defects of Catharine of Braganza, however, caused him still to waver and delay the completion of the marriage treaty. Meanwhile a special messenger from France arrived, with a private communication from Louis XIV., expressing regret that any obstruction to the Portuguese match should have arisen, "as the infanta was a lady of great beauty and admirable endowments, and that he had formerly serious thoughts of marrying her himself, only he had been deterred, by complaisance for the queen, his mother, (who was a Spanish princess,) from that alliance." He concluded with "an offer of 300,000 pistoles, to relieve king Charles of his pecuniary embarrassments, and an intimation that he could not do better than to bestow himself in marriage with the infanta of Portugal."[1] Though Louis had married a Spanish princess, it was to his interest to prevent his brother of Spain from acquiring a formidable preponderance in the balance of power, by the acquisition of Portugal; he therefore did his best to provide donna Luiza with a son-in-law, who would be able and willing to espouse her cause. Charles was also reminded that Catharine was only the third in succession from the crown of that realm, which, in the event of her brother's dying without issue, must devolve upon her. A sight of the portrait of the dark-eyed infanta appears, after all, to have had more effect in deciding Charles to accept her hand, than all the diplomatic subtleties of the courts of France and Portugal, the grave reasoning of his lord chancellor, or even the tempting dowry with which her politic mother offered to endow her.

The portrait which was submitted to his consideration was reported to be very like Catharine, and is supposed to have been the same which was lately sold at the dispersion

battle for precedency, with the French ambassador, d'Estrades, to whose superior diplomacy he attributed the treaty. This battle took place on the Tower wharf, on the occasion of the public entry of the Swedish ambassador. Several lives were lost, but the Spaniards, though very inferior in force to the French, got the victory, and were loudly cheered by the populace.

[1] Clarendon.

of Horace Walpole's collection at Strawberry Hill. Catharine of Braganza is there represented as a lovely glowing brunette, with enchanting dark eyes, and a rich profusion of chesnut hair, disposed in a waved pyramid on each side of her face, consisting of parallel lines of cannon curls, descending in graduated rows to the waist, in a most extraordinary and unaccountable fashion, as if in imitation of a lord chief-justice's state-wig, but without powder. The whole of a very beautiful head of hair was spread out in this fantastic form, in side wings, with the exception of one large tress, which was combed slanting across the forehead, and gave additional oddity to this strange costume.

Charles, whose devotion to dark-eyed beauties was almost proverbial, after attentively examining the portrait, said, "That person cannot be unhandsome;" and forthwith consented to see the ambassador, and receive the replies he had brought to the letters he had written to Catharine and her royal relatives, which he had so long neglected to notice.[1] The ambassador entered into very full explanations with regard to the portion. "The queen regent," he said, "having resolved not to touch the public money that was raised for carrying on the war, had sold her own jewels and plate, and made up the deficiency by borrowing plate and jewels of the churches and monasteries, by which means she had the whole sum ready, sealed up in bags, and deposited where no one could take it to apply to any other use. That the fleet which was to be sent for the princess might go first to Tangier, and take possession of it, her majesty having removed the old governor, who was," she said, "humourous (meaning perverse), and sent out another, on whose compliance she could depend, to deliver that place into his majesty's hands. She had taken similar precautions with regard to Bombay, and, furthermore, to give the greatest proof that it was possible to do of her confidence in his honour, she would send the infanta, unmarried, to him, which was such a trust as had never before been reposed in any prince."

The true reason of the politic mother of Catharine offering to dispense with the usual security of a marriage by proxy for her daughter, was, that the papal see, overawed by the power of Spain, had never acknowledged the inde-

[1] Clarendon's Autobiography.

pendence of Portugal, and the royal title of either Juan IV. or don Alphonso; consequently the reigning pope, Alexander, to whom she must have applied for a dispensation, for the infanta to contract marriage with a prince of the reformed religion, without which the ceremony could not be performed in Portugal, would have mentioned her only as the daughter of the late duke of Braganza, and the sister of the present. This would have been more injurious to the royal family of Portugal than anything that could have been done by the fleets and armies of Spain. "So that," says Clarendon, "before they would receive that affront, the most jealous nation in the world chose rather to send the daughter of the kingdom to be married in England, and not to be married till she came thither."

Charles, on his part, wisely avoided all the inconveniences and offences that might have arisen at the coronation of a catholic queen, by having the ceremonial of his inauguration performed before his union with Catharine of Braganza had taken place. He was crowned, with great splendour and universal rejoicing, on St. George's-day, April 23, 1661.

On the 8th of May, the new parliament met at Westminster, and was opened by the king in person, who addressed them in a long and very interesting speech from the throne, in which, after reminding them that it was the anniversary of the day on which he was proclaimed; and recommending them to forget all former divisions, and live peaceably together, he communicated to them his royal intentions, with regard to his marriage, in the following jocose manner:—

"I will not conclude without telling you some news—news that I think will be very acceptable to you—and therefore I should think myself unkind and illnatured if I did not impart it to you. I have been put in mind by my friends, that it was now time to marry, and I have thought so myself ever since I came into England. But there appeared difficulties enough in the choice, though many overtures have been made to me; and if I should never marry until I could make such a choice, against which there could be no foresight of any inconvenience that may ensue, you would live to see me an old bachelor, which I think you do not desire to do. I can now tell you, not only that I am resolved to marry, but to whom I am resolved to marry. If God please, it is with the daughter of Portugal. * * * And I will make all the haste I can to fetch you a queen hither, who, I doubt not, will bring great blessings with her to me and you."[1]

[1] Journals of the Lords. Clarendon's Autobiography.

Both houses of parliament voted and presented addresses of congratulation to his majesty the next day. This was announced in due form to the Portuguese ambassador, by Clarendon, who paid him a state visit on this occasion, the particulars of which are briefly related by don Francisco de Mello in the following letter to the young king of Portugal, Catharine's brother:—

"Senhor,—This day the grand chancellor came to see me with great pomp, two of his gentlemen bearing his insignia, which are a gilded mace and a crimson velvet purse, embroidered with the arms of his majesty of Great Britain, and this visit is much to be valued, because it has not hitherto been made to any other ambassador. He brought me the resolutions which had been come to by the two houses of lords and commons, copies of which accompany this letter, whereby your majesty will perceive the general approbation which all England shews at the wise choice which this prince has made of the most serene lady infanta, to be queen of these kingdoms. God prosper his actions, and guard the royal person of your majesty, as your vassals desire and have need of.

"Conde da Ponte."

"London, 23rd May, 1661."[1]

Exactly one month after the date of this letter, king Charles II. signed the memorable treaty at Whitehall, that united England and Portugal in a bond of alliance which has remained unbroken to the present day. The cession of Bombay, as a part of the dowry of Catharine of Braganza, gave to England her first possession in the East Indies, and proved ultimately the means of adding that mighty colonial empire, with all its commercial wealth and importance, to the British crown. Such was one of the results of the otherwise infelicitous union of that princess with Charles II.

The marriage articles secured to Catharine the free exercise of her religion, with power to fit-up a chapel in any palace where she might reside; the enjoyment of a settled income of 30,000*l.* a year, which was to continue undiminished if she became queen dowager; and full liberty to return to her own country in that case, if it were her pleasure so to do.[2]

The earl of Sandwich was entrusted with the command of the fleet appointed to take possession of Tangier, and then to bring the royal bride to England. The Spanish ambassador, meantime, although the representative of a

[1] Original translation by John Adamson, Esq., from Historia Genealogica da Casa Real Portuguesa, and Provas in Appendix.

[2] Historia da Casa Real Portuguesa.

prince who claimed to be called the catholic king, endeavoured to raise a popular clamour in London, by circulating incendiary papers, and setting forth an exaggerated summary of the evils that might arise to protestant England from the introduction of a popish queen. His attempts to excite opposition to the Portuguese marriage were unavailing; all classes had beheld with uneasiness the pernicious influence exercised over the mind of the sovereign by Mrs. Palmer, and were anxious to see a virtuous princess presiding over the court, which, under their bachelor king, began to assume an ominous resemblance to that of William Rufus, where it was, of course, impossible for any ladies of character to appear. In short, king Charles's loyal lieges appeared to have come to the conclusion, that it was better for him to have a popish queen, than no queen at all.

The Spanish ambassador having been seen in the act of throwing some of the inflammatory papers out of his own windows among the soldiery, king Charles sent the secretary of state to him, with orders to quit the realm forthwith, without presuming to see his face again. Vatteville implored, even with tears, to be permitted to beg his majesty's pardon in a parting interview; but Charles very properly declined receiving his submission, and was eager to hasten the departure of so troublesome a busybody out of his dominions.[1]

The demurs and changes of purpose which had marked the conduct of the royal wooer, during the progress of the matrimonial treaty, had caused no slight uneasiness to the Portuguese. Their political existence, the security of life and property, appeared to depend at this crisis on the British alliance. The anxiety with which they watched the event may be seen by the reports of Thomas Maynard to sir Edward Nicholas, Charles's secretary of state.[2] "About four days since arrived in this port three merchant ships, who brought the news of his majesty's intentions to make the infanta queen of England (the welcomest news that ever came to the Portuguese people), and confirmed by the king's and by the chancellor's speeches. There is no doubt his majesty hath made both nations very happy in his choice. The infanta is a lady of incomparable virtue,

[1] Clarendon. [2] State Paper Office. Original.

of excellent parts, very beautiful, and of an *indifferent* stature, (middle height,) being somewhat taller than the queen, his majesty's mother (Henrietta Maria)." Maynard goes on to describe the delight and gratitude that the Portuguese court and capital manifested, because the English fleet had appeared to protect the homeward bound Brazilian merchantmen from the depredations of the Dutch navy, "so that the streets of Lisbon rang daily with the acclamations of '*Viva il rey di Gran Britannia!* whom God hath raised to protect us from our implacable foes!'" Such were the feelings with which the native country of Catharine of Braganza entered into the alliance with England. All doubts and uncertainties were soon after removed by the arrival of the conde da Ponte in Lisbon, charged with full powers from Charles, for the completion of the necessary arrangements with the court of Portugal for putting him in possession of his bride. The conde was the bearer of two autograph letters from his Britannic majesty, one to donna Catharine, the other, to the queen-regent of Portugal:—

"My Lady and Mother,—This is brought by the good count da Ponte; the marriage is already concluded, and I obliged him to set forth from hence, by the most urgent request, as he will thereby greatly aid me in regulating the arrival of the queen, my wife, and likewise be useful to her during the voyage; for which I entreat your majesty will excuse his having returned this time without orders. In what concerns the affairs of Portugal, in order that nothing therein may be prejudiced, from the absence of the count, I shall take upon myself the care of them, and thus represent him here, whilst he does the like by me in that kingdom. With regard to him as my minister, on his arrival, your majesty will be good enough to give entire and royal faith to all he may state as coming from me, touching the quick return of my wife, who, may God bring to me in health. And may He preserve your majesty likewise, for the many years I desire.

"The son of your majesty, who kisses your hands,

"CARLOS REX."

"London, the 2nd of July, 1661."

The epistle to his betrothed is one of the most elegant specimens of a royal love letter that was ever penned, at least by a king of Great Britain:—

"My Lady and Wife,—Already, at my request, the good count da Ponte has set off for Lisbon; for me, the signing of the marriage has been great happiness; and there is about to be dispatched at this time after him, one of my servants, charged with what would appear necessary; whereby may be declared, on my part, the inexpressible joy of this felicitous conclusion, which, when received, will hasten the coming of your majesty.

"I am going to make a short progress into some of my provinces; in the

meantime, whilst I go from my most sovereign good, yet I do not complain as to whither I go; seeking, in vain, tranquillity in my restlessness; hoping to see the beloved person of your majesty in these kingdoms, already your own; and that, with the same anxiety with which, after my long banishment, I desired to see myself within them; and my subjects desiring also to behold me amongst them, having manifested their most ardent wishes for my return, well known to the world. The presence of your serenity is only wanting to unite us, under the protection of God, in the health and content I desire. I have recommended to the queen, our lady and mother, the business of the count da Ponte, who, I must here avow, has served me, in what I regard as the greatest good in this world, which cannot be mine less than it is that of your majesty; likewise not forgetting the good Richard Russell,[1] who laboured on his part, to the same end.

"The very faithful husband of your majesty, whose hands he kisses,

"CHARLES REX."

"London, 2nd of July, 1661."

[Addressed—"To the queen of Great Britain, my wife and lady, whom God preserve!"][2]

As soon as the marriage treaty was ratified at Lisbon, the infanta Catharine assumed the title of queen of Great Britain, and was treated in her brother's court with the same formal respect as if she had been the wedded wife of the sovereign to whom she was betrothed. She was now suffered to emerge from the conventual seclusion in which she had passed the first morning flower of life, and to appear occasionally in public. Maynard gives a favourable report of her character and temper in his official communications to Charles's secretary of state.

"We shall," writes he, "be extremely happy in a queen. She is as sweet a dispositioned princess as ever was born, a lady of excellent parts, but bred *hugely* retired. She hath hardly been ten times out of the palace in her life. In five years' time she was not out of doors until she heard of his majesty's intentions to make her queen of Great Britain, since which she hath been to visit

[1] Richard Russell was bishop of Portalegre, in Portugal, and almoner to the infanta donna Catharina. He seems to have been a secret agent in this marriage.

[2] I am indebted to the research and liberality of that accomplished Portuguese scholar, J. Adamson, Esq., of Newcastle, for copies of these interesting letters, in the original Spanish, in which they were written, and to my late lamented friend, sir Robert Kerr Porter, his cousin, for the translations here presented for the first time to the reader.

It is with unfeigned gratitude that I add my acknowledgments to Mr. Adamson, for the important assistance I have derived from his own elegant translations from a copious store of inedited Portuguese documents and historical records, connected with the life of Catharine of Braganza, with which he has most kindly supplied me. A. S.

two saints in the city, and very shortly she intends to pay her devotions to some saints in the country."

The account of the first use made of her liberty by the simple bride of the merry monarch, is certainly amusing enough, and shews how different her notions of pleasure were from those of the ladies of the court over which she was destined to preside. How little, alas! had the education and pursuits of poor Catharine fitted her to become the companion of a prince like Charles II., and the queen of a nation where infidelity was, at that time, considered far more pardonable than a superstitious reverence for saints, or the practice of any of those little fond observances which Catharine had been taught to regard as duties.

Ignorant, however, of all the difficulties with which her future path was beset Catharine anticipated, with feelings of hope and pleasure, her approaching transit to her new country, and both her mother and herself waited impatiently for the arrival of the earl of Sandwich, and the fleet that was to convey her to the shores of England. "The queen-mother," writes Maynard, "is very anxious for her daughter to embark, that she may not be at sea in the winter season." But the admiral of that brave fleet had high and important enterprizes to perform before his instructions allowed him to receive the royal bride. It was not till he had cleared the Mediterranean sea of the pirates, which had done great mischief to the merchant vessels of all nations, taught Algiers and Tunis the respect that was due to the British flag, and taken possession of Tangier in the name of his sovereign, that the gallant earl of Sandwich was at liberty to enter the bay of Lisbon to perform his mission there. His sails appeared, at length, in a happy hour for Portugal, which was then threatened with a more formidable invasion from Spain than it had experienced for upwards of twenty years. The hostile army was already on its march to besiege a seaport town near Lisbon, which not being prepared for resistance, must have fallen, and its capture might have been followed with the most disastrous consequences to the long struggling realm. The terror of the English fleet caused the Spanish forces to retire with precipitation, and Catharine enjoyed the proud consciousness of having been the guardian

angel of her country. She doubtless drew bright auguries from the auspicious circumstance that the first result of her marriage was to preserve the crown of Portugal to her family, and freedom to her country. How exultingly must every pulse in her frame have bounded at that idea, while the gay hopes of youth, and the flattering representations of all around her, contributed to throw a deceptive sunshine on her future destiny.

The romantic history of the monarch, to whom her hand was plighted, so different from the general dull monotony of the career of other European princes, must have been a captivating theme to the imagination of a princess bred in that seclusion which preserves the vivid feelings and generous sympathies of the female heart in their first bloom, long after the period when collision with the cold selfish world would have faded their brightness. The early vicissitudes of Charles II.; his generous attempt to preserve his father from a scaffold, by sending his signature on a blank sheet of paper to Cromwell, to be filled up with any terms it might please the tyrant to impose; his adventurous expedition to Scotland; his perils, and almost miraculous preservation, during his wanderings as a proscribed fugitive after his defeat at Worcester; and his subsequent restoration to the throne of his ancestors, after twelve years of poverty and exile, rendered him far more interesting than any fabled hero of poetic fiction, of whom the Lusian or Castilian bards had ever sung.

Catharine had received from the hands of the brave cavalier, sir Richard Fanshawe, the miniature of her affianced lord, who, in features and complexion, rather resembled one of her own countrymen, or a Spanish cavalier, than a prince of the royal house of Scotland. This love token was accompanied by a letter, written in the style of graceful gallantry which characterizes the billets addressed by Charles II., during his state courtship, to Catharine of Braganza.

On the 8th of November, Catharine was publicly prayed for in the churches in London, as queen of England.[1]

[1] Pepys' Diary.

Charles employed the winter in making preparations for the reception of his expected bride.

The arrangement of her household did not pass over without causing some disputes, as we find from the following passage in a letter from one of the nobles of Charles's court:—

"My lady of Suffolk is declared first lady of the bed-chamber to her majesty, at which the duchess of Richmond and countess of Portland, both pretenders to the office, are displeased."[1] The lady who was, of course, most displeased with all the preparations for the reception of the queen, was the king's mistress, the beautiful Mrs. Palmer, whom he had lately elevated to the rank of a countess, by creating her reluctant husband earl of Castlemaine. With this bold bad woman the king, though now professing to regard himself as a married man, passed all his time. He supped at her house every night, and continued to outrage all propriety by the attentions he lavished upon her both in public and private. He had endeavoured to reconcile her to his marriage, by promising that she should be appointed as one of the ladies of the bed-chamber to his queen, which would give him constant opportunities of being in her society.[2] While Charles was preparing, by this disgraceful compromise, to plant thorns in the bridal garland of his confiding consort, and to destroy all hopes of conjugal happiness for himself, the arrival of his representative, the earl of Sandwich, at Lisbon, was celebrated with the greatest manifestations of joy. Magnificent displays of fireworks, illuminations, and bull-fights, took place on this occasion, and the queen-regent, to mark her approval of the conde da Ponte's management of the negotiation, created him marquez de Sande.[3]

Very formal and elaborate were the ceremonials that attended the reception of the earl of Sandwich, in his character of ambassador extraordinary from his Britannic majesty, to conduct the queen to England. As soon as the fleet entered the Tagus, the king of Portugal sent don

[1] Letter from the earl of Northumberland to the earl of Leicester. Sidney papers.

[2] Clarendon.

[3] "Relacion de las Fiestas," at Lisbon, on the occasion of the marriage of the infanta, donna Catalina, with Charles, king of Great Britain.

Pedro de Almeida, the comptroller of his household, to visit him in his ship, attended by his suite, all richly attired, occupying two barges. As don Pedro's barge, which was highly ornamented, approached the ambassador's ship, his excellency, who was in waiting, descended to the last step of the ladder to receive him, saluting him at the same time with twenty-seven guns. On entering the cabin, don Pedro seated himself in the best chair, then rose, and taking off his hat, delivered the message of the king, signifying the pleasure his excellency's arrival gave his majesty. Then another salute of twenty-seven guns was fired, and the English ambassador responded, with equal solemnity, how deeply he felt the honour that had been conferred upon him. On don Pedro's departure, he was conducted to the last step of the ladder by the ambassador, who took leave on his stepping into his bark, and saluted with the same number of guns as before. One of the royal coaches was sent to convey the ambassador to the apartments of the marquez Castello Rodrigo, in the palace, which had been prepared for him and his *suite*, where he was entertained with great magnificence. He made his public entry, conducted by the marquez de Gouvea, chief steward of the royal household.[1] He had there personal audience of the king; but the reader is spared the detail of the *formalities*, which, if we may form an opinion of them from the narration of those which were enacted between him and don Pedro de Almeida, must almost have rivalled the elaborate genuflexions and prostrations which take place at a first introduction into the presence of his celestial majesty the emperor of China. Two days afterwards, his excellency had the honour of being presented to the queen-regent and his new mistress, the queen of Great Britain, as the infanta Catharine was now styled, to whom he delivered letters from his sovereign, written in Spanish, full of tender and endearing expressions. At this audience Sandwich presented some English gentlemen of rank to queen Catharine, who had been appointed officers of her household by her royal lord, and she confirmed their appointment by admitting them into their several offices.[2]

Nothing but fêtes, rejoicings, and illuminations, were

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa. [2] Ibid.

seen and heard, and all went smoothly, till the disbursement of the portion of the royal bride was mentioned, when, like many a maternal diplomatist of less exalted rank, the queen-mother was compelled to confess her inability to make good the golden expectations she had raised.

She told the earl of Sandwich, with many apologies, "that in consequence of the late advance of the Spanish army, she had been compelled to use the money that she had provided for her daughter's portion, in raising troops for the defence of the realm, so that she was only able to pay half the money down, with which she hoped his majesty would rest satisfied, pledging herself to pay the residue within the year."[1]

This declaration threw the ambassador into great perplexity. His instructions were to receive the whole of the portion, and no one was more fully aware than himself how much the promise of half a million of money had influenced his needy sovereign to contract this marriage. Never was any man placed in a greater state of embarrassment than the luckless plenipotentiary, who was doomed to act on his own responsibility in a matter of such extreme delicacy. He had already taken possession of Tangier, which, by the bye, in consequence of the finesse employed by the queen-regent in securing its peaceful delivery to the English, had very nearly fallen into the hands of the Moors. He had left an English garrison there, and could not think of incurring the expense of bringing them back to England. After all, his resolve was that of a kind-hearted and gallant English sailor, for he signified that he considered the lady of more value than her dowry, by consenting to receive her on board his ship with half the portion, rather than put such a mortification upon her as to leave her behind. If even the moiety of the large sum that had been promised with Catharine of Braganza had been paid in gold or cruzadoes, Charles would not have had so much cause to complain; but when it came to the upshot, the artful queen-regent and her Jew factors delivered it in the form of bags of sugar, spices, and other merchandize. The ambassador vainly protested against this imposition, but he found there was nothing else to be got, except jewels, which he posi-

[1] Clarendon.

tively refused to accept, or the merchandize either, at the valuation that had been fixed upon them, but agreed to receive them on board his ships as a consignment to some merchant in London, who should be empowered by the queen-regent to take them in bulk, and pay the king the money which had been stipulated. In conclusion, Diego Silvas, a Jew of great wealth and credit, was sent with the goods as supercargo, who was to settle the account with the king's officers of the exchequer in London. At the same time a bond was given by the crown of Portugal, for the payment of the other moiety of the portion, in the space of a year.

Everything being now arranged, the royal bride took her departure in the following order, on the 23rd of April, N. S. She left the antechamber of the queen-mother, followed immediately by her brothers, the king of Portugal, and the infante, don Pedro, the officers of the household, grandees, and *fidalgoes*. They descended the staircase of the queen's apartments to the hall of the Germans. At the staircase which leads to the court of the chapel, she was met by the queen-regent, and as this was the place appointed for taking leave of her mother, she asked permission to kiss her hand, to which the queen would not consent, but, embracing her, gave her her blessing.[1]

Neither Catharine nor her mother shed a tear at parting, though both must have felt it deeply; but their ladies, and even the nobles who witnessed it, wept plentifully. This circumstance is noticed by a contemporary poet, who sailed in the Royal Charles, and has recorded every incident that occurred, with formal minuteness, in an heroic poem, called "Iter Lusitania; or, the Portugal Voyage."[2] He says—

> "Here the two queens took leave, but in such sort,
> As with amazement filled the thronged court.
> Their carriage more than masculine; no tear
> From either of their majesties appear;
> Art conquered nature, state and reason stood,
> Like two great consuls, to restrain the flood
> Of passion and affection, which, ne'ertheless,
> Appeared in sad but prudent comeliness.

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa. Original translation, by J. Adamson, Esq., of Newcastle.

[2] Printed at London, 1662; dedicated to their sacred majesties, king Charles II. and queen Catharine, and embellished with their portraits. Sold at the sign of the Bible, in Chancery-lane.

A scene so solemn, that the standers by,
Both lords and ladies, did that want supply;
In this great concourse every one appears
Paying a tribute to them in their tears."

Catharine having received her royal mother's last embrace, was led between her two brothers, the king and the infante, to the coach. Before she entered it, she turned about and made a profound reverence to the queen-mother, who reiterated her blessing, and retired before her children got into the coach. The king gave the right-hand seat to queen Catharine, and the infante placed himself with his back to the horses. They were attended by the chief of the nobility, in splendid carriages and costly dresses, the captains of the guard following, and covering the royal carriage. The procession passed on to the cathedral, between two lines of infantry, the streets being lined with soldiery, and adorned with triumphal arches. All this time were heard repeated salvoes of artillery from the fortresses and shipping in the river, and the ringing of the bells from all the monasteries and parish churches in the city. Dancers, with music, also met them in the streets. It was the festival of St. George, and the circumstance of Catharine's embarkation taking place on that day, (St. George being the patron of Portugal as well as England,) is commemorated by the rhyming chronicler of her voyage, in the following pompous lines:—

St. George was this day mounted in such state,
He feared no dragon, and could find no mate.
This day surmounted other feasts, as far
As any festival i'the calendar
Does other days; the Portugueses vaunt
St. George their guardian and tutelar saint.
'St. George for England!' too, the English cry."

Queen Catharine and her brothers arrived, at nine o'clock, at the cathedral, which was richly decked for the occasion. On entering the principal chapel, *Te Deum* was sung. The royal party retired behind the curtain, giving always the place of honour to Catharine, as queen-consort of Great Britain. During mass the English ambassador, the chief equerry and comptroller, and other Englishmen of the reformed religion, who had come in the fleet to accompany their new mistress to England, were invited

to walk in the cloisters of the cathedral.[1] Mass being finished, the royal family returned to the coach, and proceeded to the Terreira da Paço, through streets richly decorated with damasks, silks, and cloth of gold, and adorned with triumphal arches of different orders of architecture. Statues of the bride and bridegroom, in royal robes, formed an attractive part of the pageantry with which Lisbon greeted her departing princess, as we are told by the author of the Portugal Voyage, in his description of Catharine's progress to the water-side—

> "Thus passed the king, with all his royal train,
> Conducting the infanta to the main;
> Thus England's representative we see
> Attend, receive, conduct her majesty.
> And as great Trajan triumphed once in Rome
> In effigy, so they that hither come
> Our great king Charles in Lisbon streets might see
> Triumphant, with his queen in majesty.
> The robes and royal ensigns he put on
> I'the solemn day of his coronation.
> He in his princely portraiture, and she
> Both in her person and her effigy."

The procession entered the Paço through a garden near the dock-yard, where a door was opened in the wall for the passage of the royal family only; all the grandees who were in the suite having to alight and proceed, by another door of the garden, to a pier gaily decked out, which reached into the sea where the royal brigantines lay. All who had accompanied her kissed queen Catharine's hand before she embarked; they offered the same mark of respect to the king, but he declined it, out of courtesy to his sister. Catharine then entered the splendid brigantine or barge which had been prepared for her, being assisted by the king, her brother, who led her by the hand. The infante followed them, and when they were seated, the English ambassador, chief equerry, and comptroller of the queen, with other gentlemen of honour, who were English, came next, and after them the marquis de Sande, who was reappointed ambassador extraordinary from Portugal to England, and four other Portuguese grandees, who were to accompany the queen to England. The officers of the royal household, and the nobility who had followed the king, were in other boats.[2]

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa. [2] Ibid.

As soon as the royal brigantine began to move onward, the salvoes of artillery were repeated, till she came alongside the English admiral's ship, the Royal Charles, which carried 80 brass cannon and 600 men. Catharine was then assisted to mount the commodious ladder which had been prepared for her embarkation.

The moment she came on board, a royal salute was fired by the British fleet, and answered by the Portuguese forts, the guns firing alternately.

> "Welcomed she was in thunder, while the shore,
> By king Alphonso's order, strives to outroar
> Our cannon and our culverins, which fly,
> And fill the land, the waters, and the sky;
> Lightning and thunder from each oaken side,
> Proclaim the welcome of our royal bride."

Queen Catharine having been formally consigned by the king, her brother, to the admiral-ambassador, was conducted to her cabin, and then her royal brothers took their leave of her. The ladies who had attended her on board kissed her hand at parting, those only who had appointments in her household being permitted to remain with her. The strictness of that etiquette by which the daughters of the royal family of Portugal were fettered, required that Catharine should have remained in her state cabin; but the heart of the yet unwedded bride of England clave to the land of her birth and the companions of her childhood. She accompanied her brothers to the deck, and even to the first step of the ladder, where she lingered, notwithstanding all the signs from the king for her to return to her cabin, till he and don Pedro had entered the royal barge, and seated themselves under the awning.[1] The king steered for the Paço; the boats with the ladies and officers of his suite followed him, and all the fleet got under weigh, but the wind proving contrary, they could not leave the bay. That night there was a general illumination, both in the city and in the English fleet and shipping in the river, and a grand display of fireworks on land and sea. The river and the bay were crowded with boats, which threw up fire-balls, and made an aquatic carnival, to testify their joy, and to divert the grief of the royal voyager at her separation from her country and kindred. The next day the wind

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

was still contrary, and remained so till the 25th, during which time the queen-mother sent frequently to inquire how the queen of England, her daughter, endured the inconveniences of shipboard.

All that art and luxury could devise, to render her majesty's accommodations on board the Royal Charles as agreeable as possible, had been effected. The fitting up of her marine apartments is thus described by the rhyming chronicler before quoted:—

"Her royal cabin and her state room too,
Adorned with gold and lined with velvet through;
The cushions, stools, and chairs, and clothes of state,
All of the same materials and rate;
The bed, made for her majesty's repose,
White as the lily, red as Sharon's rose.
Egypt nor isles of Chittim have not seen
Such rich embroideries, nor such a queen;
Windows, with taffaties and damask hung,
While costly carpets on the floor are flung;
Regions of perfumes, clouds of incense hurled,
In every room of this our little world;
Here she begins her progress, comes aboard,
Turns voyager, to greet her dearest lord.
The royal Charles by sea and land she'll take,
Both for her zenith and her zodiack."

The evening of the 24th of April found the British fleet, with the royal bride, still wind-bound in the bay of Lisbon. That night the king of Portugal, with his brother the infante, and a chosen number of the gallant and chivalrie nobles of the court, prepared to give the departing princess the agreeable surprise of a serenade on the waters.[1] They embarked with their musical instruments in several barges, and coming under the galleries of the Royal Charles, sang the various carols, sonnets, madrigals, canzoni, and epithalamiums that had been composed in honour of her nuptials. This poetical incident, which would have afforded a charming subject for the graceful muse of Camoens, elicited the following stiff heroics from the English bard, who commemorates Catharine of Braganza's bridal voyage:—

THE KING'S LAST FAREWELL.

The wind was wholly contrary that day,
All which in visiting was past away;
But when Morpheus had closed up most eyes,
And night's black curtains were drawn o'er the skies,

[1] "Relacion de las Fiestas" on occasion of the marriage of the infanta, donna Catalina, with Charles, king of Great Britain.

Down comes the king in 's royal barge amain,
Incognito, with his harmonious train,
To sing his sister's farewell, which was done,
To ecstasy and admiration.
Under our gilded galleries he floats."

The reader may be spared the trite allusions to Orion, Orpheus, and Amphion, with which he labours out eighteen more lines of bathos, concluding with this modest confession:—

"I want both skill and language to express
The order, melody, and comeliness
Of this night's action, but the approaching day
Silenced the music—sent the king away."

The morning of the 25th dawned gloriously, and though the wind was little favourable for the voyage, they crossed the bar and succeeded in getting out to sea. The fleet which conveyed Catharine of Braganza to England consisted of fourteen men-of-war. The queen was in the admiral's ship, with such of her noble attendants and officers of state as could be accommodated in the same vessel; the rest were distributed in the vice-admiral's ship, the Gloucester, and the Royal James. In the Montague was the equipage of the queen; three of the smaller vessels were freighted with 1000 boxes of sugar, being part of the goods in which her majesty's portion was transported to England. Among her English officers of state were Edward Montague, cousin to the earl of Sandwich, who acted as her grand equerry, and the comptroller of her mother-in-law, queen Henrietta Maria, who made all the disbursements on account of the king. Her almoners were Richard Russell, bishop elect of Portalegre, and don Patricio, an Irish priest. Her Portuguese suite exceeded in number a hundred. Two ladies of the highest rank and most unbending gravity of deportment, donna Maria de Portugal, countess de Penalva, sister to the ambassador, don Francisco de Mello, and donna Elvira de Vilpena, countess de Pontevel, were appointed by the court of Lisbon to *chaperon* the royal bride. Her majesty had also in her suite six noble young ladies, whom count Hamilton profanely describes as "six frights, calling themselves maids of honour, and a duenna, another monster, who took the title of governess to these extraordinary beauties. Besides these," pursues the same saucy

author, " were six chaplains, four bakers, a Jewperfumer, and a certain officer, apparently without employment, calling himself her highness's barber." This person was, doubtless, the functionary whose office it was to disfigure Catharine's natural charms, by packing her luxuriant tresses into the stiff, outlandish fashion, which excited so much wonder and mirth at her first arrival in England. The task of cannonizing the side-locks of a lady's hair, in the mode worn by the royal bride of Charles II., would certainly have baffled the skill of an English hairdresser, and a French frizzeur would have suffered martyrdom rather than have done her such an injury.

The passage to England was long and stormy, and the courtly passengers, especially the ladies, suffered greatly, both from sea-sickness and terror, but Catharine preserved her courage and composure during all the inconveniences and dangers of the voyage. The strong north-westers having damaged some of the vessels, it became necessary to run into Mount's Bay, till the wind moderating, permitted them to pursue their course. It was in this bay, which is between the Lizard and the Land's End, that the first attentions of the people of England were shewn to their new queen, by the display of fireworks along the coast, and the salutes of artillery with which she was welcomed.

Off the Isle of Wight she encountered the duke of York's squadron of five frigates, with which he had put to sea to meet his royal sister-in-law. As soon as he descried the fleet, he sent his secretary off in a boat to ask permission to kiss her hand. Catharine, with ready tact, replied, that " any delay would be painful to her."[1]

The duke of York immediately put off in his launch, accompanied by the duke of Ormond, master of the king's household, the earl of Chesterfield, who had been appointed chamberlain, and the earl of Carlingford, master of the ceremonies to the queen, the earl of Suffolk, and other gentlemen. With this brilliant suite, all in full dress, his royal highness entered the admiral's ship. The marquez de Sande, who had charge of the queen, with the other *fidalgoes*, awaited his arrival on the deck. The queen, dressed in the English costume, the material white cloth

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

trimmed with silver lace, was seated in the innermost cabinet of her cabin to receive him.[1] This apartment was fitted up very magnificently as a miniature presence chamber, with a throne and canopy for the queen, who, doubtless, amidst all the formal etiquette which surrounded her, awaited, with a beating heart, the appearance of the brother of the unknown consort to whom her hand was plighted. She advanced three paces beyond the canopy to meet him when he entered. The duke knelt with intent to kiss her hand, but she prevented him, according to our Portuguese authority, by raising him in her arms; from which we should infer that she vouchsafed a sisterly embrace, were it not that such a freedom was incompatible with the rigid reserve of her conventual breeding, and opposed to the customs of her country, and is contradicted by the remark of her chamberlain, the earl of Chesterfield, who says, "that although James, in consequence of his near connexion with the sovereign, might have saluted the royal bride, he did not avail himself of his privilege, out of a delicate regard to his majesty's feelings, and that he might be the first man to offer that compliment to his queen."[2]

The queen, returning to her place, remained a few minutes in conversation with his royal highness, her almoner, Russell, acting as interpreter. She then signed to the duke that he should seat himself in a fauteuil, which had been placed for him at her right hand, but he refusing, she touched a tabouret, on which he seated himself at her left, without the canopy. The duke, while standing, had spoken in English; when seated, he continued the conversation in Spanish, which Catharine understood, it being her mother's native language. James conducted himself very amiably at this interview, making his new sister-in-law many assurances of his affection and offers of his service, to which she responded with much urbanity.[3] Then the duke of Ormond entered, to kiss the queen's hand, and deliver a letter from the king. The lord chamberlain, the earl of Chesterfield, and other noblemen who had accompanied the duke of York, were also presented to their new mistress. Her majesty presented the Portuguese *fidalgoes*, who had attended her to England, to his royal

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa. [2] Letters of earl of Chesterfield.
[3] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

highness, explaining who they were, and he treated them most graciously.

On the duke retiring, the queen advanced three paces, which the duke endeavoured to prevent, telling her, "she should recollect her rank." Catharine replied, with winning sweetness; "that she wished to do that out of affection which she was not obliged to do;" an answer which greatly pleased the duke.[1]

Every day the queen received visits from her royal brother-in-law, with whom she seems to have established herself on very friendly terms; and being requested by him to dress herself in the Portuguese fashion, that he might see her in her national costume, she, on one occasion, received him so, on which he complimented her, saying, "she looked very well in it."[2]

This little incident proves that Catharine was not quite so perverse in her conduct about her dress as Clarendon represents, who complains of her obstinate adherence to her Portuguese fashions, and her determination to adopt no other; which resolution he says "her ladies had told her would be for the dignity of Portugal, and would quickly induce the English ladies to follow her majesty's example; and this imagination had made such an impression, that the tailor who had been sent into Portugal to make her clothes, could never be admitted to see her or receive any employment." Now, it is possible that the employment of needle-*men* although then customary in England, might be contrary to the strict notions of female propriety in Portugal; and that Catharine, from natural feelings of delicacy, might prefer employing a person of her own sex in the capacity of a dressmaker. But we find that, even before she landed, she had the good taste to attire herself in an English dress, to receive the brother of her affianced lord, and the gentlemen by whom he was accompanied, and that she continued to wear it till he requested to see her in her national costume.

"On that day," pursues our Portuguese authority, "the queen spoke to all the officers of the ship, and permitted them to kiss her hand; she presented a collar of gold to the captain, and gave money to the pilot and master, both for themselves, and to be distributed among the crew."

This was the first time Catharine had emerged from the

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa. [2] Ibid.

oriental state of seclusion in which she had kept herself ever since she left the bay of Lisbon. Pepys affirms, that Mr. Creed, one of lord Sandwich's secretaries, told him "how recluse the queen had ever been, and all the voyage never came on deck, nor put her head out of the cabin, but did love my lord's music, and would send for it down to the state room, and sit in her cabin within hearing of it." The earl of Sandwich told Pepys "that the queen was a very agreeable lady, and painted well." She now began to conform herself to the English manners, and admit persons to converse with her in her cabin. She sent the conde de Pontevel, don Francisco de Mello, and don Pedro Francisco de Correa, to return the duke of York's visit.

The fleet entered Portsmouth, May 13, according to English computation. The duke of York's ship followed the Royal Charles; and when the queen disembarked, the duke was ready to hand her into her richly decorated barge. She was attended by the countess da Pontevel, the countess of Penalva was too ill to leave the ship, where she was bled several times before she could be carried on shore. She was probably ill of the same fever which attacked Catharine three days after she landed. The governor of Portsmouth, with the magistrates and leading persons in the neighbourhood, were on the beach to receive and welcome their new queen. Notwithstanding her attachment to her national costume, and the jealousy of her attendants for the honour of Portugal, Catharine had the good sense to make her first appearance on English ground in an English dress, and when she entered her coach, she passed through the principal streets, to gratify the eager desire of the people to see her.[1] She was conducted to the king's house at Portsmouth, where she was received by the countess of Suffolk, her principal lady of the bed-chamber, and four other ladies of her household. As soon as this ceremonial was over, she wrote to king Charles, and dispatched her lord-chamberlain post to London, to announce her arrival, and deliver her letter to his majesty. On the morrow she had mass performed by her principal almoner, lord Aubigny, brother to the duke of Richmond.

The next day, sir Richard Fanshawe brought her a message of welcome and a letter from her royal bridegroom,

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

who was detained in London by imperative business. When Charles took leave of his parliament, assembled in the Banqueting Hall at Whitehall, he alluded to the expediency of their bestowing immediate attention on reforming the dirty state of the metropolis, before the expected advent of their new queen, with a jocose familiarity unknown in modern royal speeches.

"The mention of my wife's arrival puts me in mind to desire you to put that compliment upon her, that her entrance into this town may be made with more decency than the ways will now suffer it to be; and to that purpose I pray you would quickly pass such laws as are before you, in order to the mending those ways, that she may not find Whitehall surrounded with water."

On the news of the queen's landing all the bells in London rang, and bonfires were kindled for joy of her arrival. The king was supping with lady Castlemaine that night, but there was no fire at her door, though at almost every other door in the street, "which," says Pepys, "was much observed." About three weeks before, when the bells rang on a false report of the royal bride's arrival, there was a fierce quarrel between the duchess of Richmond and lady Castlemaine, on which occasion the duchess called the latter "Jane Shore," and said, "she hoped to see her come to the same end." Unfortunately there was no symptom of the slightest abatement of this bad woman's credit at court; for the king, notwithstanding his matrimonial engagement, continued to dine and sup with her every day, to his own disgrace, and the regret of all his faithful friends. He wrote, however, gallant and affectionately-worded letters every day to his betrothed consort, while she remained in maiden loneliness, waiting for his arrival at Portsmouth. Catharine was unfortunately attacked, the third day after her landing, with sore throat and fever, which confined her to her bed. This illness was attributed to cold taken on board ship. She was so soon out of danger that they did not think it necessary to apprize the king of her indisposition.

The earl of Sandwich, the paladin who escorted the Portuguese princess to England, has left a manuscript letter extant in the Bodleian, giving, with some liveliness, a sketch of the proceedings of his royal mistress, at her first

landing in her adopted country. It is addressed to Clarendon.

"My ever-honoured lord,

"Yesterday the duke's letter was sent in so great haste, that I had scarce time to scribble one word to the king of our arrival. Give me leave to congratulate with your lordship the happy success of the voyage; that, after some time and difficulties, the queen is safely landed and in very good health; which is wonderful, considering the length of her majesty's passage over the sea, and the stormy weather, and other disaccommodations, to a person that scarce ever was out of the palace door before. Your lordship's letter I delivered unto her majesty, and made your excuse that your lordship did not attend her majesty's arrival at Hampton Court. Her majesty is abundantly *possessed* of your lordship's kindness from the beginning of this affair, and expresseth as much gratitude as I can possibly tell your lordship; she will write so much with her own hand, and give me the honour to convey it, which shall be done as soon as can be. I have told her majesty the advice your lordship directed by Mr. Montague; she accepts thereof, and will follow it, not only in this, but all along will cast herself upon your lordship's council; and the queen-regent of Portugal, her mother, bade me assure your lordship that it should be so, and that she had given her daughter to your charge.

"The queen, as soon as she came to her lodgings, received my lady Suffolk and the other ladies very kindly, and appointed them this morning to come and put her in that habit they thought would be most pleasing to the king, and I doubt not, but when they shall have done their parts, she will appear with much more advantage, and very well to the king's contentment. She is a *prince* of extraordinary goodness of disposition, very discreet and pious, and there are the most hopes that there ever was of her making the king and us all happy."

Here, then, in confirmation of the narrative of the Portuguese chronicler of the marriage of Catharine of Braganza, we have the testimony of an eye witness of no less importance than the admiral-ambassador, who had the honour of bringing her to England, as to the gracious reception given by her to the countess of Suffolk, and the other ladies who had been sent to wait upon her at her landing. Yet Clarendon, to whom this simple statement of the fact was written by Sandwich in a confidential report, for his private information of the deportment of the new queen, has left the following strange misrepresentation of her conduct on this occasion:—

"Nor, when she came to Portsmouth, and found there several ladies of prime quality to attend her in the places to which they were assigned by the king, did she receive any of them till the king himself came, nor then with any grace, or the liberty that belonged to their places and offices."[1]

[1] Continuation of the Life of Edward, earl of Clarendon, written by himself, vol. ii. p. 168.

What Clarendon's motives could have been for such a direct violation of the truth, it is difficult to conjecture. The earl of Sandwich was no silken courtier, but a plain honest seaman; he had been a roundhead, and was still a puritan, and can scarcely be suspected of too much partiality for a catholic queen. Nothing, however, can be more satisfactory than his report of her conduct and character. He concludes his letter with the following brief particulars of the dowry:—

"Her portion business stands as I think I formerly gave your lordship an account. Some 200,000 crowns we have spent with the fleet at Lisbon; there is 400,000 in sugar, plate, and jewels, on board the fleet, and 800,000[1] more in bills of exchange, to be paid two months after the wedlock."

"Dated May 20, O. S."

The queen seemed to imagine that the jewels were intended for her personal decoration, for she made a demand of them for that purpose, which occasioned some perplexity to the earl of Sandwich and the duke of York, before the matter could be satisfactorily arranged.

It was not till five days after Catharine's arrival at Portsmouth that her affianced lord prepared to seek her. Charles left London on the 19th of May, having supped on the preceding evening at the house of his imperious mistress, the countess of Castlemaine. He travelled the first day in the duke of Northumberland's coach, accompanied by prince Rupert, and escorted by a troop of his life guards. He reached Kingston in an hour, and thence proceeded, in the earl of Chesterfield's coach, with the escort of the duke of York's guards, to Guildford, where he slept. He arrived at Portsmouth the next day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, and went directly to visit his bride. The marquez de Sande and the Portuguese waited his approach in the court. He received them all most graciously, telling the marquez de Sande how much pleasure he felt on seeing him in England on this auspicious occasion.[2]

They then entered the house, but scarcely had they ascended the stairs, when prince Rupert raised a dispute for precedency with the ambassador, and even had the ill manners to push before him, and take the place of honour next the person of the king. The ambassador, who well

[1] The Portuguese crown of five shillings.
[2] Hist. Casa Real Port.

knew the prerogative of his office, stopped him, and appealed to his majesty, who told him he was in the right, and commanded his petulant kinsman to give place to him. After this reprimand from his royal cousin, prince Rupert treated the other Portuguese nobles with great politeness, while the king was robing preparatory to entering the presence of the queen.[1]

Catharine was still confined to her bed, which her physicians would not permit her to leave, and the king, who insisted on seeing her, was introduced into her chamber. The earl of Sandwich had the honour of attending his royal master there, and wrote to Clarendon that the meeting between their majesties was with due expressions of affection, the queen declaring her perfect resignation to the king's pleasure.

"I observed," continues he, "as much as this short time permits, and I do believe this first interview hath been with much contentment on both sides, and that we are like to be very happy in this conjunction."

Charles addressed his bride in Spanish, and, with the kindest expressions, signified the pleasure he felt at seeing her, "which would," he said, "have been diminished, if her physicians had not assured him that there was no cause of apprehension from her indisposition." Catharine's answers were given with so much prudence and discretion, that when the king returned to his apartments, he expressed his satisfaction at the fortunate choice he had made of a queen.

Colonel Legge, afterwards earl of Dartmouth, in his notes to Burnet's History of his Own Times, pretends, that when Charles first saw his bride, he said, "that he thought they had brought him a bat instead of a woman." Fortunately, we have a very different account of the impression Catharine of Braganza made on the royal bridegroom, in an autograph letter written by himself to his lord chancellor, on the morning of the 21st of May, the day appointed for the solemnization of their nuptials; and it is certain, that if he had been at all dissatisfied with her appearance, the non-performance of the contract regarding her marriage portion would have afforded him an excellent excuse for returning her, and all her boxes of sugar and spices, jewels

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

and bills of exchange, to the queen her mother, as he was not bound to her by any previous ceremony of marriage by proxy; but if he were not pleased with her, there is no trusting a man's own words.

"Her face," says he, "is not so exact as to be called a beauty, though her eyes are excellent good, and nothing in her face that in the least degree can disgust one. On the contrary, she hath as much agreeableness in her looks as I ever saw, and if I have any skill in physiognomy, which I think I have, she must be as good a woman as ever was born. Her conversation, as much as I can perceive, is very good, for she has wit enough, and a most agreeable voice. You will wonder to see how well we are acquainted already; in a word, I think myself very happy, for I am confident our two humours will agree very well together. I have not time to say any more; my lord lieutenant will tell you the rest."

That morning Catharine found herself so much amended, that all things being ready, it was determined that the nuptials should take place that day. Catharine was earnestly entreated to dispense with the catholic ceremonial, but as she was inflexible on that point, it was performed with great secrecy, in her own bed-room, by the lord Aubigny, queen Henrietta's almoner, no one being present but the Portuguese ambassador, three Portuguese nobles, and two Portuguese ladies.[1] It has been asserted that the duke of York was one of the witnesses, but he does not mention this in his own journal.[2] He says, "the lord chancellor did not know of the private marriage." The outward ceremonial, as the duke terms the solemnization of

[1] Extracts from the Life of James II., written by himself, published in Macpherson's Collection.

[2] Burnet affirms, "that James told him he was one of the witnesses of this marriage, and that the queen had said that she heard some one intended to call the marriage in question; and if that were done, she must call on him as one of the witnesses." But so little is Burnet to be relied on, that he describes the first meeting between Charles and Catharine to have taken place at Winchester, instead of Portsmouth, and that the archbishop of Canterbury, who certainly had nothing to do with the marriage, came to perform the ceremony, but the queen was bigoted to such a degree, that she would not say the words of matrimony, nor bear the sight of the archbishop. The king said the words hastily, and the archbishop pronounced them married persons. Upon this some thought to have dissolved the marriage, as a marriage only *de facto*, to which no consent had been given.

the nuptial rite in the form prescribed by the church of England, did not take place till after dinner; "when," says our Portuguese authority, "the king taking the queen by the hand, led her into the grand hall or presence-chamber, where was a throne with two seats under a canopy." According to the description of sir Richard Fanshawe, who had the honour of acting as groom's-man to the king at the public ceremonial of his marriage, a rail was stretched across the upper end of the room, within which only entered the king, the queen, the bishop of London, and the marquez de Sande, the Portuguese ambassador, with sir Richard Fanshawe, who had carried the king's troth to Portugal; but the lower end of the presence chamber was crowded with nobility and the aristocracy of the neighbourhood. The king and queen having seated themselves on the double throne, the secretary, sir John Nicholas, before the assembled nobles and people, read the marriage contract, which the king had given to the ambassador, and the Portuguese secretary, Francisco Sa de Menezes, that which the ambassador had given the king. Then the king took the queen by the hand, and plighted his troth to her, according to the form prescribed in the liturgy of the church of England. The queen merely signified her consent, but did not repeat the responses, probably because she could not frame her unpractised lips to pronounce so many hard words in English, and not, as generally asserted, out of contempt to a protestant bishop and a protestant rite, since she had positively refused to consider her contract with the king as a marriage till the bishop had pronounced them man and wife. Some have doubted, from the ambiguity of the duke of York's expressions, whether the outward ceremony amounted to anything more than this declaration; but the earl of Sandwich, who was present, says, "Then the bishop of London stood forth, and made the declaration of matrimony in the Common Prayer, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." When the bishop, in conclusion, pronounced that they were man and wife, the people joyfully responded, "Long may they live!" The king rose, and taking the queen by the hand, led her to his apartments, when all the ladies and principal persons of the court entered to kiss her hand. The royal bride was attired

in an English dress, rose colour, trimmed with knots of blue ribbon; these the countess of Suffolk, her first lady of the bed-chamber, at the conclusion of the ceremony, detached from her majesty's dress, and distributed as wedding favours among the company, giving the first to the duke of York, and the others, as far as they would go, to the officers of state, ladies, and persons of quality, not leaving the queen one.[1] Sir Richard Fanshawe says, "all the ribbons her majesty wore on her wedding dress were cut to pieces, and every one present had a fragment."[2] We may imagine the scramble and competition that took place on this occasion.

Sir Richard Fanshawe, who performed the important office of bridesman to the majesty of England, received for his fees a whole-length picture of king Charles in his garter robes, a crimson velvet cloth of state, fringed and laced with gold, with a chair, a footstool and cushions, and two other stools to match, with a Persian carpet to lay under them; these were evidently used by the royal bride and bridegroom at the altar. He had a suit of beautiful tapestry with which the presence room was hung; the two velvet cloths of the altar, fringed, with the surplices, altar covers, and napkins of fine white linen; a bible of Ogleby's print, two common prayer-books, folio and quarto; with 800 ounces of gilt plate, and 4,000 ounces of white silver plate. A velvet bed was his right by custom, but this he did not have.[3] He was dispatched to Lisbon, to announce the safe arrival of queen Catharine, and her marriage, to her mother the queen-regent of Portugal. The marriage of Charles II. and Catharine of Braganza is duly registered in the parish church of St. Thomas à Becket, Portsmouth, in these words:—

"Our most gracious sovereign lord, Charles II., by the grace of God king of Great Britain, &c., and the most illustrious princess donna Catherina, infanta of Portugal, daughter to the deceased don Juan, king of Portugal, and sister to the present don Alphonso, king of Portugal, were married at Portsmouth, upon Thursday, the 21st of May, 1662, being the 14th year of his majesty's reign, by the right reverend father in God, Gilbert, lord bishop of London, dean of his majesty's Chapel Royal, in the presence of several of the nobility of his majesty's dominions and Portugal."

[This document is written on vellum, in letters of gold.]

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa. [2] Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs.
[3] Ibid., p. 144.

But to return to the royal pair.

As the queen was not quite recovered from her late attack of illness, she, by the advice of her physicians, retired to take a little repose on her bed. Lady Suffolk, who had from the first day entered upon her duties with the other English ladies, disrobed her majesty, assisted by the countesses of Penalva and Pontevel.

The king took his supper with the queen on her bed, shewing, in every way, how much pleased he was with her.[1] The feelings, however, with which the royal bridegroom regarded his newly-wedded consort will be best described by himself, in the following cheerful letter, which he wrote to Clarendon four days after his marriage:—

"Portsmouth, 25th May.

"My brother will tell you of all that passes here, which I hope will be to your satisfaction; I am sure 'tis so much to mine, that I cannot easily tell you how happy I think myself, and I *must be the worst man living* (which I hope I am not) if I be not a good husband. I am confident never two humours were better fitted together than ours are. We cannot stir from hence till Tuesday, by reason that there are not carts to be had to-morrow to transport all our *guarde-infantas*, without which there is no stirring, so you are not to expect me till Thursday night at Hampton Court."

[Superscribed—"For the Chancellor."]

Some authors have gravely inquired who this numerous train of *guarde-infantas* were, on whose carting the movements of the majesty of England and his bride depended, under the idea that they were a troop of grim duennas, deputed by the queen-mother of Portugal for the care of her daughter's morals and manners. They were, however, nothing more than the cumbrous fardingales pertaining to the wardrobe of Catharine and the Portuguese ladies by whom she was attended. These stately gaberdines had excited much wonder in the British court, where they and their wearers were equally the subject of derision. The queen's chamberlain, lord Chesterfield, makes a whimsical complaint of the difficulty there was in pleasing the "Portingall ladies," as he calls them, for they were so over-delicate about their lodgings, that they refused to sleep in any beds that had ever been occupied by men. Of their royal mistress, however, he gives the following agreeable description:—"You may credit her being a very extraor-

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

dinary woman, that is extremely devout, extremely discreet, very fond of her husband, and the owner of a good understanding. As to her person, she is exactly shaped, and has lovely hands, excellent eyes, a good countenance, a pleasing voice, fine hair, and, in a word, is what an understanding man would wish a wife. Yet I fear," pursues he, "all this will hardly make things run in the right channel; but if it should, I suppose our court will require a new modeling, and then the profession of an honest man's friendship will signify more than it does now."[1]

A pretty token of respect was presented to the new queen, from the town of Southampton, in the form of a silver salt-cellar of exquisite workmanship, of which the walls were crystal, and the dish supported by four eagles and four greyhounds.[2]

While at Portsmouth, Catharine received a kind letter of affectionate congratulation on her marriage, from the queen-mother Henrietta Maria, who was then at Paris. The earl of St. Albans was the bearer of this letter, to which queen Catharine replied in the same terms of affection and respect. The Portuguese ambassador, and all who had followed the queen, were entertained by the lord chamberlain at the king's expense during the sojourn of the court at Portsmouth.

The king and queen left Portsmouth on the 27th, passed one night at Windsor, and arrived at Hampton Court on the 29th, on which day the twofold anniversaries of Charles's birth and restoration were celebrated, with more than ordinary festivity, in honour of the queen's arrival; and she was welcomed with bonfires and other tokens of popular rejoicing. When their majesties alighted from their coach, they passed between two lines of guards, both foot and cavalry; they were followed by the countesses of Pontevel and Penalva, the countess of Suffolk, and the other ladies and officers of the royal household. The lord chancellor, judges, and counsellors of state, were all assembled to congratulate the queen on her arrival, and to kiss her hand, and the foreign ministers were also there, to offer the congratulations of their respective courts. Then all the nobility, gentry, and ladies

[1] Letters of Philip, second earl of Chesterfield.
[2] Pepys.

of the court were presented to her, classed, according to their degrees, in different rooms, through which her majesty passed. After these fatiguing ceremonies the queen retired to her bedroom.

The same evening, the duchess of York came from London in her barge, to offer her homage to her royal sister-in-law. When she landed, king Charles received her at the garden gate by the water-side, and leading her by the hand, conducted her to the queen, who received her in her chamber. The duchess offered to kiss her hand, but the queen prevented her, by raising her in her arms and saluting her. The royal family then seated themselves near the queen's bed, and conversed with her. It is probable that they then partook of Catharine's favourite beverage, tea, which became a fashionable refreshment in England soon after her marriage with Charles II., though not exactly introduced by her.[1] Yet, as Catharine of Braganza was certainly the first tea-drinking queen of England, she has had the credit of setting the fashion for the use of that temperate beverage, in an age when ladies, as well as gentlemen, at all times of the day, heated or stupified their brains with ale or wine, for the want of the more refined substitutes of tea, coffee, and chocolate.[2] The use of these simple luxuries had in time a beneficial influence on the manners of all classes of society, by forming a counter charm against habits of intoxication, and have promoted the progress of civilization in no slight degree.

Waller wrote a complimentary poem on tea, commended by the queen, in which are these lines:—

> "The best of queens and best of herbs we owe
> To that bold nation who the way did shew
> To the fair region where the sun doth rise."

The morning after the arrival of the royal bride at

[1] "I did call," says Pepys, "for a cup of *tee*, a China drink, of which I had never drunk before." As this was in the current intelligence of the year 1660, we must conclude that tea was not wholly unknown in London, and that it was procurable some months before Catharine's marriage was thought of.

[2] The reader will remember the liberal allowance of ale made by the comptroller of Henry VIII.'s household, for the breakfasts of the maids of honour, and how greatly the virgin-queen was chafed in temper, on her journey to Kenilworth, because there was not a drop of good drink to be had, except ale, which was new.

Hampton Court, she was dressed for the reception of her morning levée, as early as eleven o'clock, when the duchess of Ormond, her daughter, lady Cavendish, and lady Fanshawe, were presented to her. Charles himself presented lady Fanshawe to his queen, with a deserved eulogium on her merits, and those of her gallant husband, on which Catharine gave her hand to lady Fanshawe to kiss, and graciously promised to regard her with favour. Evelyn, who had the honour of kissing her majesty's hand that day, gives the following description of her and her countrywomen, in his Diary:—"May 30th, The queen arrived with a train of Portuguese ladies in their monstrous fardingals, or guard-infantas, their complexions olivader (dark olive), and sufficiently *unagreeable*. Her majesty in the same habit, her foretop long, and turned aside very strangely. She was yet of the handsomest countenance of all the rest, and though low of stature, prettily shaped, languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth wronging her mouth, by sticking a little too far out; for the rest lovely enough." It is evident, from this account, that Catharine had had the ill taste to resume the ungraceful costume to which she had been accustomed. Perhaps the deceitful compliments of her gallant brother-in-law, the duke of York, as to its becomingness, had encouraged her to yield to the persuasions of her duenna and her other Portuguese attendants, who urged her to wear no other. Many years afterwards, James II. told the abbess and nuns of Chaillot, "that don Alphonso, king of Portugal, wished to compel his sister, queen Catharine, to adhere to the fashions of her own country, and that she had taken infinite trouble to induce the English ladies to adopt it, and had endeavoured to prevail on king Charles to use his influence with them for that purpose; but the ladies dressed in the French fashions, and would not hear of any other, constantly sending artificers and dressmakers to Paris, to import the newest modes, as," added he, "they do to this very day."[1] Catharine certainly appeared to much greater advantage, when she exchanged her foretop and fardingale, for the graceful costume in which Lely has depicted her among the Hamp-

[1] Inedited fragment of a journal of the convent of Chaillot, in the Secret Archives of France, at the Hôtel Soubise.

ton Court galaxy of beauties, in the portrait from which the frontispiece of this volume is taken.

There is another portrait of this queen, still more charming, in the historical gallery at Versailles, by the same delightful artist, which merits a particular description. Her eyes, complexion, and hair, are all beautiful—dark, but brilliant, such as poetry has always associated with the idea of a Portuguese or Spanish donna. Her hair, no longer rendered ridiculous by the periwig arrangement of her Portuguese frizeur, or barber, as he was denominated, is shewn in its natural beauty, gathered together in a simple knot, from which the ringlets fall carelessly at will. She is dressed in black velvet, trimmed with rich point lace. The sleeves are full, but looped up with black ribbons, to shew the delicate ruffled cambric sleeve of her chemise. Her bosom and arms are perfectly lovely, both in form and colour. She has black velvet bracelets, clasped with pearls, on her arms, and holds a bunch of orange blossoms. This was probably one of her bridal portraits, painted ere the short-lived beauty of a Portuguese lady had faded, and perhaps, from the smiling expression of her face, during the few brief days that she maintained her empire over the fickle heart of her royal husband.

No one would certainly recognise, in either of these portraits, any more than in the one before described in the late Strawberry Hill collection, the original of the distorted description which lord Dartmouth, not contented with the simile of the bat, has left of this queen in his notes on Burnet's History. "She was," says he, "very short and broad, and of a swarthy complexion; one of her fore teeth stood out, which held up her upper lip; and, besides, she was very proud and ill-favoured." This picture, it would rather appear, belonged to Catharine's decline of life.

Reresby had an early sight of the new queen; he said she was a very little woman, with a tolerably pretty face, but neither in person nor manners could stand in competition with lady Castlemaine, the finest woman of her age. On that point opinions, however, began to differ. "The queen was brought, a few days since, to Hampton Court," notes Pepys; "and all people say of her that she is a very fine handsome lady, and very discreet, and that the king is pleased enough with her, which I fear will put madame

Castlemaine's nose out of joint." Three days after, he adds, "I found my lady (the countess of Sandwich) come from Hampton Court, where the queen hath used her very civilly, and, my lady tells me, 'is a most pretty woman.' Yesterday sir R. Ford told me that the aldermen of the city did attend her in their habits, and did present her with a gold cup and 1,000*l.* in gold therein. But he told me that they are so poor in their chamber, that they were fain to call two or three aldermen to raise fines to make up this sum." The free trade to India and the Brazils, which was secured to England by the marriage of Catharine of Braganza with Charles II., soon opened an inexhaustible source of wealth and prosperity to the merchants of London, who had suffered so severely during the iron rule of the commonwealth and protectorate.

It was the 2nd of June that the lord mayor and aldermen presented their addresses and gift to Catharine. "Now saw I her Portuguese ladies," says Evelyn, "and the guarda damas, or mother of her maids, and the old knight, a lock of whose hair quite covered the rest of his bald pate, bound on by a thread very oddly." Assuredly the frizeur's art must have been at a very low ebb at the court of Lisbon, as all the result of their labours was to excite the mirth of the merry monarch and his officers of state. Fifty years later, however, a taste, to the full as barbarous, prevailed in England, when powdered toupees and periwigs deformed all countenances during the reigns of the three first Hanoverian monarchs. Evelyn's description of Hampton Court, as it was furnished and adorned for the reception of the bride of Charles II., calls forth a sigh over the departed glories of the domestic palace of the Tudor and Stuart monarchs. "Hampton Court," says he, "is as noble and uniform a pile as any gothic architecture can make it. There is incomparable furniture in it, especially hangings designed by Raphael, very rich with gold, especially the Cæsarian Triumphs of Andrea Montegna, formerly the duke of Mantua's. Of the tapestries, I believe the world can shew nothing nobler of the kind than the stories of Abraham and Tobit. The gallery of horns is very particular for the vast beams of stags, elks, antelopes, &c. The queen's bed was an embroidery of silver on crimson velvet, and cost 8,000*l.*, being a present made by the states of Holland,

when his majesty returned. The great looking-glass and toilet of beaten massive gold were given by the queen-mother. The queen brought over with her from Portugal such Indian cabinets as had never before been seen here." Catharine's Portuguese chronicler speaks with enthusiasm of the hangings of silk and gold, the embroidered canopies, chairs, and beds, and the valuable paintings that decorated this royal retreat, to which may be added the testimony of Pepys, who walked from Teddington on purpose to look at "the noble furniture and brave pictures."

On the 8th of June, Evelyn says, he saw her majesty at supper privately in her bed-chamber, and the next day heard her Portuguese band, "consisting of pipes, harps, and very ill voices."

The new and brilliant scenes in which the convent-bred queen was now required to play the leading part were at first strange and fatiguing to her, and she took far more delight in the practice of her devotional exercises than in all the seductive gaieties which surrounded her. She heard mass daily, and but for the earnest persuasions of the ambassador, who it will be remembered was her godfather, she would have spent more time in her chapel than was at all compatible with her duties as a wife and a queen. It required all the influence of this prudent counsellor to induce her to go into public as often as she was required, or to tolerate the freedom of manners in that dissipated court, where infidelity and licentiousness walked openly unveiled. Catharine was wedded to the most witty and fascinating prince in the world, constitutionally good-humoured, but without religion or moral principles, brave, reckless, and devoted to pleasure, requiring constant excitement and frequent change. The simplicity of his young queen's character, her freshness, innocence, and confiding fondness for himself, pleased him; the *naïveté* of her manners amused him, and, as a new toy, she was prized and cherished for the first six weeks of their marriage. Nothing, in fact, could exceed the lover-like devotion of his behaviour to his royal bride for that period, which was spent in all sorts of pleasures and amusements that he could devise for her entertainment. Sylvan sports, excursions in the fields, the parks, or on the Thames, occupied the court by day, while the evenings were devoted to comedies, music, and balls, in

which the king, his brother, and the lords and ladies joined, the king excelling them all in the air and grace of his dancing, which the queen applauded, to his great delight, while he continued to treat her with every possible demonstration of tenderness and respect.[1]

This auspicious state of things lasted as long as lady Castlemaine was confined to her lying-in chamber, she having been brought to bed of a son a few days after the king's marriage. This boy her husband considered as his heir, and insisted on having it christened by a priest of his own religion. She proclaimed it to be the king's son, and had it christened over again by a protestant minister, when the king himself acted as one of the sponsors, with the earl of Oxford and the countess of Suffolk; after which she quarrelled with her husband, and left his house, with all her household, carrying away with her all the plate and furniture. Lord Castlemaine withdrew to France. She took up her abode at Richmond to be nearer to the king, who, according to general report, renewed his guilty intimacy with her.[2] Not contented with receiving the visits of the king at her own house, lady Castlemaine had the audacity, after making her infamy public, to insist on intruding herself into the presence of his injured and virtuous queen. Catharine of Braganza had been fully informed, before she quitted Lisbon, of the king's previous infatuation with regard to this woman; and the queen, her mother, had charged her never to permit her name to be mentioned in her hearing.[3] Acting on this sensible advice, the royal bride had conducted herself with so much prudence and delicacy, in avoiding all allusions to this subject, that Charles appears not to have had the slightest suspicion that she knew anything about it, till he presented her with a list of the ladies whom he recommended for appointments in her household. At the head of this list Catharine was startled with seeing the dreaded name of lady Castlemaine. She instantly pricked it out, and cut short all remonstrances from the king, by telling him he must either grant her that privilege or send her back to Lisbon.[4] Charles, who had been accustomed to implicit compliance with all his wishes from his young wife, was much offended at this unexpected

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa. [2] Pepys' Diary.
[3] Clarendon. [4] Pepys. Lingard.

demonstration of her determination to have a will of her own on suitable occasions. Catharine, with greater reason, "was discontented," as Pepys says, "a whole day and night upon it, till the king pacified her, by promising to have nothing more to do with lady Castlemaine," a promise which he instantly violated.

This alarming interruption to Catharine's dream of wedded happiness occurred about the third week in July, before she had been married quite two months. It was the first symptom of the renewed influence of lady Castlemaine over the mind of the king after her recovery from her lying-in.[1]

The next thing Charles did was to outrage all decency by leading this shameless woman into the queen's chamber, and presenting her to her majesty before the assembled court. To the surprise of every one, Catharine received her graciously, and permitted her to kiss her hand, for her foreign ear, not yet familiar to the sound of English names, had not identified in that, which the king had of course pronounced unintelligibly, the style and title of his insolent paramour, and she was a stranger to her person. A whisper from one of the indignant Portuguese ladies who stood behind her majesty's chair, admonished her of the fact. As soon as she was aware of the insult she had received, Catharine's colour changed; her eyes suffused with tears; she struggled for a moment to repress her feelings, but it

[1] The disgraceful career of this evil woman may be related in a few words. She was Barbara Villiers. Her father, viscount Grandison, was an heroic cavalier, who died, at the age of thirty, in defence of Charles I. Barbara, at eighteen, married Roger Palmer, heir to a great fortune; both Palmer and his wife joined the exiled court of Charles II. just before the Restoration. The intimacy commenced between the king and Mrs. Palmer before his return to England, and became very notorious all over Europe about that epoch. Charles made the husband of this woman earl of Castlemaine, in order to give her rank sufficient to be intruded on his virtuous queen as her first lady of the bed-chamber. The reign, or rather tyranny, of lady Castlemaine over the king, continued till he became desperately in love with his cousin, Mrs. Frances Stuart. In her fits of fury she often threatened the king to tear their children to pieces, and set his palace on fire; "and when she was in these tempers," says a writer of those times, "she resembled Medea much less than one of her dragons." She was created duchess of Cleveland by the king, to whom she was, notwithstanding his profusion, as inconstant as to her husband; and after having eternally disgraced the duke of Marlborough, by founding his fortunes with her infamous donations, she married Beau Fielding, by whom she was despised, and died, full of years and dishonours, at Chiswick, Oct. 1709.

was a struggle that nearly cost her her life, for the blood gushed from her nostrils, and she was carried from the apartment in a fit.[1]

The following mystical notice of this memorable scene was given by Clarendon, in a letter to his friend, the duke of Ormond.

"The king is perfectly recovered from his indisposition in which you left him. I wish he were free from all *other*. I have had, since I saw you, three or four long conferences, with better temper than before. I have likewise twice spoken at large with the queen. The *lady* hath been at court and kissed her hand, and returned that night. I cannot tell you there was *no* discomposure. I am not out of all hope, and that is all I can yet say. I send this by sir A. Broderick, and so shall not need to use cypher, but hereafter, I shall always use cypher when I write on this subject, and no other; therefore, you must take pains to decypher them yourself."

Charles, like most aggressors, assumed the tone of an injured person; and so far from expressing the slightest compunction for the unprovoked affront he had put on his consort, he was so unreasonable as to regard the too visible effect of the pangs caused by his own misconduct, as a crime in poor Catharine. He felt that the injured princess, whom he had vowed to love and cherish, had, in her speechless agony, pale, and bathed in tears and blood, pleaded against him before men and angels, and that to every right thinking person in his court he must stand condemned; he therefore chose to treat her illness as a burst of jealousy ending in an hysterical paroxysm. He complained loudly of her ill temper and perversity, and insisted that she had a right to make a proper reparation to lady Castlemaine, for having injured *her* reputation by a public insult, and that the poor lady had no other refuge from public contempt than the queen consenting to receive her as lady of the bed-chamber.

This Catharine refused, with passionate indignation. Charles then imposed the stern authority of king and husband. Clarendon remonstrated most earnestly with the king on the extreme cruelty of his behaviour to his wife, in laying commands on her, with which, to use his

[1] Clarendon.

words, "flesh and blood could not comply." He put his majesty in mind of what he had heard him lately say of the like conduct in Louis XIV., and that his observation on his cousin's conduct, in making his mistress live in the presence of the queen, was, "that it was such a piece of ill nature that *he* could never be guilty of, for if ever he could be guilty of having a mistress after he had a wife, (which he hoped he should never be,) she should never come where his wife was."

Charles, like Hazael, had not imagined himself capable of acting a part, whose ugliness was so apparent to him, when seen through the medium of the conduct of another; and yet he did the same, and even exaggerated the baneful example he had previously detested. He was, however, utterly steeled against the pleadings of conscience and humanity by the shameless woman who had entangled his soul in her unhallowed snares; and when his own words were quoted to him by his honest minister, he said, "that if he heeded such lectures, the country would think him in pupilage, and that lady Castlemaine as well as himself would seem ridiculous; therefore he should exact conformity from his wife, which would be the only hard thing he should ever require of her, and which she herself might make very easy, for the lady would behave with all duty and humility unto her majesty, which, if she should ever fail to do, she should never see his face again, and that he would engage never to put any other domestic about his queen without her approbation." He finished this loathsome sophistication by requiring Clarendon to use all these arguments to induce full compliance from her.

When, however, he found that Clarendon and Ormond both concurred in reprobating his conduct, he endeavoured to intimidate those faithful servants, by writing the following letter to Clarendon, which reflects more disgrace on him than folios of vituperation from the pens of his enemies:—

"Hamton Court, Thursday morning.

"I forgot, when you were here last, to desire you to give Brodericke good counsel not to meddle any more with what concerns my lady Castlemaine, and to let him have a care how he is the author of any scandalous reports; for if I find him guilty, I will make him repent of it to the last moment of his life; and now I am entered on this matter, I think it very necessary to give you a little good counsel in it, least you may think, by making a further stir in the business, you may divert me from my resolution—which all the

world shall never do—and I wish I may be unhappy in this world and in the world to come, if I fail in the least degree of what I have resolved, which is of making my lady Castlemaine of my wife's bed-chamber; and whosoever I find use any endeavours to hinder this resolution of mine (except it be only to myself),[1] I will be his enemy to the last moment of his life. You know how true a friend I have been to you; if you will oblige me eternally, make this business as easy to me as you can, of what opinion soever you are of, for I am resolved to go through with this matter, let what will come on it, which again I solemnly swear before Almighty God; therefore, if you desire to have the continuance of my friendship, meddle no more with this business, except it be to bear down all false and scandalous reports, and to facilitate what I am sure my honour is so much concerned in, and whosoever I find to be my lady Castlemaine's enemy in this matter, I do promise, upon my word, to be his enemy as long as I live. You may shew this letter to my lord lieutenant, and if you have both a mind to oblige me, carry yourselves to me as friends in this matter.

"CHARLES R."[2]

Clarendon, then, against his own better feelings, undertook the ungracious office of endeavouring to persuade the queen to submit to the king's pleasure. In his first interview with Catharine, my lord chancellor found himself greatly embarrassed. He began by lamenting the misunderstanding that existed between their majesties, using some expressions which convinced the queen that the king had imputed the blame to her; on which she passionately protested her innocence, with such a torrent of tears, that he thought it better to withdraw, coolly observing, "that he would wait upon her in a fitter season, and when she should be more capable of receiving humble advice from her servants, who wished her well," and so departed. The next day he waited upon her again, at her own appointment, and found her more composed. She vouchsafed to excuse the passion she had been in, telling him "she looked upon him as one of the few friends she had, from whom she would willingly at all times receive counsel, but that she hoped he would not wonder or blame her if, having greater misfortunes upon her, and having to struggle with greater difficulties than had ever befallen any woman of her condition, she sometimes gave vent to that anguish which was ready to break her heart."

Clarendon replied, with many professions of his devotion to her service, "although," he said, "it might be his duty to

[1] Viz.—by private remonstrance—which, by the vindictive and wilful tenor of this letter, it is not probable the king would have taken very patiently.

[2] The original of the MS. is among the Lansdowne MS. 1236, f. 121.

tell her some things which might render him ungracious to her."

The queen meekly replied, "that he should never be more welcome to her than when he told her of her faults;" and Clarendon observed, "that she had been little beholden to her education, which had given her so little insight into the follies and imperfections of mankind, of which he presumed her own country could have given more instances than this cold climate could afford. Had she been thus warned," he added, "she would not have deemed her own condition so insupportable."

To this grave philosophy the queen, with some blushing and confusion, accompanied with tears, said, "that she did not think she should have found the king engaged in his affections to another lady." Clarendon intimated "that her majesty must have been very little experienced in the world, if she imagined that the king had preserved his heart so many years for a consort he had never seen," and asked her, "whether she believed, when it should please God to send a queen to Portugal, that she would find that court so full of virtuous affections?" At this dry query, Catharine could not repress a smile, and a few pleasant observations, which encouraged the chancellor to communicate the purport of his visit. He told her, "he came to her with a message from the king, which, if she received, as he hoped she would, she would be the happiest queen in the world; that the king said whatever correspondences he had entertained with other ladies, before he saw her majesty, concerned not her, neither ought she to inquire into them, as he intended to dedicate himself entirely to her; and that if she would meet his affection with the same good humour that she had been accustomed to do, she should have a life of perfect felicity."[1] Catharine might have replied, that, so far from inquiring into his majesty's past follies, she had maintained a dignified silence on a subject that was public to all the world, till he attempted to force his paramour into her presence, and then the respect she owed to herself and all the ladies of her court, required that she should exclude her from her own circle, as an unfit associate for virtuous gentlewomen; but, instead of saying a word in her own justification, she expressed her acknowledgments for the king's

[1] Clarendon's Autobiography.

graciousness, thanked the chancellor more than enough, and begged him to help in returning her thanks to his majesty, and in obtaining his pardon for any passion or peevishness of which she might have been guilty, and to assure him of all future obedience and duty."[1]

The veteran statesman, when he saw the queen in this Griselda vein, thought he might venture to inform her of the proof of duty which his majesty required of her, with regard to lady Castlemaine. Fire flashed from the eyes of Catharine at the proposition, and she indignantly replied, "that the king's insisting on such a condition could only proceed from his hatred to her person, and his desire to expose her to the contempt of the world, who would think her worthy of such an affront if she submitted to it," adding, "that she would rather put herself on board of any small vessel and return to Lisbon." Clarendon interrupted her, by telling her "that she had not the disposal of her own person, even to go out of the house where she then was, without the king's leave, and therefore advised her not to speak any more of Portugal, where there were enough who wished her to be," and admonished her "not to show off any such passion to the king; but if she thought proper to deny anything he asked her, to do it in such a manner, as should look rather like an evasion than a positive refusal, that his majesty might not be provoked to put himself into a passion also, in which case she was likely to get the worst of it." There was sound sense, and only too much truth in all that Clarendon told the poor queen; but, even from his own account of the matter, there was neither sympathy for her sufferings, nor much courtesy displayed in his manner of communicating it to her. He says, however, "that he told the king all the good and kind things her majesty had said of him; of her dutiful expressions, and his entire belief that her unwillingness to obey him proceeded from her passionate love of him; and entreated his majesty not to press her further on this painful subject for a few days. Charles, however, had other counsellors, who persuaded him to insist upon instant compliance with his commands, for if he allowed his will to be disputed on this point, he must resolve hereafter to do as his wife would have him. Charles, who was accustomed

[1] Clarendon's Autobiography, vol. ii. p. 182.

to succumb to the violence of an imperious mistress, so far as to solicit pardon on his knees every time he ventured to resist her unreasonable demands, was terrified at incurring the suspicion that he showed the slightest indulgence to his wife, and resolutely prepared to compel her to submission.

"The fire," says Clarendon, "flamed that night higher than ever. The king reproached the queen with stubbornness and want of duty, and she him with tyranny and want of affection. He used threats, which he never intended to put in execution; and she talked loudly, 'how ill she was treated, and that she would go back again to Portugal.' He replied 'she would do well first to learn whether her mother would receive her, and he would soon give her an opportunity of knowing that, for he was sending home forthwith all her Portuguese servants, who had, he knew, encouraged her in her perverseness.'"

The passion and noise of the night reached too many ears to be secret the next day, and the whole court was full of that which ought to have been known to nobody, the mutual carriage of the royal pair confirming all that could be imagined of their dissension. They spoke not—they hardly looked on one another. "Everybody," continues Clarendon, "was glad they were so far from town—for they were still at Hampton Court—and that there were so few witnesses of all that passed. The queen sat melancholic in her chamber in tears, except when she drove them away by more violent passion in choleric discourse; and the king sought his diversion in company that said and did all things to please him, and there he spent all his nights, and towards morning disturbed the queen's repose by coming to her chamber, for he never slept in any other place."[1] If Catharine had possessed sufficient self-command and knowledge of the human heart to enable her to adapt herself to Charles's peculiar temper, she might, by gentle and endearing appeals to his tenderness and his reason, by the exertion of all the powers of wit and fascination she possessed, by the use of caresses, and even flattery, discreetly applied, have won her way and established her empire over his wayward heart as easily as any other woman. But Catharine loved him too well to dissemble her feelings;

[1] Clarendon's Autobiography.

she piqued herself too highly on the purity of her conduct and the justice of her cause, and she could not condescend to soothe and flatter where she had been aggrieved. She gave way either to sullenness and tears, or to the use of bitter reproaches, which, of course, only aggravated the king against her. Charles was, however, more deeply offended at her wishing to leave him than at all her angry expressions beside. "He talked," says Clarendon, "with more than his natural passion of what had passed, and of the 'foolish extravagancy,' as he called it, 'of returning to Portugal,' and reiterated his resolution of sending away all the Portuguese, to whom he imputed his wife's frowardness, protested he would gain his point, and bade him go and talk to the queen again." Clarendon complied, and when he was admitted to see her majesty, took the liberty of reproving her for the want of temper for which she blamed the king. Catharine, with tears, acknowledged "that she had been in too much passion, and said somewhat she ought not to have said, for which she would willingly ask the king's pardon on her knees, though his manner of treating her had wonderfully surprised her, and might be some excuse for more than ordinary commotion." She concluded, by praying "that God would give her patience, and hoped that she should not again be transported into the like passion."

Clarendon said "he hoped he might experience the effect of her good resolution, in listening to his arguments why she should submit to the king's wishes concerning the lady, which he did not come to justify, but to ask her whether she thought it were in her power to resist?"

Catharine said, "she knew it was in her own power, and that she could not despair of the king's justice and goodness diverting him from the prosecution of a command, as unbecoming in him as it was dishonourable to her; that she would not dispute his majesty's power; but she thought he was bound to leave her the choice of her own servants, and, if it were otherwise, she had been deceived."

Clarendon told her, "it was presumed that no wife would refuse to receive a servant that was esteemed and recommended by her husband, and that it was better for her to submit in this instance than that it should be done without her consent."

Catharine calmly replied, "that, as a matter of conscience, she could not consent to that which was likely to give an opportunity for sin."

Here the lord chancellor, who, by the bye, had shown little tact in the hard dry manner in which he had laid down the law of passive obedience, to the aggrieved princess, for the first time condescended to the use of a complimentary argument, by telling her that "he thought her majesty had too mean and low an opinion of her person and her parts, if she thought it could be in the power of any other lady to rival her."

The queen listened with intense attention and great patience to the chancellor's discourse, sometimes with complacency, but oftener with an incredulous smile, as if she did not believe what he said, and when he had finished, she briefly, but firmly, declared, "that the king might do what he pleased, but she never would consent to his requisition."

Charles next upbraided her with the non-performance of the matrimonial treaty, with regard to the portion, which, although it was no fault of hers, must have been a grievous mortification to poor Catharine. He insulted her venerable kinsman and friend, the Portuguese ambassador, on her account, and threw the unlucky Jew factor, Duarte Silva, into prison, because he had not been able to complete his arrangements for paying the sum of money for which he was answerable into the Exchequer, for which, in truth, the appointed time had not arrived.[1]

Catharine took all these outrages as personal indignities offered to herself, and it was Charles's intention that she should feel them as such, his whole study being how to mortify her. "He seldom came into the queen's company," says Clarendon, "and when he did, he spake not to her, but spent his time with those who made it their business to laugh at all the world, and who were as bold with God Almighty as with any of his creatures."

Some little diversion was, however, made in Catharine's favour by the arrival of the queen-mother, Henrietta, and the necessity, which both duty and affection imposed on the king, of paying her the respect of going with his court to welcome her at Greenwich. As the declared object of

[1] Clarendon.

the queen-mother's visit was to offer her congratulations to the king and queen on their marriage, it was impossible for Charles to do otherwise than to present his bride to his mother in proper form. A temporary cessation from hostilities, on his part, appears to have taken place on this occasion, and he even paid Catharine the compliment of sending the royal carriages to fetch the conde de Pontevel, don Pedro de Corca, and the Portuguese ambassador and his son, to join the cavalcade. The two latter excused themselves on account of illness, having fallen sick from vexation at the ill-treatment they and their princess had received from the "*good-natured monarch*" of England; but they were wonderfully comforted by this mark of attention.[1]

The royal pair set out after dinner, July 28th, to pay their first state visit together, attended by a brilliant train. Queen Henrietta, who awaited their arrival at Greenwich palace, received them at the first door, after they had ascended the stairs. Queen Catharine offered to kneel and kiss her hand, but the queen-mother raised her in her arms, with great affection and many kind expressions, and kissed her several times. How consoling must this truly maternal reception have been to the friendless, neglected, and almost broken-hearted bride of the royal Henrietta's son. Nor was this all, for as soon as they entered the presence-chamber, the queen-mother told Catharine "to lay aside all compliments and ceremony, for that she should never have come to England again, except for the pleasure of seeing her, to love her as a daughter, and serve her as a queen."[2] It is easy to imagine that the queen-mother intended, by this speech, to convey to the time-serving courtiers, who had treated their royal mistress with contempt, when they perceived that she was despised by the king, an intimation of the deference and respect with which the wife of their sovereign ought to be treated. Catharine responded with all the gratitude and pleasure such conduct was calculated to excite, especially under her peculiar circumstances, which made the kindness of her august mother-in-law doubly precious. She told her majesty how much delight she felt in seeing her, and assured her "that, in love and obedience, neither the king or any of her own children should exceed her." The queen-mother then sat down in a

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa. [2] Ibid.

fauteuil, at the right hand of the queen, who occupied another; the king sat on a tabouret, the duchess of York on another, and the duke of York stood. All present kissed the queen's hand. The queen-mother offered them the refreshment of a collation, or afternoon luncheon, as it was termed, which was declined, they having dined so shortly before they left Hampton Court. The visit lasted four hours, during which time the queen-mother treated queen Catharine with every mark of kindness and esteem. On their return to Hampton Court the queen supped with the king in public, to the great joy of all who saw them.[1]

A temporary reconciliation, perhaps effected by the good offices of the queen-mother, appears, indeed, to have reunited the royal pair at this auspicious period; for we learn, from our Portuguese authority, "that the following day the king went to London, and in the evening the queen, accompanied by her household, went to meet his majesty on the road—a gallantry which the king so highly appreciated, that he expressed his pleasure most heartily, which was much applauded by the court."

When the queen-mother came to return their majesties' visit at Hampton Court, the king went to meet her, and on her alighting, led her by the hand to the top of the staircase, where the queen, who was awaiting her arrival, came to receive her. After the first greetings were exchanged, they passed through the antechamber, and the two queens seated themselves in chairs, under a rich canopy. The queen-mother was on the right of the queen, and the duchess of York a little removed on the left. The king and the duke of York stood; and either one or the other acted as interpreters between the two queens,[2] for Catharine could not speak French, nor Henrietta Spanish, much less Portuguese.

The king and queen dined in private with the queen-mother, the first day of her arrival at Hampton Court. In the afternoon, the duke and duchess of York joined them in the queen's chamber, where they were regaled with the performances of her majesty's band, which, bad as they were, the queen-mother was so good-natured as to applaud.

[1] I am indebted for these interesting particulars to the inedited Portuguese records, collected and translated by J. Adamson, Esq..

[2] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

The royal party remained together at Hampton Court till the 23rd of August, the day appointed for queen Catharine to make her first public entrance into the metropolis of her new kingdom.

On this occasion she embarked in her royal barge, with his majesty, the duke and duchess of York, prince Rupert, his brother, prince Edward, and the countess of Suffolk, the first lady of the bed-chamber to the queen; the ladies and officers of her majesty's household were in another barge. The two Portuguese countesses did not accompany their royal mistress, being indisposed.[1] The shores were lined with soldiers and people of all degrees.

When they were within eight miles of London, a larger vessel, which could not proceed higher, was in waiting to receive the royal party. This vessel had glass windows, and a crimson awning bordered with gold, for the ladies of honour and other attendants. At Putney was another barge, in which their majesties were to make their public entry. In this were four-and-twenty rowers, clad in scarlet. The royal arms were painted on her sides and bow. She was gorgeously gilded, with an awning of gold brocade fringed within and without. Both Evelyn and Pepys have given lively descriptions of this royal aquatic progress, as it appeared to the one from the river, and to the other from the roof of the Banqueting-house at Whitehall.

"I was spectator," says Evelyn, "of the most magnificent triumph that ever floated on the Thames, considering the innumerable boats and vessels, dressed with all imaginable pomp; but, above all, the thrones, arches, pageants, and other representations, stately barges of the lord mayor and companies, with various inventions, music, and peals of ordnance, both from the vessels and the shore, going to conduct the new queen from Hampton Court to Whitehall, at the first of her coming to town. In my opinion, it far exceeded all the Venetian Bucentoras, &c., on the occasion when they go to espouse the Adriatic. His majesty and the queen came in an antique-shaped open vessel, covered with a state or canopy of cloth of gold, made in the form of a high cupola, supported with high Corinthian pillars, wreathed with flowers, festoons, and garlands. I was in our new-built vessel, sailing among them." Pepys notices

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

that there was among the pageants a mimic king and queen; the latter sitting very prettily with her maids of honour at her feet. The daughter of sir R. Ford, the lord mayor, was supposed to be the young lady who personated her majesty. "Anon," continues he, "came the real king and queen in a barge, under a canopy, with a thousand barges and boats I know, for we could see no water for them, nor discern the king and queen."

At six o'clock in the evening they landed, under a royal salute from the great guns on the other side, at Whitehall bridge, on a pier which had been erected for the purpose near the palace, where the queen-mother, with her court, and all the nobility, male and female, in the richest dresses, waited to receive them.[1]

Lady Castlemaine, up to that date, had not been received by queen Catharine, for, instead of being, where her unparalleled effrontery impelled her to wish to force herself, in the royal cortêge, she was merely a spectator of the splendid pageant of king Charles conducting his bride to Whitehall, amidst the shouts and acclamations of the people. A series of feasts and rejoicings welcomed queen Catharine on her first arrival in the metropolis; yet, in most instances they must have been embittered by the presence of her insolent rival, who, in the course of a few days, was to be seen not only in the presence-chambers, both of the queen-consort and the queen-mother, but was even introduced into queen Catharine's coach. On the 7th of September, Pepys says he went to Somerset House, where he saw the queen-mother, with queen Catharine sitting on her left hand, whom he had never seen before; "and though," pursues he, "she be not very charming, yet she hath a good, modest, and innocent look, which is pleasing. Here I also saw madame Castlemaine, and, which pleased me most, Mr. Crofts, the king's illegitimate son,[2] a most pretty spark of about fifteen years old, who I perceive do hang much on my lady Castlemaine, and is always with her, and I hear the queens are both mighty kind to him. By and by in comes the king, and anon the duke and his duchess, so that they being all together, was such a sight as I never could have happened

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa, &c.

[2] Whom Charles soon after created duke of Monmouth. He had been brought from France, where he had been educated, in the train of the queen-mother, Henrietta.

to see with so much ease and leisure. They stayed till it was dark, and then went away, the king and his queen and my lady Castlemaine and young Crofts in one coach." Such were the companions with whom Charles compelled his consort to appear in public, when she had been his wife scarcely more than three months, as if for the systematic purpose of degrading her, in the opinions of his subjects, to the level of those with whom he was base enough to permit her to be seen. If the young queen had been as regardless of his honour as he showed himself of hers, with what justice could he have complained? "The king and queen were very merry that night; and he would have made the queen-mother believe that Catharine was likely to bring an heir to England, affirming, that 'she said so.'"[1] The young queen was shocked at such an assertion at that early period of her wedlock; and, without being perhaps aware of the strength of the expression she used in her haste to contradict the audacious declaration of her royal lord, she exclaimed, "You lie!" "being the first English word," observes Pepys, "I ever heard her say, which made the king good sport, and he would have made her say in English, 'Confess, and be hanged.'" Spanish was the only medium of communication between Charles and his Portuguese bride, for the first months of their marriage. This, as it was not the natural language of either, might literally have been the cause of some of the misunderstanding between them. All the curtain lectures which Catharine addressed to her lord on the subject of lady Castlemaine, and his threats and sarcastic rejoinders, were carried on in that language, they having no other means of rendering their nocturnal altercations intelligible to each other. He complained, when angry, of her disinclination to the study of English, but in moments of good humour, when he chose to amuse himself by playing the instructor, it was his delight to impose on her confiding innocence, like a rude schoolboy, by giving her lessons in the vulgar tongue.

But although Charles occasionally condescended to playfulness with his poor little queen, his conduct as a husband was at this very period worse than ever.

In a portion of the deciphered correspondence, Clarendon writes thus to Ormond:[2]—"All things are bad with

[1] Pepys. [2] Bodleian Library, Sept. 9th, 1662.

reference to lady Castlemaine, but I think not quite so bad as you hear. Everybody takes her to be of the bed-chamber, for she is always there, and goes abroad in the coach. But the queen tells me that the king promised her, on condition she would use her as she doth others, 'that she should never live in court,' yet lodgings I think she hath. I hear of no back stairs. The worst is, the king is as *discomposed* (*i.e.* dissipated) as ever, and looks as little after business, which breaks my heart; he seeks satisfaction in other company, who do not love him as well as you and I do." There is something infinitely pathetic in this last sentence. The heart of Charles had been indurated beyond its natural obduracy, since it had been in the possession of the iniquitous woman, whom he preferred to his wife, or he must have been touched by the true affection of the faithful friends of his long adversity.

Meantime, lady Castlemaine came every day into the queen's presence, and the king was observed in perpetual conference with her, while the queen sat by neglected; and if, unable to conceal her anguish at the indignity, she rose and retired to her chamber, only one or two of her immediate attendants followed her, but the rest of the court remained, and too often said aloud things which no one ought to have whispered. The king, who at the beginning of the conflict had worn a troubled countenance, and sometimes appeared as if he wished he had not gone so far, till chafed by the reproach of being governed, which he received with the most lively indignation, and was generally taunted with it most by those who aimed the most at governing him, now seemed as if he had overcome every tender feeling towards his luckless wife, and assumed an appearance of excessive gaiety, which close observers thought feigned and unnatural. However, to the queen it seemed very real, and it increased her sadness when she saw an universal mirth in all company but hers, and in all places but in her chamber; her own servants showing more respect and more diligence to the person of lady Castlemaine than to herself, because they found it was in the power of that bold bad woman to do them more good than their wronged and neglected queen.[1]

Pepys, who in his Diary briefly but shrewdly notes the

[1] Clarendon's Life—Continuation, vol. ii. p. 193.

signs of the times, on the 14th of September, went into the presence-chamber at Whitehall, "where," says he, "I saw the queen as I did last Sunday,. and some fine ladies with her, but, by my troth, not many."

Charles now declared his fixed resolution to carry into effect his oft-reiterated threat of sending back the queen's Portuguese attendants to their own country, and appointed a day for their embarkation, without assigning any particular reward to any of them for their services to the queen, or vouchsafing to write any letter to the king and queen of Portugal of the cause of their dismission. "This rigour," pursues Clarendon, "prevailed upon the great heart of the queen, (who had not received any money, to enable her to be liberal to any of those, who had followed her to England, with the idea of good preferment in her household); and she earnestly entreated the king to permit her to retain some few, who were most necessary to her, and that she might not be left wholly in the hands of strangers, and employed others to make suit to him for that purpose." Charles, as a great favour, permitted the countess of Penalva, who had been with her from infancy, and who was nearly blind, and, in consequence of her infirm state of health, seldom stirred out of her chamber, to remain; also the cook, two or three of the servants in the culinary department, and the priests and ecclesiastics who officiated in her majesty's chapel.[1]

It is a matter of necessary policy to dismiss the train of foreign attendants by whom a royal bride is accompanied to her husband's court, as they are sure to be regarded with ill-will by a jealous people; every preferment they receive deteriorates from the popularity of the queen, and if any disaster occur, it is considered attributable to their evil influence. Catharine, who was as ignorant of all state affairs and historical precedents as an infant, was not aware that it was a trial to which other queens were exposed, and felt not only the deprivation of the comfort of beholding familiar faces and listening to familiar accents, but was led to suppose, from Charles's harsh manner of putting this measure into effect, that it was a piece of especial tyranny inflicted on her as a punishment for refusing to tolerate the intrusion of his paramour in her bedchamber. There, however, she came daily, and remained for hours, with impudent pertinacity. Her majesty was never free from her abhorrent

[1] Clarendon.

presence; she thrust herself into the royal coach, and went wherever the queen went—to the park, the theatre, to the houses of the nobility. She even followed her to mass,[1] though she professed the most vehement horror of the rites of the church of Rome, and had refused to consider her son by the king a Christian, till he had been re-baptized; the king, meantime, treating all of the queen's household, and, above all, the English gentlemen who had attended her from Portugal, with such marked ungraciousness, that no one liked to be recommended for appointments in her service.

On the 24th of October, Pepys notices that he had these particulars from Mr. Pierce, a surgeon, who further said, "that her own physician did tell him, within these three days, that the queen do know how the king orders things, and how he carries himself to my lady Castlemaine and others, as well as anybody; but though she hath spirit enough, yet, seeing that she does no good by taking notice of it, for the present she forbears it in policy, of which I am very glad; but I do pray God to keep us in peace, for this, with other things, do give great discontent to all people."

If the ill-treated queen had not been possessed of a much greater share of magnanimity and good sense than many other princesses have displayed under similar provocations, she might soon have rendered herself formidable to the king and his advisers, by allying herself with the growing party of the disaffected. The sale of Dunkirk, the insolent carriage of lady Castlemaine, who was said to influence his majesty's counsels, and the licentious character of a court at once needy and extravagant, were matters of public reprobation at this period, while the wrongs of an amiable and virtuous young queen were not likely to be regarded with indifference by a generous and moral people. But Catharine bore all in silence, and neither by direct or indirect means attempted to appeal to the sympathy of the nation.

The conduct of the king, Clarendon tells us, was regarded with unconcealed disapprobation by some of his most faithful servants, who occasionally ventured to censure

[1] "But what pleased me most," says Pepys, "was to see my dear lady Castlemaine, who, though a protestant, did wait upon the queen to chapel." —Memoirs of Pepys, edited by lord Braybrooke, vol. i. p. 315.

him for it, by insinuating how much his own honour was compromised by the disrespect with which the queen was treated, and that he could not reasonably hope for children by her, when her heart was so full of grief, and she was kept in a state of constant agitation and distress of mind.[1] Charles could not deny the force of these arguments, to which in fact he had nothing to reply, except the example of his far-praised grandfather, Henry IV. of France, whose immoral conduct he seemed to consider a sufficient excuse for his own. Notwithstanding this sophistry, he was getting weary of the contest, and it was supposed by many who knew his character better than his inexperienced consort, that he was about to send the cause of his difference with her from the court, when, all of a sudden, the queen changed her conduct to lady Castlemaine. One day, to the surprise of every one, she entered into conversation with her, and, according to Clarendon, "permitted herself to fall into familiarity with her, was merry with her in public, and spoke kindly of her, and in private used no one more friendly." This excess of condescension, so sudden and unexpected, exposed Catharine to the censures and scorn of all those who had hitherto espoused her cause.

"This total abandoning her own greatness," pursues Clarendon, "this lowly demeanour to a person she had justly contemned, made all men conclude that it was a hard matter to know her, and consequently to serve her. And the king himself was so far from being reconciled by it, that the esteem which he could not hitherto in his heart but retain for her, grew now much less. He concluded that all her former anguish, expressed in those lively passions which seemed not capable of dissimulation, was all fiction, and purely acted to the life by a nature crafty, perverse, and inconstant. He congratulated his own ill-natured perseverance, by which he had discovered how he was to behave himself hereafter, and what remedies he was to apply to all future indispositions; nor had he the same value for her wit, judgment, and understanding, that he had formerly, and was well enough pleased to observe that the reverence others had for her was somewhat diminished."

History has echoed the bitter contempt expressed by Clarendon for the queen's want of consistency of purpose,

[1] Clarendon.

without giving her the slightest credit for her conjugal forbearance, and her wish of conciliating her royal husband at any sacrifice; far less has any one paused to consider how far Catharine of Braganza might be influenced by her affection for her native country, which depended at that very time, for its political existence, on the support of England. It is possible that, among other threats, Charles had menaced his consort with recalling his fleets from the Mediterranean, and that she had been informed that the only means of averting this evil would be to propitiate the woman by whom, to his eternal disgrace, her husband permitted himself to be governed. "Strange," says Pepys, "how the king is bewitched to this pretty Castlemaine."

Catharine treated young Crofts, as Charles at first called his boy, with invariable kindness, but was of course opposed to his being publicly acknowledged as his majesty's son, and even expressed herself with unwonted violence on the subject, as we find from the following curious letter of her brother-in-law the duke of York, to Clarendon:—

"Thursday.

"My brother hath spoken with the queen yesterday, concerning the owning of his son, and in much passion she told him 'that, from the time he did any such thing, she would never see his face more.' I would be glad to see you before you go to the parliament, that I may advise with you what is to be done, for my brother tells me he will do whatever I please.

"For the Chancelour."[1]

Notwithstanding the disapprobation of her majesty, Charles created this youth duke of Monmouth, and gave him precedency over every duke in the realm, except his royal brother, and treated him with such extraordinary honours, that it was generally reported that he had been married to his mother, and meant to declare him his successor. This might have been attended with serious consequences to his legitimate offspring, if the queen had proved a mother, but the agitation and distress of mind the royal bride had suffered, cost Charles the heir on which he had prematurely ventured to reckon.

Neglected as she was by her royal husband, queen Catharine was not without her share of homage as a woman. Waller, the most eloquent of court poets, pays a well-turned compliment to the beauty of her eyes, in the following graceful birth-day ode, which he composed in her honour,

[1] MS. Lansdowne, 1236. Article 77, fol. 119. Inedited.

and which was sung to her by Mrs. Knight, on St. Catharine's day, Nov. 25th, the day her majesty completed her 25th year:—

"This happy day two lights are seen,
A glorious saint, a matchless queen;
Both named alike, both crowned appear—
The saint above, the infanta here;
May all those years which Catharine
The martyr did for Heaven resign,
Be added to the line
Of your blest life among us here;
For all the pains that she did feel,
And all the torments of her wheel,
May you as many pleasures share.
May Heaven itself content
With Catharine the saint;
Without appearing old,
An hundred times may you,
With eyes as bright as now,
This happy day behold."

Waller again took occasion to eulogize the beautiful eyes of this queen, in the verses which he wrote on a card, which she tore at the then fashionable game of ombre, in some little fit of impatience:—

"The cards you tear in value rise,
So do the wounded by your eyes;
Who to celestial things aspire,
Are, by that passion, raised the higher."

It was not often that Catharine permitted herself to give way to petulance, even on signal provocations. She appears to have kept the resolution she avowed to Clarendon, when she promised not to give way to passion again on the subject of her rival. "Dr. Pierce tells me," says Pepys, "that my lady Castlemaine's interest at court increases, and is more and greater than the queen's; that she hath brought in sir H. Bennet, and sir Charles Barkeley; but that the queen is a most good lady, and takes all with the greatest meekness."

Catharine felt her wrongs no less keenly than when she vented her indignant feelings in angry words and floods of tears; but she had gained the power of restraining her inward pangs from becoming visible to those who made sport of her agony. When lady Castlemaine, on entering the bedchamber one day, while her majesty was at her toilet, had the presumption to ask her, "How she could have the patience to sit so long a-dressing?" "Madam," replied the

queen, with great dignity, "I have so much reason to use patience, that I can well bear such a trifle."[1]

The last day of the year 1662 concluded with a grand ball at the palace of Whitehall. The company did not assemble till after supper, when that indefatigable sight-seer, Pepys, tells us he got into the room where the dancing was to take place, which was crowded with fine ladies. "By and by," pursues he, "comes the king and queen, the duke and duchess, and all the great ones. After seating themselves all rose again, the king took out the duchess of York, the duke the duchess of Buckingham, the duke of Monmouth my lady Castlemaine, other lords other ladies, and they danced the *brantle*.[2] After that the king led a lady a single *coranto*, and then the lords one after another other ladies; very noble it was, and pleasant to see. Then to country dances, the king leading the first, which he called for by name, as 'the old dance of England.' The manner was, when the king dances, all the ladies in the room and the queen herself stand up, and indeed he dances rarely, and much better than the duke of York."[3]

At this ball lady Castlemaine appeared in richer jewels than those of the queen and the duchess of York put together. It was whispered that she had induced the king to bestow on her all the Christmas presents which the peers had given to him, one reason, perhaps, why such offerings were discontinued.

Among other matters of court gossip detailed by Pepys, we find it was reported that the king reprimanded lady Gerard, as he was leading her down the dance, for having spoken against lady Castlemaine to the queen, and afterwards forbade her to attend her majesty any more.

[1] Pepys.

[2] Or brawl, a dance then in vogue, which appears to have been a sort of cotillon, danced by a great number of persons, where each gentleman takes his partner's hand and leads all round.

[3] Pepys.

CATHARINE OF BRAGANZA,

QUEEN OF CHARLES II. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER II.

Conjugal infelicity of the queen—Shameless conduct of the king and lady Castlemaine—Fête of St. George—Queen dances with Monmouth—Plot to invalidate her marriage—Unpunctual payment of her income—Her pecuniary difficulties—Explains that the crown is in arrears to her—Charles shows her more respect—Her journey to Tunbridge Wells put off for want of funds—Her secret correspondence with Rome—The king falls in love with Frances Stuart—Court goes to Tunbridge Wells—Progress through the midland counties—Catharine's dangerous illness at Whitehall—Given over by the doctors—The king's passionate grief——Her delirious fancies—Speculations about a new queen—French ambassador visits queen Catharine in her bed-room—Her convalescence—Quarrels between her rivals—Goes to Chatham with the king—Her petulance to the Spanish ambassador—Her voyage to Woolwich—Goes down to the Nore with the king—Outwits him and the French ambassador on their return—The great Plague—The court at Salisbury and Oxford—Proceedings there—The queen's disappointment—The king's rage at Frances Stuart's marriage—Disgrace of Clarendon—Buckingham offers to abduct the queen—Dr. Burnet writes in favour of polygamy—Dark plots against the queen—Her imprudence—Divorce project renewed—Cruel lampoons on the queen—Her want of taste for the fine arts—Low wages of her household—The court at Audley End—Queen's incognito visit to a fair—Goes into Norfolk in progress with the king—Her love of archery—The court at Euston and Newmarket—Shaftesbury's enmity to the queen—The king and queen's visits to the fleet—Catharine's patronage of Italian music—Entertained at Deptford by Mrs. Evelyn.

THE new year opened, as the old had closed, with a series of courts, balls, and other gaieties, in which the ill-treated

bride of Charles took little part. Her court was considered at this time inferior, both in splendour and correctness, to that of her royal mother-in-law, queen Henrietta, and she received a very trifling degree of homage from the time-serving courtiers, who were intent on propitiating her insolent rival.[1] The profligate associates of the king endeavoured to justify him in his neglect of the queen by depreciating her in every possible way. Her piety was termed bigotry; her moral rectitude, stiffness and precision; her simplicity of character, folly; and her person, which Charles had himself declared to be agreeable enough to please any reasonable man, was caricatured and ridiculed on all occasions.[2] Catharine treated the attacks of these reptiles with silent contempt, and never condescended to betray her consciousness of their stings, far less to seek for vengeance, but the pain she felt at the unkindness of her royal husband, though patiently endured, was too acute to be concealed, and was observed by the whole court. It was three months since the king had supped with her. He now spent all his evenings with lady Castlemaine, to whom he had given apartments in Whitehall, contiguous to his own. He also braved public opinion by carrying this woman with him to Windsor, when the court removed thither to celebrate the national festival of St. George, which was kept with the greatest splendour this year, in honour of the nuptials of the duke of Monmouth with the young heiress of Buccleugh.[3]

The boy-bridegroom opened the royal ball in St. George's hall with queen Catharine; he was dancing with her, with his hat in his hand, when the king came in, went up to him, kissed him, and made him put it on.[4] So glaring a violation of royal etiquette would scarcely have been made in favour of a prince of Wales, and was regarded by every one as an intimation that the king contemplated declaring him the heir of the crown.

The queen did not manifest any displeasure at this in-

[1] Pepys. [2] Clarendon. Reresby.

[3] Lady Anna Scott, who was the smallest lady and the best dancer in the court. She was one of the ladies of queen Catharine's bed-chamber, and was called the duke of Monmouth's little mistress. She was amiable and discreet, and deserving a better lot than this joyless state marriage. She experienced the usual fate of heiresses—coldness and neglect.

[4] Pepys.

considerate proceeding of the king, although tending to compromise the rights of any offspring she might bring, and it was generally reported, about that time, that she was likely to become a mother. There was at this juncture an attempt on the part of the creatures of lady Castlemaine, Buckingham, Bristol, and Bennet, to strike at the lawfulness of her marriage, by introducing the following article in the impeachment they had prepared against the lord chancellor Clarendon:—

"That he had brought the king and queen together without any settled agreement about marriage rites, whereby, the queen refusing to be married by a protestant priest, in case of her being with child, either the succession should be made uncertain, for want of due rites of matrimony, or his majesty be exposed to a suspicion of his being married in his own dominions by a Romish priest."

The king was so highly offended with the earl of Bristol, for his audacity in venturing to challenge inquiry into his secretly performed catholic nuptials, that he forbade him his presence, and threatened him with his utmost vengeance. An attack on this subject came oddly enough from the earl of Bristol, who had become a member of the church of Rome.

Charles once asked him, what had caused his conversion to that belief. "May it please your majesty, it was writing a book for the Reformation," replied the earl.

"Pray, my lord," retorted the royal wit, "write a book for popery."[1]

This inconsistent nobleman had from the first proved himself one of the most determined enemies of the queen, whom he regarded as the protégée of Clarendon. Catharine was peculiarly unfortunate under this idea; she received very little protection and no sympathy from Clarendon, and was exposed to all the hostility of his political foes. Among the numerous vexations and difficulties with which she had to contend during the first year of her marriage, and not the least of them, was poverty, having only been paid a very paltry modicum of the income that was settled upon her by the marriage articles. She had the prudence to accommodate her outlay to her receipts, and made no complaints of the grievance, till she learned that an expenditure of 40,000*l.* was charged to her

[1] Aubrey.

account among the expenses of the crown. She then took proper measures to inform the committee of parliament that, "for the support of herself and household, she had up to that time received no more than 4000*l*."[1] So unparalleled an instance of economy in a queen was, of course, duly appreciated by men of business, who were only too well aware of the unprincipled extravagance of those on whom the money, provided by the nation for the maintenance of the wife of the sovereign, had been lavished. Few men treat their wives the better for playing the Griselda on all occasions, and assuredly Charles II. was not one of those. The moral courage displayed by the queen in refusing, after she had been wrongfully deprived of so large a portion of her income, to submit to the imputation of having exceeded it, appears rather to have increased his respect for her, as he certainly began to pay her some attention in public about this time. A great change took place in her manner also; she became lively, playful, and endeavoured, by all means in her power, to conform herself to his majesty's humour.[2]

The pecuniary difficulties to which Charles's unprincipled appropriation of his queen's revenue exposed her, were very grievous. In May, 1663, she was recommended by her physicians to go to Tunbridge Wells, to try the effect of the medicinal waters, but, when the time came, neither she nor her officers had any money to pay the expense of the journey. Her council were called together, to devise some plan for her relief, and they sent her secretary, lord Cornbury, Mr. Hervey, and lord Brounker, to the lord treasurer three different times, to procure an assignment for the money that was due to her on arrear. "But," writes lord Cornbury, to the earl of Chesterfield, her lord chamberlain, "his lordship told us all that revenue was already anticipated; that he could not possibly fix any fund for the queen; but that for her majesty's present supply his lordship would endeavour to furnish Mr. Hervey with two thousand pounds, which was all he could yet possibly do; and how far such a sum is able to defray her majesty in her journey to Tunbridge, your lordship is very well able to judge. Upon report hereof to the council this afternoon, they have ordered my lord chamberlain, my lord Hollis,

[1] Pepys. [2] Ibid.

and Mr. Hervey, to attend the king, and to desire his majesty to give orders to the board of green cloth, to prepare all things for the queen's journey to Tunbridge, and to command five thousand pounds to be immediately paid to the queen for her particular occasions. What success this will have, your lordship shall know by the next post, if you please to allow me to give you the trouble."[1]

The promised letter does not appear, but the sequel of the business may easily be guessed, for the queen did not go to Tunbridge Wells till July, when some part of her arrears were paid.

Catharine accompanied the king on his state visit to the city, on the 20th of May, when they dined with the lord mayor.

A few days afterwards, she was rejoiced with the news of the memorable battle of Amexial, in which the Spanish army, under don John of Austria, was defeated, with great loss, by the combined arms of England and Portugal. The Spaniards were then so near Lisbon, that it had been found necessary to set the fortunes of Portugal on a field. It was on this occasion that the conde de Villa Flor, the Portuguese general, on witnessing the gallantry with which colonel Hunt and his regiment forced their passage up the steep hill where don John of Austria was posted, exclaimed in an ecstasy, "These heretics are better to us than all our saints!" The weak-minded king of Portugal only rewarded his valiant allies with a present of snuff, which they contemptuously scattered on the ground. Charles II. ordered 40,000 crowns to be distributed among them as a testimony of his approbation.[2]

Catharine of Braganza, whose heart had been torn with anxiety, while the fate of her country hung on a doubtful balance, assumed a more cheerful carriage after the event of this battle secured independence to Portugal, and the sceptre to her family. The recognition of their rights appears always to have been the object dearest to her heart. It was her solicitude on this account that betrayed Catharine into the improper step of persuading her royal husband, very soon after her marriage, to send Richard Bellings, one

[1] Letters of lord Chesterfield, chamberlain to Catharine of Braganza, pp. 127-29.

[2] Colbatch's Account of Portugal.

of the gentlemen of her household, on a secret mission to Rome, to convey a letter from her to the pope, imploring his protection for Portugal, for the sake of the good offices she was ready to perform in England, for the amelioration of the condition of the catholics there, taking God to witness, "that neither the desire of crowns or sceptres had induced her to become queen of England, but her wish of serving the catholic religion."[1] In the same strain she addressed several of the cardinals, especially cardinal Ursini, and recommended the lord Aubigny, her head almoner, to be made a cardinal, in consideration of his many virtues.

It was, no doubt, in consequence of the earnest solicitations of Catharine, that her brother was at last acknowledged by the Roman see as king of Portugal. The sanguine hopes she expressed of the Portuguese connexion becoming the means of bringing England once more into communion with the church of Rome, had perhaps some weight with the pontiff. The mission of Bellings was not unobserved by the vigilant foes of the queen, and it was probably the foundation on which the agitators of the popish plot built their monstrous fabrication, which caused the shedding of so much innocent blood. Catharine, as queen of England, ought to have avoided all cause for suspicion that she was acting under the influence of the papal see. But her enthusiastic zeal for the advancement of her own religion, and her love for her own country, rendered her forgetful of the impropriety of violating the established laws of the realm her husband ruled, by entering into interdicted correspondences and dangerous intrigues with Rome. A circumstance more extraordinary, however, than any practices of the queen in favour of the faith in which she was educated, was the avowed conversion of lady Castlemaine to the doctrines of the church of Rome.

The queen was by no means charmed at the unexpected acquisition of so disreputable a proselyte to her religion. The relatives of the lady were excessively annoyed at it, and implored the king to interpose his authority to prevent her from going to mass. Charles sarcastically replied, "that he never interfered with the souls of ladies."[2]

The fact was, lady Castlemaine's influence over the king

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa—Provas.
[2] Letters of count d'Estrades to Louis XIV.

was beginning to abate, and she was cunningly preparing, in case of being abandoned by her royal lover, to pave the way for a reconciliation with her injured husband, by embracing his religion. It was observed, with great satisfaction, that she was absent from court on several public occasions, especially at a grand review of the king's guards, both horse and foot, in Hyde Park, on the 4th of July, which Pepys describes "as a goodly sight, to see so many fine horses and officers, and the king and duke on horseback, and the two queens in the queen-mother's coach, my lady Castlemaine not being there." Six days later he says, "I met Pierce, the chirurgeon, who tells me for certain that the king is grown colder to my lady Castlemaine than ordinary, and that he believes he begins to love the queen, and do make much of her more than he used to do."

The next thing that excited the wonder and admiration of the gay world, was the unwonted sight of the king riding hand in hand with queen Catharine in the park, before all the ladies and gallants of the court; and Catharine, according to the testimony of that excellent critic in female beauty, Samuel Pepys, looked "mighty pretty," in a very queer costume, namely, "a white laced waistcoat (called, in the modern vocabulary of dress, a spencer), and a crimson short petticoat, with hair *à la negligence.* Here also," proceeds he, "was my lady Castlemaine, riding among the rest of the ladies; but the king took, methought, no notice of her, nor when she alighted did anybody press (as she seemed to expect, and staid for it) to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentleman. She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat, (which all took notice of,) and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy; nor did anybody speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to anybody. I followed them up to Whitehall, and into the queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying them on each other's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beauties and dress. But, above all, Mrs. Stuart in this dress, with her hat cocked, and a red plume, with her sweet eyes, little Roman nose, and excellent *taille,* is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in all my life; and if ever woman can, does exceed my lady Castlemaine, at

least in this dress, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my lady Castlemaine."

Pepys was not the only person by whom this suspicion was whispered in the court, together with the hint that the king had been long weary of the thraldom in which he was held by his imperious mistress, whom he greatly feared, but had ceased to love, and that the principal attraction that had drawn him to her apartments of late was the company of the fair Stuart.[1] Such was the laxity of manners in this profligate court, that lord Blantyre, the father of this beautiful and giddy girl, permitted her to spend much of her time with so notorious a woman as lady Castlemaine. The fair Stuart was very young, very vain, and full of coquetry; she was flattered with the admiration of the sovereign, and amused herself with his passion as far as she could without involving herself in actual guilt. The attentions of a monarch and a married man can never be innocently, much less safely, received by any lady, and though Frances Stuart never committed a lapse from chastity, her reputation suffered from her rash flirtations with royalty.

The queen, to whom the Tunbridge waters had long been recommended, having at length obtained a payment on account of the arrears due to her from the crown, sufficient to furnish the needful funds for her journey, removed thither on the 25th of July. The king determined to accompany her, not, it is feared, from motives of conjugal affection, but

[1] Many scandals touching this lady are afloat in the court history of Charles II., yet it is certain that she might have played the part of a second Anne Boleyn, if she had not possessed a better heart than that queen. She was very poor, for her father, Walter Stuart, lord Blantyre, a younger branch of the legitimate line of Lenox, and of course a near kinsman to the crown, was a gallant cavalier, who lost his all in the defence of his royal relative, Charles I. La Belle Stuart was born just before the death of Charles I.; she was educated in France, and very early became one of the train of Henrietta Maria. Her early charms drew the attention of Louis XIV., and when she was about to return to England, after the Restoration, with queen Henrietta Maria, Louis endeavoured, by flattering promises, to induce the young beauty to stay at his court. The queen, however, insisted on carrying her off with her; but the king of France presented her with a rich jewel at her departure. She was appointed maid of honour to queen Catharine, yet, notwithstanding her lofty descent, she was nearly destitute, excepting this appointment. Among her other conquests, one in humble life has immortalized her beauty; Philip Rotier, the royal medallist, took the model of her form for the Britannia on the copper coinage; and that figure, which presents so exquisite a union of slender elegance and roundness of contour, is the likeness of the fair Stuart.

because the fair Stuart, who had just been appointed one of her majesty's maids of honour, was in attendance.

He returned to London, the 27th of July, but rejoined the queen the same night. After a sojourn of a month at this place, which, in consequence of the predilection queen Catharine took for it, and its convenient distance from London, became one of fashionable resort, the court removed to Bath. On the 5th of September, the king and queen, with the duke and duchess of York, prince Rupert, and all their retinue, came in state to Bristol, and were splendidly received and entertained by the mayor, by whom a grand dinner was provided on the occasion. They returned to Bath at four o'clock; 150 pieces of ordnance were discharged in the marsh at three distinct times. From Bath their majesties went in progress to Oxford, where they arrived 22nd of September, and were welcomed with every demonstration of loyal affection. After spending two months very agreeably, in visiting the most interesting places in the western and midland counties, with her royal husband, Catharine returned with him to Whitehall. It was said that the good effects of the Tunbridge waters and the Bristol baths were counteracted by the uneasiness she felt at the devotion of the king to her new maid of honour, the beautiful Frances Stuart; but she betrayed no outward symptoms of jealousy against a giddy girl, whom she saw building houses of cards, playing at blindman's buff, and talking nonsense indiscriminately to all the court, but who had proved herself capable of awing the profligate duke of Buckingham when he attempted to address her improperly.[1]

More serious cause for disquiet had Catharine in the alarming signs of a renewed intimacy between the king and his evil genius, lady Castlemaine, indicated by his supping with her the very night he returned to Whitehall. That evening old father Thames made an active diversion in favour of the injured queen, by inundating my lady Castlemaine's kitchen, where the water rose so high that it was impossible for the cook to roast the chine of beef that was ordered for his majesty's supper. When Mrs. Sarah, her housekeeper, communicated this disaster to her mistress, she

[1] Count Hamilton.

told her, with a formidable exclamation, "that she must set the house on fire, but it must be roasted;" so it was carried to the house of Mrs. Sarah's husband, and cooked there.[1] On the two following nights, October 11th and 12th, Charles supped with lady Castlemaine again. Two or three days after this return to his old follies all hopes of an heir to England for the present were lost, and the queen's illness was succeeded by a fever of so alarming a character, that her death was hourly expected, and, indeed, reported in the court.[2] The king, conscience-stricken at the sight of her sufferings and danger, gave way to a burst of passionate tenderness and remorse, and wept bitterly. Catharine told him "she willingly left all the world but him," on which he threw himself on his knees by her bedside, and bathing her hands with tears, begged her "to live for his sake."[3] She consoled him with much calmness and sweetness, telling him "that she should rejoice to see him in a state that would put it into his power to marry some princess of greater merit than herself, and who would contribute more to his happiness and the good of his realm." They removed the king by force from this agitating scene, but not till he was so much overpowered by his feelings as to be on the point of fainting, while the few Portuguese attendants, whom she had been permitted to retain, distracted every one with their doleful cries and lamentations.[4]

The queen contemplated the approach of death with the courage of a philosopher and the serenity of a Christian. She made her will, gave orders for many domestic arrangements, and received the last sacraments of her church. Her doctors were very angry with her priests, for the length of time in which they occupied the royal patient, in performing the exciting solemnity of extreme unction, which they of course concluded would aggravate her fever, and diminish the chances of her recovery. Contrary, however, to all expectation, she fell into a profound sleep, in which she remained with little interruption five hours; she then awoke, gargled her mouth, her malady being a spotted fever, accompanied with sore throat, and then sunk to sleep again;

[1] Pepys. [2] Ibid.

[3] Letter from Arlington to Ormond, Oct. 17, 1663, in Brown's Miscellanea Aulica.

[4] Lettres de M. de Lionne, in Pepys. Appendix.

but there was no diminution in the violence of the fever, her pulse beating at the rate of twenty to the king's or lady Suffolk's, who were both watching over her. By her own desire she had her luxuriant dark hair cut off, and her head shaved.

"The king," says Pepys, "is most fondly disconsolate for her, and weeps by her, which makes her weep, which some one this day told me he reckons a good sign, as it carries away some rheum from her head." For several days the queen vibrated between life and death. Lionne, the French ambassador, wrote to his royal master, "that between the 25th and 29th of October, the physicians entertained little hopes of her recovery. He says, that after she had received extreme unction, she preferred two requests to the king—one, that her body might be sent to Portugal for interment in the tomb of her ancestors; the other, that he would remember the obligation into which he had entered, never to separate his interests from those of the king her brother, and to continue his protection to her distressed people."[1]

"For the last of these requests," proceeds the cool diplomatist, "we shall learn the success in time; for the other, I doubt not he will very willingly satisfy her. The king appears to me very much afflicted; he supped, nevertheless, yesterday evening, with lady Castlemaine, and conversed as usual with mademoiselle Stuart, with whom he is very much in love."[2] It was generally believed that this lively young beauty, who had made almost as deep an impression on the heart of Charles II. as Anne Boleyn formerly did on that of Henry VIII., was destined for the same preferment in case of the queen's death.[3] Charles, however, passed a great deal of his time in the chamber of his sick wife, and bestowed much personal attendance on her. Of this she was gratefully sensible, though her intellects were disordered by the violence of the fever, which greatly affected her brain. She fancied, in her delirium, that she had borne a son, and said, "she was much troubled that her boy was but an ugly boy." The king, being present, to humour her, said, "No, it is a very pretty boy." "Nay,"

[1] Despatches of Lionne, in Pepys. Appendix.
[2] Lionne's Despatches. [3] Pepys.

replied she, tenderly, "if it be like you, it is a fine boy indeed, and I would be well pleased with it."

The passionate instincts of maternity continued for several days to haunt the childless queen, and her thoughts, sleeping or waking, were of nothing but her imaginary offspring.[1] On the 27th of October, she fancied she had three, and that the girl was very like the king, and, happy in the idea, she slept several hours that night. At five in the morning her physician unwittingly awaked her by feeling her pulse, and the first word she said was, "How do the children?"[2]

This pleasant delusion, perhaps, contributed to Catharine's recovery more than the pigeons that were applied to her feet, or the cordial prescription of sir Francis Prujcon, her doctor, which Pepys says, "in her despair, did give her rest." Waller, with that exquisite perception of the female heart which belongs to poetic inspiration, attributes, with greater probability, the almost miraculous restoration of the queen to the effect of her royal husband's tender sympathy. In the complimentary verses which this courtly poet addressed to her majesty on her recovery from illness, he alludes to the tears which Charles wept over her, in the following graceful lines:—

> "He that was never known to mourn
> So many kingdoms from him torn,
> His tears reserved for you, more dear,
> More prized, than all those kingdoms were!
> For when no healing art prevail'd,
> When cordials and elixirs fail'd,
> On your pale cheek he dropp'd the shower,
> Revived you like a dying flower."

The recovery of the queen was, however, very slow, and her state continued for a time so precarious, that Pepys records "that he prudentially sent to stop the making of his velvet cloak, till he should see whether she would live or die." So variously at times are the minds of human beings affected, by the consideration of the frail tenure on which a fellow creature is supposed to hold existence.

The general report of her majesty's health on the 29th of October, was, "The queen mends apace, but yet talks idle still." On the 30th, "The queen continues light-headed, but in hopes to recover." She was not out of danger in

[1] Pepys. [2] Ibid.

the first week of November, when she was exposed to the fatigue and excitement of a state visit from monsieur de Lionne, the French ambassador, and monsieur de Cateu, a gentleman of rank from the court of Louis XIV., who had arrived from Paris the night before, charged with compliments of condolence from that monarch and his queen to her majesty on her sickness. Although queen Catharine still kept her bed, and had occasional fits of delirium, it was a matter of royal etiquette that the greetings of their French majesties should be delivered to her in person, and that she should give them a gracious reception. It is to be remembered that it was the fashion at that time for kings, queens, and persons nearly allied to the crown, both in England and France, to be harassed with a thousand impertinent ceremonies in the time of sickness, and, the more imminent the danger, the more solemn and elaborate were the ceremonies, and the greater the influx of visitors, rendering the doubtful chances of recovery next to impossible. The luxury of privacy was never allowed to royal personages in those days. They were born in public, they dressed and undressed in public, they ate and drank in public, and they died in public, surrounded by a crowd of princes, bishops, judges, cabinet ministers, and foreign ambassadors, watching their last agonies, for they were never allowed the comfort of a quiet room in sickness, or a peaceful departure from this life. And notwithstanding all this pomp and parade of death, every intricate symptom of the illustrious patient's malady was attributed to the effects of poison, administered through the machinations of the nearest of kin.

As Charles II. had been so indifferent a husband, and the reversion of his royal hand was already awarded, by report, to the fair Stuart and others, he was of course desirous that the envoys of France should have the opportunity of seeing and speaking to his poor queen, that they might, in case of the worst, bear honourable testimony for him that he had not hastened her departure. Late as it was in the evening when monsieur Cateu arrived in London, he was immediately conducted to Whitehall by the ambassador, who knew king Charles was impatient for his coming.[1] The king received him with much satisfaction, and wished him to see the queen directly, but as she was asleep, the

[1] Despatches of M. de Lionne, Oct. 26—Nov. 5, 1663.

visit was deferred till the next day. At the appointed hour they came, and were introduced by king Charles into the *ruelle* of her majesty's bed.[1]

The king, according to the report of M. de Lionne, took the pains to deliver the complimentary messages of the king and queen of France to queen Catharine himself, which cost him some trouble, for the fever had rendered her so deaf, that it was only by going very close to her, and bawling in her ear, that she could be made to understand what was said. When she comprehended the purport of this really unseasonable visit, she testified much satisfaction, and said a few words to that effect in reply very intelligibly. "Since that time," continues the ambassador, who certainly never could have experienced himself the misery of being teazed with such pompous absurdity during the low stage of a malignant typhus fever, "her majesty finds herself better, and it seems to me that the care your majesty has taken in sending to make her this visit, has contributed more to her cure than all the doctors. They make us hope she is out of danger, but she wanders frequently still, which shows that the brain is affected, for the fever is scarcely high enough to cause that symptom. One must have seen what I have to believe this, for the meanest among the courtiers takes the liberty of marrying his royal master again, each according to his own inclination; but the most confident speak of the daughter of the prince de Ligne,[2] from which the king of Spain might gain some advantage; but I can assure your majesty that these projects are very likely to be broken by the recovery of the sick, and that few people will rejoice in it, unless it be the duke and duchess of York, who would otherwise see the fine hopes which at present flatter them distanced, as it is said this queen can never bear children."

[1] This was the space or alley in the alcove, between the bed and the wall, which was approached by confidential attendants, or persons who were honoured with a private interview, through a small door near the bed's head, communicating with a secret passage and staircase; the proverbial expression of back-stairs intrigues has reference to this arrangement. In the old palaces and hotels in France the fashion of the alcove may still be seen in the state bed-rooms. In some chambers there are two alcoves, forming small apartments, separated from the rest of the room by silk and wire curtains, and sometimes by elegant draperies, which are festooned back, or closed at pleasure.

[2] Charles had been attached to this lady during his exile, and it was even reported that he had two sons, the fruit of a private marriage with her.

It was observed by that universal observer, Pepys, during the queen's illness, that king Charles's hair had grown very grey, which seemed to afford an excuse to the monarch for adopting the then prevailing fashion of wearing a periwig—a mode that was introduced at the era of his restoration by prudent roundheads, who were desirous of avoiding the sneers of the court, by emulating the flowing locks of the cavaliers. In the course of three or four years the cavaliers had the folly to cut off their envied love-locks, and put on the periwig imitations, which their old enemies had devised to cover the evidence of their late party principles, when loyalty became the fashion.

Pepys, though he indulged himself even to extravagance in the article of periwigs, confessed that the duke of York's hair, even when he saw it cut short, in order to be covered with one of these modish appendages, was pretty enough to have served instead. The ringlet periwig of the Restoration soon amplified into the tasteless fashion of the campaign and Marlborough wigs, which were in turn succeeded by the endless barbarisms of perukes, bag-wigs, tie-wigs, cannon-wigs, and bob-wigs, which, for more than a century and a quarter, caricatured the countenances of English gentlemen.

The commencement of the year 1664, found queen Catharine perfectly recovered from her long sore sickness, and greatly improved in her English. The courtiers were amused with the pretty little phrases she used in order to explain herself. One day, when she meant to say that she did not like one of the horses that appeared mettlesome and full of tricks, she innocently said, "he did make too much vanity."

The affection the king had testified for her during the period of her sickness appeared to have been as evanescent as his tears, and he now devoted himself openly to the fair Stuart, whom he admired the more because he found it impossible to prevail over her virtue. Lady Castlemaine was furiously jealous of her youthful rival, and the more her own influence with the king decreased, the more fiercely and openly did she assert her claims on his attention. One day, being at the theatre, in the next box to that occupied by the king and the duke of York, she leaned over several other ladies to whisper to his majesty, and then boldly rose up, and walking into the royal box, seated herself at the

king's right hand, between him and the duke of York, which put every one there, and the king himself, out of countenance.[1] Charles, though he had been so tyrannical a husband to the amiable and virtuous consort by whom he was only too tenderly beloved, wanted the moral courage to emancipate himself from the shameless virago whom he had ceased to love, and who exposed him to the contempt of his court.

A new and very elegant open carriage, called a calash, had been brought from France, as a present to the king, which was the admiration of every one who saw it. The queen begged the king to allow her to go out in it, with her sister-in-law the duchess of York, the first time it was used. Lady Castlemaine, having seen them in it, demanded the loan of it for the first fine day, for a drive in Hyde Park, which was then, as now, the fashionable resort of the *beau monde* for carriage drives and equestrian exercise. The fair Stuart made the same request, and a most violent scene took place between the rival goddesses; but the king gave the preference to the reigning object of his idolatry, and from that hour the hatred between lady Castlemaine and her became irreconcilable.[2]

The meekness and forbearance of the ill-treated queen afforded a strong contrast to the violence of the proud, contentious woman whom Charles had the folly to prefer to her. Catharine even hesitated to enter her own dressing-room, without giving some intimation of her approach, lest she should have the mortification of surprising the king in the midst of a love scene with one or other of her ladies. Then, too, she was unjustly wronged out of a considerable part of the crown lands, in which she had been jointured, the king having let them, at merely nominal rents, to one of his worthless favourites, lord Fitzharding, who was a creature of lady Castlemaine's. The king had already exhausted all his resources, and involved himself considerably in debt. The precarious nature of the queen's income, and the frequent defaults she had to bear from the exchequer, taught her habits of economy from necessity, and this at length degenerated into avarice, or, at any rate, over-strictness in requiring her dues. She suspected all her officers of the same want of honesty that she experienced from their

[1] Pepys. [2] Count Hamilton.

royal master, which obtained for her the unpopular character of a "hard woman to deal with." William Prynne, who had been pilloried in the reign of Charles I. for his contemptuous writing against queen Henrietta Maria, held Catharine of Braganza in such high esteem, that he endeavoured to put her in the way of improving her revenue, by a revival of the ancient claims of the queens of England to the *aurum reginæ*, or queen's gold. He even exerted his antiquarian talents and research in writing a book on the subject, which he dedicated to her majesty. Charles II. was highly amused at the devotion manifested by the stern old roundhead to his popish consort, and his zeal for her pecuniary interests; but he judged it unadvisable to moot the point of the obsolete queenly privilege, to which Prynne set forth her right,—a right which had merged in the crown, ever since the offices of sovereign and queen had been vested in the person of Mary Tudor, and more completely so in that of Elizabeth.[1]

Queen Catharine went with her royal husband, on the 21st of March, to see him open the sessions of parliament in person on which occasion his majesty delivered a long speech from the throne, on the subject of the many plots which were said at that time to be in agitation against his person and the peace of the realm. He also spoke against triennial parliaments. Charles had been greatly annoyed by the publication of various caricatures against his royal person by the Dutch republican party. In one of these he was represented with all his pockets turned inside out, begging for money of his parliament. In another, he appears led by two ladies, and threatened by a third.

[1] When Charles II. was asked what course ought to be pursued with Prynne, who was beginning to get very troublesome to his government—"Odds fish!" replied the king, "he wants something to do, I'll make him keeper of the Tower records, and set him to put them in order, which will keep him in employment for the next twenty years." The restless activity of the antiquarian republican exerted itself to good purpose, in reforming the chaos that was committed to his care. The value he felt for the muniments of history imbued him with a veneration for regality itself; and the man who had refused either to drink king Charles's health, or to doff his hat while others drank it, became a stickler for the right divine of kings, and an advocate for the restoration of the privileges and immunities accorded in the good old times to their consorts. He even went so far as to justify the severity of the star-chamber sentence that had been inflicted on his own person, by declaring, "that if they had taken his head when they deprived him of his ears, he had been only given his deserts."

The queen's master of the horse, Edward Montague, was dismissed by the king in May. His offence was supposed to be his great attachment to the service of his royal mistress, whose cause he always upheld with more warmth than discretion. The profligate companions of the king endeavoured to excite his majesty's jealousy against Montague, by saying he was in love with the queen, and that his majesty ought to have a care of his wife. It was reported that Charles one day forgot his own dignity and the respect due to his virtuous consort so far as to ask Montague, in a bantering tone, "How his mistress did?"[1] Catharine submitted to the loss of her faithful attendant as a matter of course, but would not accept any one else in his place till after his death.

Catharine was a princess of very simple tastes and inclinations, of which the furniture and arrangements of her private apartments in Whitehall afford convincing proof. "Mr. Pierce," says Pepys, "showed me the queen's bedchamber and her closet, where she had nothing but some pretty pious pictures and books of devotion, and her holy water at her head as she sleeps. She had an illuminated clock near her bed, in order to see what the hour was in the night. She had also a curiously inlaid cabinet of ebony, mother-of-pearl, ivory, and silver, which contained a small altar and relics, with all things necessary for her private devotions."

The king's closet, at this time, was so richly and elaborately adorned with paintings and other costly ornaments and furniture, that our author declared himself to be absolutely dazzled and bewildered with the abundance of objects of attraction. As for the apartments of his mistresses, they were decorated with everything that luxury could devise or extravagance supply, rivalling the descriptions in the Arabian and Persian tales in their splendour. Evelyn was disgusted with the magnificence he saw displayed by these women.

Queen Catharine sat for her picture twice to Huysman, the Dutch artist, this year. She was painted once in the character of St. Catharine, and once as a shepherdess. This artist chose her for the model of his Madonnas. Her

[1] Pepys.

best portraits are by Lely, and her most becoming costume is black velvet.

This summer, however, she and her maids of honour affected silver lace gowns. They all walked from Whitehall in procession to the chapel of St. James's palace, through the park, in this glittering costume, in the bright morning sunshine. Parasols being unknown in England at that era, the courtly belles used the gigantic green shading fans, which had been introduced by the queen and her Portuguese ladies, to shield their complexions from the sun, when they did not wish wholly to obscure their charms by putting on their masks. Both were in general use in this reign. The green shading fan is of Moorish origin, and, for more than a century after the marriage of Catharine of Braganza, was considered an indispensable luxury by our fair and stately ancestral dames, who used them in open carriages, in the promenade, and at prayers, where they ostentatiously screened their devotions from public view, by spreading them before their faces while they knelt. The India trade opened by Catharine's marriage treaty soon supplied the ladies of England with fans better adapted, by their lightness and elegance, to be used as weapons of coquetry at balls and plays. Addison has devoted several papers in the Spectator to playful satire on these toys, from whence the now general terms of flirt and flirtation have been derived. The pastoral genius of Watteau and other French and Flemish artists was first brought into notice by the employment of painting shepherdesses in hoop-petticoats, and swains in full-bottomed wigs, with cupids, nymphs, and the usual machinery of antiquated courtships, on the mounts of fans.

The hostile relations between Holland and England rendered it expedient for the king to commence his naval preparations to maintain the honour of the country. Lord Sandwich was ordered to put to sea early in July, 1664, and the queen was promised the pleasure of accompanying her royal husband to see the fleet go down to the Hope. King Charles himself thus notices her desire to witness this noble spectacle.[1] "My wife is so afraid that she shall not see the fleet before it goes out, that she intends to set

[1] Inedited autograph letter of Charles II., without date. Brit. Mus. MS. Lansdowne, 120, folio 202.

out from this place (Whitehall) on Monday next, with the afternoon tide, therefore, let all the yachts, except that which the French ambassador has, be ready at Gravesend by that time."

Catharine enjoyed the gratification of her wish, for Charles took both her and his royal mother on board the fleet at Chatham, before it left the port, the last week in May. A few days afterwards, they went down to Chatham again, when, in consequence of the great heat of the sun, Charles took off both his periwig and waistcoat to cool himself, and got a violent cold, which brought on a fever, and he was obliged to be bled and to keep his room for two or three days.[1]

This year some attention was excited at court by the statements of Mr. Mompesson, of the nocturnal disturbances of his house at Tedworth, Wiltshire, by the freaks of an invisible drummer, who had alarmed his family every night for more than a year.[2] This story Mr. Mompesson repeated to the king and queen, on which Charles despatched his favourite, lord Falmouth, and the queen, her chamberlain, lord Chesterfield, to examine into the truth of it; but neither of them could see or hear anything that was extraordinary. About a twelvemonth afterwards, his majesty told lord Chesterfield that he had discovered the cheat, which Mr. Mompesson had confessed to him: the king's statement was, however, incorrect.

Catharine's passionate love for her own country betrayed her into a very unladylike breach of that stately courtesy, with which the science of royalty teaches princes to conceal their private feelings on all public occasions. Her dignity as queen of England ought to have compelled her to forget the national animosity of a daughter of Braganza towards Spain, but the manner in which she permitted it to break forth, at the first audience of the new Spanish ambassador, at Whitehall, September 19th, 1664, is related, with evident

[1] Despatches of Lionne.

[2] This incident furnished the plot for Addison's elegant comedy, "The Drummer; or, the Haunted House;" but it would have added to the interest and humour of the play, if the author had introduced, among the *dramatis personæ*, the characters of queen Catharine's courtly lord chamberlain and the brave earl of Falmouth, who, soon after, was killed by the side of his royal commander, the duke of York, in the triumphant naval engagement between the fleets of England and Holland.

vexation, by sir Henry Bennet to sir Richard Fanshawe, the English minister at the court of Madrid.

"Three days ago don Patricio Omeledio had his audience of entry, in the quality of resident, of his majesty, and having finished that, asked to receive the same honour from the queen, who, being discomposed a little more than could have been wished, and forbidding him in his harangue to speak to her in Spanish, he submitted to her pleasure herein, and continued it in French, acquitting himself therein with all fitting respect on his part, which I say to your excellency, that the story that will certainly be made thereof may not altogether surprise you."[1]

Spanish was, however, Catharine's mother's native language, and, a few weeks after this weak manifestation of her hostility to that nation, she made her court put on mourning for her Spanish cousin, the duke of Medina Sidonia.[2] One cause of her intemperate burst of temper was of course the recent demand of the Spanish government, that Tangier should be given up to them. Charles II. replied to this requisition, "that they had no more to do with it than they had with Plymouth; that Tangier was an ancient acquisition of the crown of Portugal; that he had received it as part of his queen's dowry, and if they would not allow that to give him a lawful right to the place, they had better tell him at once that they would come to a quarrel with him for it, in which case he should know how to proceed."

Catharine went with her ladies in her state-barge to see a ship-launch at Woolwich, October 26. The wind and waves were so rough that day, that the duchess of Buckingham, and the fair mistress Boynton, one of her maids of honour, were as much indisposed as if they had been at sea. The queen alone felt no inconvenience.[3]

The king, the duke of York, and the French ambassador came in the royal carriages by land. The ship, which was built by Pett, was successfully launched, and much admired by the king, who said, "she had the finest bow that ever he saw;" and the French ambassador gives a lively description of the grandeur and beauty of this vessel, which carried 70 guns. Charles behaved very graciously, on this occasion, to the veteran naval commanders of the commonwealth, who were present. He told the French ambassador, in his jocose way, before them, "that they had all had the plague, but were now perfectly cured of the malady, and were

[1] Letters of the earl of Arlington, vol. ii. p. 44. [2] Ibid. p. 64.
[3] Pepys. Letter of M. de Lionne to Louis XIV.

less likely to have it again than others." They then went down to the Nore in the newly-launched vessel, and returned in the royal yacht, where they partook of a noble banquet. The king's carriages were to meet them again at Woolwich. Meantime a very rough swell came on; the hail and rain descended in torrents; every lady but the queen was sea-sick, and she, who had come with her ladies, from Whitehall to Woolwich in the royal yacht, and was expected to return the same way, played his majesty and the gentlemen a sly trick, by stealing on shore with her ladies, and taking possession of the coaches which had been sent for the king and the ambassador, "making it," complains his excellency,[1] "her pleasure to see the other unfortunates suffering from the effects of the tempest, and not caring what became of us. It was impossible for us to get to London in the barge, and we were obliged to get horses and carriages at Greenwich to take us to Whitehall." Lionne, in this letter, expresses his admiration of the grandeur of the British ships.

On the 3rd of June, 1665, the greatest naval victory that had yet been gained by England was won by the fleet under the duke of York's command, between Southwold and Harwich.

The rejoicings for this mighty victory were damped by the consternation that had seized all hearts, on account of the breaking out of the plague, the most terrible visitation of the kind ever known in England. Although many houses were marked with the red cross, and the work of desolation was rapidly increasing in the vicinity of the palace, the king and queen did not abandon Whitehall till the 29th of June, when they, with the duke of York, accompanied the queen-mother, who was leaving England, on her journey. Catharine returned that night to Hampton Court, but the royal brothers attended Henrietta as far as the Downs. The plague speedily breaking out at Hampton Court, their majesties and the court left it on the 27th, for Salisbury.[2]

The queen and her ladies exhibited a new-fashioned travelling costume on this occasion, which Pepys, who saw them set off, thus describes: "It was pretty to see the pretty young ladies, dressed like men, in velvet coats, caps, with ribbons, and laced bands, just like men, only the

[1] M. de Lionne. [2] Earl of Arlington's Letters. Pepys.

duchess herself it did not become." The duchess of York having grown very fat, had lost all pretensions to that elegance of contour which was requisite to set off dresses fitting close to the shape.

It was agreed on the spot that the duke and duchess, with their retinue, should set off direct for York, much to their satisfaction, for the court was in so uncomfortable a state just then, through the rival parties of the queen and lady Castlemaine, that they were glad to escape from being implicated in any of the quarrels and intrigues that were going on.[1] If anything could have recalled the king and his evil companions to a sense of the wickedness of their lives, it would have been the awful reflection that the sword of the destroying angel was even then suspended over them, and sweeping thousands daily to the tomb.[2] To the excited fancies of many of those who remained in the metropolis, the vision of a flaming sword, reaching from Westminster to the Tower, seemed nightly present, like the meteor sword that hung over Jerusalem during the siege. The appearance of a comet some months before had caused superstitious feelings of alarm to the weakminded, by whom it was regarded with scarcely less terror than that with which the Anglo-Saxons had beheld the comet which visited our hemisphere in the year 1066, on the eve of the Norman invasion. Charles II., who had a peculiar taste for scientific pursuits, and was the founder of the Observatory at Greenwich, watched, with great interest, several nights for the appearance of the new comet, and the queen sat up with him twice, at different times, to obtain a sight of it. The second time, she saw it.[3]

The first day the king and queen left Hampton Court they slept at Farnham, and proceeded to Salisbury the next. They were followed by the French and Spanish ambassadors, and a great many of the nobility; but the air did not agree with the king, who was indisposed all the time he was there, which caused him to leave it sooner than he had intended. While they yet remained, the news arrived of

[1] Clarendon.

[2] The limits of this work are too circumscribed to permit of entering into the details of this melancholy period, which will be found in the journals of Evelyn and Pepys, and the narratives of Defoe, and other eye-witnesses of the horrors of the great plague of 1665, in which 100,000 persons perished within the bills of mortality. [3] Pepys.

the unsuccessful action of the earl of Sandwich, before Bergen, in which Edward Montague, the queen's faithful master of the horse, was slain, having volunteered on board the fleet in a fit of indignation at the injurious manner in which he had been driven from her majesty's service; no sooner was the news of his death received, than the duke and duchess of York wrote both to the king and queen, entreating them to bestow his place on his younger brother, who was the duchess's equerry. Clarendon, at the request of his daughter, the duchess of York, waited on the queen to back their suit.[1] Catharine was of course well-disposed to bestow the appointment on the younger Montague, whose brother had attended her home from Lisbon, and had suffered in every way from his devotion to her service; but she prudently replied, "that she would make no choice herself of any servant, without being first informed of his majesty's pleasure;" adding, "that she had heard that the lord Montague was very angry with his son, who was unfortunately slain, for having taken that charge in her family, and never allowed him anything towards his support, and that she would not receive his younger son into her service unless she were assured that his lordship desired it." She concluded by requesting Clarendon, if that were the case, to speak to the king as dexterously as he could, to dispose him to recommend young Montague to her, which she considered only just, since his brother had lost his life in his majesty's service. The chancellor preferred the request to the king, in the name of the duchess of York, and said, "the queen referred it entirely to his majesty." The king declared, "he would never recommend any one to the queen but what should be very agreeable to her, and that it would seem hard to deny one brother to succeed another who had been killed in his service," but owned that lord Crofts had solicited him in favour of Mr. Robert Spencer.[2] This was the lord treasurer Southampton's nephew, in whose behalf a series of intrigues were set on foot. Southampton quarrelled with Clarendon for having recommended another to the queen; Clarendon, to conciliate his colleague, endeavoured secretly to countermine his former recommendation, though well aware it was the queen's wish to give the place to the brother of her faithful servant, and

[1] Life of Clarendon. [2] Ibid.

she would certainly have been circumvented, but for the arrival of the duke of York, who took young Montague's part with so high a hand, that the king, who had begun to waver to the new candidate, decided in his favour.

How difficult must be the position of a queen, when so many rival interests beset her, regarding every appointment in her own household. Catharine had learned to manifest a political indifference and perfect submission to her royal husband's pleasure on these subjects, which enabled her, as in this instance, occasionally to get her own way. If she had openly espoused the part of Montague, he would assuredly have lost the place, for then lady Castlemaine would have insisted on its being given to Robert Spencer.

It was unlucky for Catharine, that not only her husband, but her lord chamberlain, was in love with the countess of Castlemaine. Lord Chesterfield found himself so awkwardly situated between the reverence he owed to her majesty, and the recollection of the terms on which he had been, while a widower, with her insolent rival, that, to avoid the disputes in which he occasionally found himself involved, he resigned his place in her majesty's household. Catharine was pleased, when he took his leave, to express her sense of his character and services in handsome terms, commanding him to continue a member of her council.[1] This was in 1665.

The king opened his parliament on the 10th of October, in the great hall of Christ Church, when they voted him supplies for carrying on the Dutch war, which he had been compelled to commence with no better supply than 100,000*l.* lent him, in his utmost need, by the city of London, and at this very time he was subscribing out of his privy purse the sum of 1000*l.* weekly, for the relief of the sufferers with the plague.

While the court remained at Oxford, the queen was once more flattered with deceptive hopes of bringing an heir to the crown; and, while that hope lasted, the king reformed his conduct visibly, and made a laudable resolution of endeavouring to make himself worthy of receiving the blessing of legitimate offspring. So careful was he of Catharine at this period, that he would by no means permit her to return to Hampton Court with him in January, lest her safety

[1] Introductory memoir to the letters of lord Chesterfield.

and that of the anticipated infant should be endangered by an approach towards the infected metropolis. She was, however, so anxious to be with him, that she commenced preparations for the journey, in order to follow him, when, unfortunately, as she was on the eve of setting off, a disappointment occurred, which detained her at Oxford till the 16th of February.[1]

The earl of Arlington, after communicating this ill news to sir William Temple, adds, "but we comfort ourselves with the hopes that the next time she may succeed better." Charles behaved almost as ill as Henry VIII. on the occasion, and lady Castlemaine, who was in the same situation as the queen, and was brought to bed of a fine boy, was full of exultation, and failed not to depreciate his luckless consort to her royal paramour, as a person who never would or could bring him an heir.

The next grief that befel Catharine was the death of her beloved mother, the queen-regent of Portugal.[2] The news of this event arrived in London on the 28th of March, 1666, but, as the queen was then in a delicate state of health, and under a course of physic, it was several days before any one ventured to communicate the affecting tidings to her.[3] The court wore the deepest mourning on this occasion; the ladies were directed "to wear their hair plain, and to appear without spots on their faces," the disfiguring fashion of patching having just been introduced. Lady Castlemaine was considered to appear to great disadvantage without her patches. One day, in the course of this spring, the queen told lady Castlemaine, "that she feared the king took cold by staying so late at her house," on which she boldly replied, before all the ladies, "that he left her house betimes, and must stay with some one else." The king, entering unawares while she was thus endeavouring to turn the current of the queen's jealousy to one of her rivals, came behind

[1] Clarendon.

[2] This princess had been removed from the helm of government soon after her daughter's marriage with Charles II., through the intrigues of the conde de Castelmelhor; and the imbecile king Alphonso VI. assumed the royal authority. He proved himself incapable of the office, and was deposed in the year 1668, and his brother, don Pedro, was placed on the throne of Portugal. Not contented with the throne, Pedro chose to have the wife of his brother also, and succeeded, for the lady obtained a sentence of nullity on her first marriage, and gave her hand to don Pedro.—Colbatch's Account of Portugal.

[3] Pepys.

her, and whispered in her ear, "that she was a bold impertinent woman, and bade her begone out of the court, and not come again till he sent for her." For a wonder she obeyed, but said, in her rage, "she would be even with the king, and print his letters,"[1] a threat which always rendered Charles submissive, so completely was he in her power; so that he who, as Clarendon observes, could not endure the imputation of being governed by his wife or prime minister, permitted himself to be called "fool," or any other degrading epithet this woman chose to bestow on him. It was vainly hoped that this quarrel was definitive, but in a day or two lady Castlemaine sent to inquire if she might send for her furniture from the palace to her new lodging. The king replied, "that she must come and fetch them herself," which she did; a reconciliation took place, and Charles was more estranged from his wife than ever.

In July, the queen and her ladies visited Tunbridge Wells again, and spent some weeks there. This place, which the patronage of Catharine of Braganza had rendered the resort of the *beau monde* of the 17th century, is described by a contemporary, who made one of the gay throng by whom it was frequented at that season, as the place of all Europe the most rural and simple, and at the same time the most lively and agreeable. "The company are all accommodated with lodgings," says he, "in little clean convenient habitations, that lie scattered from each other a mile and a half round the wells, where the company meet in the morning. This place consists of a long walk shaded by spreading trees, under which they walk while they are drinking the waters. On one side of this walk is a long row of shops, plentifully stocked with toys and ornamental goods, where there is raffling. On the other side is the market. As soon as the evening comes, every one quits his or her little palace, to assemble on the bowling green, where, in the open air, those who choose dance on a turf more soft and smooth than the finest carpet in the world."

Such was Tunbridge Wells, and the manner of life led there in the days when the amiable and neglected queen of Charles II. sought to beguile her cares and griefs by mingling in the diversions of her subjects, and endeavouring to increase the enjoyment of those around her by dispensing

[1] Pepys.

with the ceremonies that were due to her rank. There was dancing every night at her house, because the physicians recommended it to those who drank the waters, and poor Catharine took excessive delight in this exercise, although her figure by no means fitted her to enter the lists to advantage in such exhibitions with the graceful Frances Stuart, the stately Castlemaine, and the other beauties of the court. She had learned, however, the difficult lesson of concealing any uneasy emotion she might feel when she saw her royal husband devoting all his time and attention to one or other of her rivals.

Apparently, she entered into the frolic tone of the place with hearty good humour, and made it her chief study to divert the king from dwelling too long on any object of attraction, by the perpetual round of amusements she devised. Unfortunately, she sent for the players to Tunbridge Wells, which led to disgraceful intimacies between his majesty and two of the actresses, Mrs. Davies and the celebrated Nell Gwynne. Ere long Charles outraged all decency by appointing the latter, whom Evelyn justly terms "an impudent comedian," as one of the bed-chamber women to his royal consort,—an office for which her low breeding, ribald language, and shameless way of life, rendered her notoriously unfit.[1]

The aspect of public affairs was peculiarly gloomy at this crisis. The commerce of England had for the last year been wholly destroyed by the plague; death and sorrow and poverty had rendered all homes desolate. The distress which followed this national visitation had caused a complete failure in the supplies voted by the parliament, it having been found impossible to collect the taxes, and the country was involved in a war both with Holland and France—a war that was unfairly carried on by attempts, not only on the part of the republic of Holland, but of Louis XIV., to excite an insurrectionary spirit in England. The agents employed as spies and emissaries for the diffusion of sedition were no other than the exiled roundheads and their connexions in England and Scotland, pretended patriots, but in reality the hireling agitators

[1] Mr. Pegge, in his Curialia, thus notices this disgraceful fact:—"I am ashamed to confess that I find Nell Gwynne among the ladies of the privy chamber to queen Catharine, under the name of Mrs. Eleanor Gwynne."

employed by the enemies of their own country to work out their dishonourable intrigues.

The following passage, quoted by the present accomplished premier of France, M. Guizot, in his noble work, the Course of Civilization, from the notes kept by Louis XIV., of the personal transactions of the year 1666, will show the principles of the all but deified Algernon Sidney, in their true colours.

"I had this morning," says Louis, "a conversation with M. de Sidney, an English gentleman, who has made me understand the possibility of re-animating the republican party in England. M. de Sidney demands of me for that purpose, 400,000 livres. I have told him that I could not give him more than 200,000. He has engaged me to draw from Switzerland another English gentleman of the name of Ludlow, and to confer with him on the same design."[1]

The fire of London, which broke out on the 2nd of September, at the corner of Thames-street, in a baker's shop, full of faggots, near a row of wooden store-houses, filled with pitch, tar, oakum, and other combustibles, was so clearly the effect of accident, that it would be unfair to impute it to the evil devices of a foreign power, or to the frenzy of fanatics of either of the non-conforming creeds, who were accused by vulgar prejudice of having caused this dreadful calamity, which was predicted by the puritans ten years before it happened.[2]

"The conflagration," says Evelyn, "was so universal, and the people so astonished, that, from the beginning, I knew not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, and running about like dis-

[1] Ludlow, in his Memoirs, briefly notices the overture that was made to him, in these words:—"I have received from the French government an invitation to come to Paris, to discuss the affairs of my country, but I distrust the French government."

[2] It is a fact, no less strange than true, that a plot for the seizure of the Tower and the burning of London, was discovered by Monk during the very height of the pestilence, in the autumn of 1665, for which several conspirators, all officers or soldiers in the late rebellion, were tried, convicted, and executed in April, 1666; and that the time fixed for carrying this diabolical project into execution was the 3rd of September, on which day that terrible conflagration was at its height. More remarkable still is the coincidence that a treatise was advertised in a number of the *Mercurius Politicus*, for 1656, purporting to show, from the Apocalypse, that in 1666 the Romish Babylon would be destroyed by fire.—See marginal note in Pepys, vol. iii. p. 106.

tracted creatures. * * All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen for above forty miles round for many nights. God grant that mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame. The noise, and cracking, and thunder, of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of the women and children, the hurry of the people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that, at the last, one was not able to approach it. The fire raged for four days, and all that time the king and the duke of York exerted themselves in the most energetic manner, even labouring in person, and being present to command, order, reward, and encourage the workmen. It was through the personal activity and presence of mind of the duke of York, in causing the houses to be blown up, that the beautiful old Temple church was saved, and the fire stopped."[1] The Tower and Westminster Abbey were saved by the same precautions on the part of the king; but it was not till the 7th of September that the conflagration was extinguished. The king, who only appeared to advantage in seasons of danger and difficulty, displayed the most paternal care for the homeless sufferers, and exerted himself to obtain for them a temporary shelter in the villages round London, and causing tents and huts to be erected for them. They were also provided with bread and coals, at the expense of the government. The extensive charities of the crown, during the two unprecedented seasons of public misery—the plague, and the general destitution that succeeded the fire, ought not to be forgotten, when the extravagant expenditure of Charles II. is so frequently repeated. His great forbearance, with regard to the collection of the supplies that had been voted by parliament in those disastrous years, ought also to be remembered. The sums were voted, undoubtedly, in large figures; but the money received were quite another thing. The want of means to pay the seamen led the king to the fatal economy of laying up his ships, against the earnest advice of his brother, the duke of York, who told him that he would incur the danger of losing, by that means, the sovereignty of the seas.

[1] Evelyn, Pepys, Clarendon. Journal of James II.

The attack of the Dutch on the ships at Chatham too well verified the prediction of the royal admiral.

Evelyn presented the king, on the 13th of September, with a survey of the ruins of London, and a plan for a new city, with a discourse upon it. "Whereupon," says he, "his majesty sent for me into the queen's bed-chamber, her majesty and the duke only being present. They examined each particular, and discoursed on them for near an hour, seeming to be extremely pleased with what I had so early thought upon. The queen was now in her cavalier riding habit, hat and feather, and horseman's coat, to take the air." This fashion was not introduced by Catharine of Braganza, but by two of her pretty maids of honour, some months before, of whose appearance, in this equestrian garb, Pepys thus quaintly speaks: "I saw the fine ladies in the long gallery, at Whitehall, in coats and doublets, just for all the world like mine, buttoned up at the breast, and they wore periwigs and hats, so that only for a long petticoat, draggling under their men's coats, no one would take them for women,[1] which was an odd sight, and a sight that did not please me: it was Mrs. Welles and another fine lady I saw thus attired."

The queen herself had a great wish to introduce a very different style for the skirts of dresses, liking mightily, as lady Carteret told Pepys, "to have the feet seen," which leads to the conclusion that, like most of her countrywomen, Catharine of Braganza had small well-turned feet; but it was in vain that she occasionally exhibited herself in short petticoats, she found few imitators. It is not royalty but beauty that sets the fashion; the reigning belles of the court were tall, graceful women, and, as long as they wore flowing draperies, all other ladies did the same, in the hope of looking like them. About the same time Charles II., at the suggestion of Evelyn, endeavoured to change the theatrical style of dress, worn by his courtiers, for a more sober costume. He assumed it himself, and so did a few of those

[1] The reader will of course remember the satirical description in the *Spectator*, thirty years after this period, of the fair lady whom he met going to the chase, in one of those riding-habits, which were then considered too near an approach to masculine habiliments.

who wished to please him; but his fashion was soon abandoned for the all-prevailing modes of France.

"It was a comely and manly habit," says Evelyn, "too good to hold, it being impossible for us, in good earnest, to leave the *monsieur's* vanities long."

The court wore black many months for queen Catharine's mother, only having leave to wear silver and white lace for one day, on which a splendid ball was given at Whitehall, to celebrate her majesty's birth-day. Pepys, who enjoyed the satisfaction of climbing up to a loft, where, with much trouble, he contrived to look down on the gay scene, gives the following particulars:—"Anon, the house grew full, and the candles light, and the king and queen and ladies sat. It was indeed a glorious sight to see Mrs. Stuart in black and white lace, and her head and shoulders dressed with diamonds, only the queen none,[1] and the king in his rich vest of some rich silk, and silver trimming, the duke of York and all the other dancers wore cloth of silver. Presently, after the king was come in, he took the queen, and about fourteen more couple there were, and began the *brantle.*" After enumerating many of the courtly dancers, he says, "they were all most excellently dressed in rich petticoats, and gowns, and diamonds, and pearls. After the *brantles* a *corant,* and now and then a French dance; but that so rare that the *corants* grew tiresome, and I wished it done, only Mrs. Stuart danced mighty fine; and many French dances, especially one the king called the New Dance, which was very pretty. But, upon the whole matter, the business of the dancing itself was not extraordinary pleasing. About twelve at night it broke up."

The commencement of the year 1667 found the queen ill at ease. The king's passion for the fair Stuart increasing with its hopelessness, he became restless, melancholy, and thoughtful, and was supposed to meditate making a desperate attempt to obtain her in the way of marriage. Dark hints and rumours of a divorce from queen Catharine, on the plea of barrenness, began to be whispered in the court and city. That political busybody, the earl of Bristol, sent two friars to Portugal, after the death of the queen-mother, donna Luiza, to endeavour to collect something that might be construed into presumptive evidence of her incapacity

[1] Because she was in mourning for her mother.

for children, although the king honestly said, "that it was impossible to proceed on those grounds, as, to his certain knowledge, her majesty had more than once been in the way to be a mother."[1] The enemies of Clarendon were more determined than ever to raise a popular cry against him, on account of the childless marriage of the sovereign, since his eldest son, lord Cornbury, had been appointed lord chamberlain to the queen. Catharine considering herself bound in honour to befriend, as far as her little power went, the family of a minister whom she supposed to be persecuted on her account, the ribald witlings of the court introduced her name into the doggrel pasquinades with which the chancellor was now assailed. On one occasion they painted a gibbet on his gate, with the following couplet:—

"Three sights to be seen,
Dunkirk, Tangier, and a barren queen."

Another epigram, the acknowledged composition of one of Charles's profligate companions, ran thus:—

"God bless queen Kate,
Our sovereign's mate,
Of the royal house of Lisbon;
But the devil take Hyde,
And the bishop beside,
Who made her bone of his bone."

These ribald rhymes were naturally associated with the supposed wish of the king to obtain a release from his nuptial plight to Catharine of Braganza, for the purpose of wedding a lady more agreeable to his present inclination. All the world said this was his lovely and fascinating kinswoman, Frances Stuart. His tempters, knowing his weakness, daily urged him to imitate the example of Henry VIII., and contract a more agreeable marriage. If we may believe the assertion of Burnet, Charles actually consulted Dr. Sheldon, the archbishop of Canterbury, on the possibility of obtaining a divorce from the queen. Sheldon requested time to consider of the matter; and having ascertained that the king contemplated a second marriage with Frances Stuart, he informed Clarendon. It is said, the enamoured monarch's project was traversed by his premier

[1] Clarendon.

encouraging the duke of Richmond, who was desperately in love with the fair object of his sovereign's preference, to marry her clandestinely, and carry her off from the court. The fair Stuart had, it seems, perceived the impropriety of which she had been guilty, in permitting the homage of the king; and in the hope of putting an end to the perilous terms on which they then stood, she had declared that she would marry any honourable gentleman who was worth 1500*l.* per annum. The courtiers, however, stood aloof, none venturing to enter the lists in rivalry to the king. At length, her cousin Charles, duke of Richmond and Lennox, came forward as a candidate for her hand. The king showed the most decided anger, and forbade either party to think of such presumption. The fair Stuart then threw herself at the feet of the queen, and with many tears implored her forgiveness for the uneasiness her past folly and thoughtlessness had cost her, and implored her protection.[1] Catharine was too amiable to reproach her; she had the goodness to permit her to be constantly in her presence; and it is supposed she lent her and the duke of Richmond facilities for their marriage and escapade.[2] The whole blame was, however, charged on Clarendon by the infuriated king, who, from that moment, pursued him with vindictive hatred; nor could the luckless minister's most earnest protestations that he knew nothing of the intention of the lovers to act in defiance of the royal prohibition, satisfy his majesty of his innocence.

After the marriage of the fair Stuart, nothing more was said, for a considerable time, of a divorce between the king

[1] Count Hamilton.

[2] Frances Stuart had never accepted anything from the king beyond a few jewels, and these she returned to him after her marriage. The duke of York presented her with a jewel, worth about 800*l.*, when he drew her for his valentine. Her husband unfortunately had a bad habit of drinking, which, perhaps, shortened his life; he died in 1672, at the court of Denmark, where he was sent as ambassador. The small-pox, that disease so fatal to the life or beauty of the royal house of Stuart, destroyed the matchless charms of the face of the duchess of Richmond and Lennox, two years after her wedlock: she bore the infliction with philosophy. Although the duke of Richmond and Lennox had impaired his property, his widow was enabled, by economy, to save a fortune from her dower: she purchased with it the estate of Lethington, and bequeathed it to her impoverished nephew, Alexander, earl of Blantyre, with a request that it might be called Lennox's Love to Blantyre. It is called Lennox Love to this day. She seems to have valued the title of her Scottish duchy more than that of Richmond. The duchess died in 1702. Her wax statue is to be seen in Westminster Abbey.

and queen. They danced together, with their great nobles and ladies, at a splendid masked ball in the theatre of the palace, April 18th, 1667.[1] The king celebrated the festival of the garter on St. George's day, that spring, with a solemnity of observance worthy of the age of chivalry, and the illustrious founder of the order. This commemoration was attended with all the religious ceremonies of the institution, even that of the sovereign and his knights offering at the altar; they then proceeded to the banqueting hall at the palace of Whitehall, where they dined in their robes and insignia. "The king sat on an elevated throne at the end, at a table alone, the knights at a table at the right hand, all the length of the room; over against them a cupboard of rich gilded plate; at the lower end the music; on the balusters above, wind music, trumpets, and kettle-drums. The king was served by the lords and pensioners, who brought up the dishes. About the middle of the feast the knights drank the king's health, and the king drank theirs, the trumpets sounded, and the Tower guns were fired. The queen came in at the banquet, but only as a spectator, for she did not sit, but stood at the king's left hand all the time. The cheer was extraordinary, each knight having forty dishes to his mess. The room was hung with the richest tapestry. In conclusion, the banqueting stuff was flung about the room profusely," says our author, who confesses that he made a hasty retreat when that sport began, which appears to have been showers of cakes, sweetmeats, comfits, and fruit, for the benefit of the spectators, and to make a scramble among them.

Such merry conclusions to the royal banquets were among the usages of the good old times, when the kings and queens of England lived in public, and any of their loyal lieges of decent appearance and behaviour, who could squeeze through the ever-open doors of the palace, were free to enter the banqueting hall, and see them take their meals—a custom which ended with the expulsion of the Stuart dynasty. Evelyn records frequent instances of Charles II.'s familiar converse with him on literary and scientific subjects on these occasions, and mentions, with some satisfaction, that the first time he tasted pine-apple was a piece which the king cut for him from his own plate, with

[1] Evelyn.

that peculiar graciousness of manner which won all hearts, and made even moralists and philosophers forget the many faults which tarnished his endearing qualities. One day the witty Tom Killigrew told the king "that matters were in a bad state, but there was a way to mend all. There is," pursued he, "an honest able man I could name, that if your majesty would employ, and command to see things well executed, all things would soon be mended; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time as if he had no employment, but if you would give him this employment, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it."

On another occasion, the king, speaking of the duke of York being mastered by his wife, compared him to the character of the henpecked husband, in the play of "Epicene, or the Silent Woman," and said to some of his boon companions, "that he would go no more abroad with this Tom Otter." "Sir," asked Killigrew, drily, "which is the best for a man to be—a Tom Otter to his wife or to his mistress?"[1]

There was no hitting off this home thrust, for the manner in which the king was rated and reviled by the imperious lady Castlemaine, rendered him the laughing-stock of the whole court. They had lately had a fierce quarrel, about the king sending the duke of Buckingham to the Tower for sundry misdemeanors, when she used such violent language, that the king was at last provoked so far as to tell her "she was a jade, that meddled with things she had nothing to do with." She retorted, by calling him a fool; telling him "that if he were not a fool, he would not suffer his business to be carried on by fools that did not understand them, and cause his best subjects, and those best able to serve him, to be imprisoned." In consequence of her importunity and his submissive behaviour, the king released Buckingham, and took him into favour. One of Buckingham's offences was having employed a man to cast the king's nativity; this he contrived to lay on his sister, the duchess dowager of Richmond, who had been one of the king's playmates in infancy, and for whom he knew Charles ever entertained a brotherly regard. Buckingham employed his powers as a buffoon for the king's diversion, and successfully laughed

[1] Pepys.

away the last spark of better feeling that had lingered round his heart.

As the unprincipled leader of the corrupt ministry, that rose into power on the fall of Clarendon, through the patronage of lady Castlemaine, Buckingham was the avowed enemy of the queen, of whom he was perpetually urging the king to rid himself, if not by divorce, by means still more questionable. If we may credit the assertions of so notoriously false a witness as bishop Burnet, Buckingham proposed to the king, "that if he would give him leave, he would steal the queen away, and send her to a plantation, where she should be well and carefully looked to, and never heard of any more, but it should be given out that she had deserted, and that it would fall in with some principles to carry on an act for a divorce grounded upon the pretence of a wilful desertion."[1]

It required no very remarkable exercise of conscientiousness to induce the king, unprincipled as he was, to revolt from a project of which the atrocity was only equalled by its absurdity. "Sir Robert Murray told me," pursues Burnet, "that the king himself rejected this with horror. He said it was a wicked thing to make a poor lady miserable only because she was his wife, and had no children by him, which was no fault of hers."

Buckingham next suggested that her majesty's confessor should be dealt with, to persuade her to retire into a convent, on which grounds the parliament would readily grant the king a divorce. Charles gave in to this scheme, but Catharine loved him too fondly to part from him voluntarily; she said "she had no vocation for a religious life."[2]

The evil counsellors, by whom the sovereign's bad passions were flattered and cherished, did not scruple to whisper the

[1] This tale appears absurdly improbable, but it is certain that the narrator had the best opportunities of information on the subject, as he was the creature of Buckingham, and the confidant of his unprincipled schemes. In fact, he crept into court favour under the auspices of this profligate politician and bad man, to whose patronage he was introduced by his first patron, Lauderdale, who had found him useful as an understrapper, and thought his peculiar talents might be employed in a more extensive field. Buckingham presented Burnet to the king, and he had the honour of preaching before his majesty, and the good fortune of pleasing the royal libertine in his sermon, who appointed him as one of his chaplains.

[2] Burnet.

possibility of persuading his parliament to make it lawful for him to marry a new wife before he had got rid of his first; and a reverend divine, no other than the far-famed Gilbert Burnet, afterwards bishop of Salisbury, was found capable of using his pen in vindication of this iniquitous doctrine. He wrote successively two treatises, entitled, "Dr. Gilbert Burnet's Solution of two Cases of Conscience, one touching Polygamy, the other Divorce, and what Scripture allows in those Cases."

It is needless to comment on the base hypocrisy of affecting to search Scripture as an excuse for vice. These polluted shafts were aimed at the innocent queen, at the suggestion, it is presumed, of Buckingham and Lauderdale. It was expected that they would have obtained the reward of a rich bishopric for the writer; but Charles despised both the adviser and the advice, and when Burnet, some years afterwards, having joined the opponents of the court, in consequence of being deprived of his office in the chapel royal, wrote him a letter of remonstrance on his immoral way of life, he treated him with the most cutting contempt.

Charles endured reproof patiently from men whose principles he respected. When the excellent and consistent bishop Kenn gave him a severe exhortation on his wicked life, he did not treat that upright man with the contumely he offered to the author of the "Two Cases of *Conscience*."[1]

While all these dark plots were in agitation against the queen, she astonished every one by entering into some of the giddy revelries of the madcaps of the court. Masquerading was then the rage, not merely masqued balls in palaces and theatres, but that sort of sport which prevails

[1] These papers, with much other disgraceful matter, have been expunged from Burnet's works; but they were printed as literary curiosities by one of his admirers, and are to be seen in the Appendix of John Macky's "Court of Great Britain," a scarce, but by no means an unattainable book. The two infamous tracts are printed by Macky, with the will of the bishop, to which John Macky was one of the witnesses, and had much to do in the settlement of the will. He is very reproachful to the bishop's son for suppressing these papers, and publishes them with utter moral ignorance of their turpitude. They were written for the assistance of a man equally unprincipled with Burnet, the corrupt Lauderdale, who was a great promoter of the plan of divorcing Catharine from Charles II. Macky declares the originals are in possession of the Hon. Archibald Campbell, in the hand-writing of Burnet himself, and were copied at Ham, from the Lauderdale Papers; and he gives them, to use his own words, "as noble precedents *of just freethinking, showing the integrity of the writer.*" Burnet's peculiar style stamps these documents as his own, without any trouble of attestation.

during carnivals and other seasons of public licence. The king and queen, and all the courtiers, went about masked, in separate parties, in quest of adventures, so disguised, that, without being in the secret, no one could distinguish them. They were carried about in hackney chairs, entered houses where lights and music gave indications that merry-makings were going on, and danced about with the wildest frolic. Once the queen got separated from her party, and her chairmen, not knowing her, went away and left her alone. She was much alarmed, and returned to Whitehall in a hackney coach, or, according to others, in a cart.[1] The earl of Manchester, Charles's lord chamberlain, being well aware that her majesty was surrounded by spies and enemies, who were eagerly watching to take advantage of the slightest indiscretion into which she might be betrayed, to form accusations against her, as a pretence for a divorce, honestly told her, "that it was neither decent nor safe for her to go about as she had done of late." Burnet says, "he had been alarmed by the reports of Buckingham's evil designs against her, which had got abroad, and wished to warn her of her danger."[2]

Early in the year 1668, the news arrived in England that the Cortes had sworn fealty to don Pedro, Catharine's younger brother, and that there was every appearance of his being quietly established on the throne, from which his party had deposed the imbecile king Alphonso. Queen Catharine was so passionately interested in all that concerned her country and family, that she took possession of the ambassador's report to the British cabinet of these

[1] A similar story is related by madame Campan, of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette of France. This errant masquerading was, however, a remnant of the sports and pastimes of the olden times, and has been practised by the royal family of France from remote antiquity. It is well known that Anne of Austria, with her son, Louis XIV., his cousin, mademoiselle de Montpensier, and two or three of the courtiers, went out incognito one fine summer night, in masks and fancy costumes, and entered, uninvited, a merchant's house, where they were celebrating a wedding. The strange masks were welcomed by the bridal party with much glee, and the spice plate was immediately handed to them, according to the custom on such occasions, when the *grande mademoiselle* was guilty of the levity of putting her foot under the salver on which the dishes of comfits were placed, and scattered all its contents in the air. This wild prank induced so much laughter and inconvenient familiarity, that the royal party were fain to make a hasty retreat. They were followed by some of the guests, who tracked them to the Louvre, which led to a discovery of their quality.

[2] Burnet's History of his Own Times.

affairs, and the earl of Arlington, when he communicates the event to sir William Temple, says, "There are other particulars in my letter, which shall be transcribed for you to-night, if I can get the letter out of the queen's hands."

A last effort to obtain the arrears of Catharine's portion had been made by Arlington in the preceding year, but apparently as fruitlessly as those that had preceded it. The long struggle with Spain, and subsequent civil war between the rival brothers, Alphonso and Pedro, had deprived Portugal of the power to make good the pecuniary engagements of the queen-mother in Catharine's behalf.

The re-appearance of the beautiful duchess of Richmond in the court as a bride, was one of the events of the season. She had steadily refused to hold any communication with the king, or to receive his visits, but expressed a wish to be permitted to kiss the hand of her royal mistress, on her elevation by marriage to so high a rank in the British nobility. All eyes were of course on her and the king, whose passion was apparently unsubdued, but she conducted herself with the dignified decorum of a virtuous matron. Rumour was, nevertheless, busy on the subject, as we find by the following mysterious passage in one of Charles's letters to his beloved sister, Henrietta, duchess of Orleans, who had alluded to something she had heard on the subject:—

"You were misinformed in your intelligence concerning the duchess of Richmond. If you were as well acquainted with a little fantastical gentleman called Cupid as I am, you would neither wonder nor take ill any sudden changes which do happen in the affairs of his conducting, but in this matter there is nothing done in it." [1]

The duchess of Richmond and her lord were then living in great splendour at Somerset House, the dower palace of the queen-mother. The duchess fell ill of the small-pox, the king's anxiety about her conquered all fears of infection, and he paid her several visits,[2] which, as she was the wife of a nobleman so nearly allied to the throne, he had the pretext of a royal etiquette for doing, nor could either she or the duke refuse to admit him into her sick chamber. That such a prince as Charles II. should wish to come at such a time would appear a proof of the strength

[1] Sir John Dalrymple's Appendix.

[2] Reports of M. de Rouvigny, in Dalrymple's Appendix. Pepys.

of his attachment to his fair kinswoman. She recovered, but one of her eyes was injured, and she looked ill for a long time. The queen, who knew she could rely on her virtue, appointed her one of the ladies of her bed-chamber. The king was, nevertheless, so transported by his passion for her, that one Sunday, when he had ordered his guards and coach to be ready to take him into the park, he suddenly got into a private boat, with a single pair of oars, all alone, and went by water to Somerset House, where, the garden door not being open, he climbed over the wall to visit her,[1] apparently with the intention of taking her by surprise. The particulars of the reception given him by the fair duchess are not recorded, yet her general conduct was so chastely correct as a wife, that there can be no doubt of its being a spirited repulse.

Charles was more than usually complaisant at this time to his queen, with whom he supped every night with apparent pleasure, and appearing otherwise mightily reformed,[2] from which an inference may be drawn that the influence of the duchess of Richmond was very differently exercised from that of the infamous Castlemaine.

All talk of a divorce had been suddenly stopped by the delusive hopes, which had again flattered the queen, of bringing an heir to England; and these, although destined to end as before, probably assisted this ill-treated princess to retain her position as queen-consort, in spite of the intrigues of Buckingham and Burnet to have her supplanted. It was also said that lady Castlemaine unexpectedly, but prudently, declared against the divorce, recollecting that it was impossible for the king to marry her, and dreading the probable influence of a young queen over his mind. Buckingham revenged himself on her for crossing his policy, by playing off the two comic actresses, Nell Gwynne and Moll Davies, against her.[3] The king had presented the latter with a diamond ring worth 700*l.*, in token of his approbation of her dancing, and it was noticed that when she came on after the play in the theatre at Whitehall, to dance her jig, the queen would not stay to see it.[4] Evelyn mentions

[1] Pepys. [2] Ibid. [3] Burnet.

[4] Pepys. Moll Davies was chiefly celebrated as a dancer. She had a daughter by the king, to whom he gave the name of Tudor, and married her to sir Francis Ratcliffe. From this marriage descended the two unfortunate earls of Derwentwater.

seeing lady Castlemaine at one of the masques at court, a few months before, blazing with diamonds to the value at least of 40,000*l.*, far outshining the queen.

This rapacious woman is said to have devoured the almost incredible sum of 500,000*l.* Charles finally gratified her pride by creating her duchess of Cleveland, with reversion to her eldest son by him, to whom he gave the name of Fitzroy. The neglect with which the queen was treated on her account was not confined to the courtiers. Goodman, the player and theatrical manager at the king's house, who, for some of his evil exploits, had very recently escaped the gallows, refused to have the stage curtain drawn up or to allow the play to commence, because the duchess of Cleveland, who bestowed on him some of her infamous patronage, had not arrived. "Is my duchess come?" asked he, when told that the queen was waiting for the performance. Fortunately, his duchess made her appearance, and her royal mistress no longer sat waiting her leisure.

Queen Catharine delighted in music, and appears to have been the first patroness of the Italian school of singing. She had a concert of these vocalists on the Thames under her balcony at Whitehall palace, September 30th, when, "it being a most summer-like day, and a fine warm evening," says Pepys, "the Italians came in a barge under the leads before the queen's drawing-room, and so the queen and ladies went out, and heard them for more than an hour, and the singing was very good together; but yet there was but one voice that did appear considerable, and that was signor Joanni. And here," pursues he, "I saw Mr. Sidney Montague kiss the queen's hand, who was mighty kind to him." This gentleman was one of lord Sandwich's family, and to all of that name Catharine, as far as her power went, continued to show her friendship.

Their majesties spent the month of October at Audley End, Euston, and Newmarket, this year. The foreign ambassadors, the privy council, and all the court, accompanied them on their autumnal progress. They returned to Whitehall, for the celebration of the queen's birth-day, in November; this was the usual commencement of the gay season in London, which closed a few days after the 29th of May, the anniversary of king Charles's birth and restoration.

Confident expectations were entertained, in the spring of 1669, that the queen was about to give an heir to England. Pepys records that he saw her, on the 19th of May, at dinner with the king, in her own apartment at Whitehall, in her white *pinner*, a loose wrapping gown, such as is now termed a *peignoir;* in which simple garb, he says, "she looked handsomer than in full dress, and adds, "that her appearance was such as to confirm the general report, and the hopes that were entertained at that period. She was taken, however, so suddenly ill on the 26th, as to send for Mrs. Nun and another of her women, in great haste, from a dinner party at Chiffinch's apartments, and considerable alarm prevailed on her account. In a few hours she was better, and lord Arlington writes to sir William Temple, on the 1st of June, "I cannot end this letter without telling you that the queen is very well, and gives us every day cause to rejoice more and more. God grant that it have its effect accordingly, to make us all happy." Six days afterwards the king communicates his disappointment to his sister, the duchess of Orleans, with the remark "that there had been no accident to cause it."[1]

Charles, now despairing of a family by Catharine, listened with more complacency than ever to the project of obtaining the liberty of seeking a younger and more fruitful wife, by means of a parliamentary divorce. About this time lord Roos, having convicted his wife of adultery, moved a bill in the house of peers for dissolving the tie, including leave to marry another wife. The duke of Buckingham supported the bill with all the interest of his faction; the duke of York opposed it, having all the bishops on his side, except Cosins and Wilkin. The controversy was carried on with great heat, and the king took the opportunity of entering the house in his ordinary dress, and, seating himself on the throne, listened to the proceedings with eager interest, declaring, "that it was as good as a play." The bill passed, and his majesty was urged by the base junta by whom he was surrounded, to make it the precedent for a bill to dissolve his marriage with the queen, as regarded the legality of marrying another wife, for the rectitude of Catharine's conduct had been such, that no one dared even to breathe an insinuation of disloyalty against her. But either Charles had never seriously entered

[1] See the letter in Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 26, vol. ii.

into this iniquitous design, or his conscience would not permit him to carry it through, for when the time came within three days of that appointed by the confederates for bringing it before the house, he told the infamous Bab May, who was the tool chosen by Buckingham to conduct the business, "that he must let that matter alone, as it would not do," to the extreme annoyance of that person, who had taken infinite pains in preparing those who were to manage the debate.[1] In other words, he thought he had offered sufficient bribes to secure a majority for the divisions on the anticipated readings of the bill.

There was one point on which a close confidence and a sympathy of opinion, little suspected by the world, subsisted between Charles and Catharine; this was on the subject of religion. Charles, although the companion of scoffers, and openly applauding the profane language, the ribald jests of Buckingham, Rochester, and all the godless crew, male and female, by whom he was surrounded, was secretly impressed with respect for the principles of his queen. Bigoted and narrow-minded as Catharine undoubtedly was, and in practice superstitious over much, there was an atmosphere of holiness about her, a purity and innocence in her conversation, and an integrity in her conduct, which showed that all she did was from motives of conscience and as matters of duty. Charles had received from his mother, in the tender season of infancy, the first and only impressions of a religious nature that were ever made on him. Those impressions, without producing any of the fruits of Christian convictions, piety, and purity of life, gave him a strong bias in favour of catholicism, which haunted him to the tomb. He struggled against it, for it militated no less against his self-indulgence and habitual love of ease, than his interest, and succeeded in deceiving the world into the idea that he was an infidel. His brother was for a time deterred by his persuasions and commands from avowing his conversion to the Romish creed; but Charles, though he, on one occasion, lamented with tears that he could not enjoy his religion, did not love it sufficiently to make the slightest self-sacrifice to prove his sincerity. It was in reality merely a matter of opinion with him, and not of faith. The queen kept up a correspondence with Rome, and this served to

[1] Burnet.

cover the clandestine intercourse of others, though the suspicions it created were most assuredly the cause of her name being subsequently implicated in the accusations connected with the popish plot. The re-establishment of the Roman-catholic worship in England was one of the leading articles of the secret treaty[1] which was negotiated by Henrietta, duchess of Orleans, between Louis XIV. and Charles II. After a long correspondence, that princess came to Dover for the purpose of concluding it. Charles and Catharine met her there, and the deep state intrigues that were discussed between the royal brother and sister, were veiled beneath a succession of fêtes and rejoicings, which took place in honour of her arrival. It was the first time Catharine and this princess had met, and when the latter returned to France, she spoke in the most friendly manner of her royal sister-in-law. She told her cousin, mademoiselle de Montpensier, "that the queen was a thorough good woman, not beautiful, but virtuous, and full of piety, and that she commanded the respect of every one."

This friendly testimony to the merits of Catharine was borne by the best loved sister of her lord, almost with her dying breath, for in three weeks after her return to France, this beautiful young princess expired, after a few hours of agonizing illness.[2]

The ratification of this secret treaty placed Charles in the degrading position of a pensioner of France. Louis XIV. had previously bribed the wives and mistresses of such of his ministers as had declined receiving money or jewels with their own hands, and the despatches of Rouvigny and Barillon contain sufficient evidence of monies paid by that sovereign to Algernon Sidney, and others of the republican party, who, under the pretence of patriotism, were the hireling tools of a foreign power, to stir up civil strife in their own country.

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix.

[2] When this startling news reached king Charles, he gave way to the most passionate grief, and in the first transports of his affliction, made use of an expression which implied that he suspected her husband of having been the author of her death. But although this has been very generally asserted, there are no real grounds for believing that it was the case. James II. censures her conduct in this treaty as unworthy of a daughter of England.

Charles II. was aware of the corruption of friend and foe, and, with a laxity of principle scarcely more disgraceful, preferred a peaceful appropriation of the gold of France to his own use, to its being lavished on his subjects in the shape of bribes for his injury. His extravagance rendered him needy, and his indolence inclined him to avail himself of supplies that cost no sufferings to his people. The cruel imposts of Cromwell's government had afforded the precedent of collecting an enormous revenue, by taxing articles of general consumption, but a revenue torn from the necessities of the people could never have been collected without the aid of military despotism. Charles II. liked better to draw on the exchequer of his wealthier neighbour of France. There were times when the spirit of a British monarch stirred within him, and he would fain have broken from the chain; but Louis threatened to publish the secret correspondence, with a plain statement of the transactions that had taken place between them, and rather than endure the disgraceful exposure, Charles submitted to follow the line of policy dictated by him implicitly.

A few weeks after the death of the duchess of Orleans, Charles II. sent out a yacht, with a confidential person, to bring to England the beautiful mademoiselle de Queroualle, whom he had seen in attendance on her when at Dover. She came, and he compelled queen Catharine, out of respect, as it was pretended, for his sister's memory, to receive her into the number of her maids of honour. She soon became the acknowledged mistress of Charles, and was the most troublesome of the unprincipled intriguantes of that reign, and one of the most extravagant.[1]

There was a great ball on the 9th of February, 1671, at the theatre in Whitehall palace, in which the queen and all the ladies of the court danced.

[1] After the birth of a son, she was created duchess of Portsmouth. Though most rapacious in her requisitions for money from her royal lover, she was constantly impoverished by her gambling propensities. She retained her beauty to a great age, and died at the ducal seat of her son Richmond, at Aubigny, in France, so lately as 1734, at the age of ninety. Evelyn declares that her apartments at Whitehall were splendid, and luxuriously furnished, "with ten times the richness and glory of the queen's; with massive services of plate, whole tables and stands of incredible value."

"The greatest fault of Catharine of Braganza," observes sir Walter Scott,[1] "was her being educated a catholic, her greatest misfortune bearing the king no children, and her greatest foible an excessive love of dancing. It might have occurred to the good people of those times, that loving a ball was not a capital sin, even in a person whose figure excluded her from all hopes of gracing it—that a princess of Portugal must be a catholic if she had any religion at all, and that children"—here we take leave to finish the sentence in the words of holy writ—"are a gift and heritage that cometh of the Lord." Yet these obvious considerations did not prevent her from being assailed with the most scurrilous lampoons on every occasion. How a man, making pretences to high moral feeling and sanctity, like Andrew Marvel, could have found it in his heart to address lines like the following to so amiable and unoffending a princess, it is difficult to imagine:—

> "Reform, great queen, the errors of your youth,
> And hear a thing you never heard, called truth;
> Poor private balls content the fairy queen,
> You must dance (and dance damnably) to be seen.
> Ill-natured little goblin, and designed
> For nothing but to dance, and vex mankind.
> What wiser thing could our great monarch do,
> Than root ambition out, by showing you?
> You can the most aspiring thoughts pull down,
> For who would have his wife to have his crown?"

Our pious bard brings his coarse series of personal insults on his royal mistress to this climax in conclusion:—

> "What will be next, unless you please to go
> And dance among your fellow fiends below?
> There, as upon the Stygian lake you float,
> You may o'erset, and sink the laden boat;
> While we the funeral rites devoutly pay,
> And dance for joy that you are danced away."

As a further instance of the unprovoked malice of Andrew Marvel, against poor Catharine, is the injurious manner in which her name is needlessly dragged by him into another of his pasquinades, on the impunity with which the duke of Monmouth and his guilty associates appeared at court, after their barbarous murder of the unfortunate parish beadle, on the night of February 28th, 1671, in a

[1] In his notes to Dryden's works.

drunken frolic. There was to have been a grand ball the same night at the palace, which was prevented in consequence of the confusion and horror caused by the news of this outrage, which gave occasion for the following observation:—

> "See what mishaps dare e'en invade Whitehall,
> The silly fellow's death puts off the ball!
> And disappoints the queen—poor little chuck!
> Who doubtless would have danced it like a duck.
> * * * * * * *
> Yet shall Whitehall, the innocent, the good,
> See these men dance all daubed with lace and blood."

The severest castigation which satire could inflict had been richly deserved by Monmouth, but what had the ill-treated wife of his profligate father done that her name should be mixed up with his crimes?[1]

The failings of Catharine of Braganza—and there are fewer recorded of her than of many a princess who bears a brighter name in the historic page—appear at all times to have proceeded from want of judgment, rather than from a wilful desire to act amiss. They certainly were not of the class that could warrant any one in chastising her with scorpions in the shape of ribald rhymes.

Evelyn was certainly greatly annoyed with her on one occasion, but there her offence only amounted to a want of taste in the fine arts, and a deficiency of that generous patronage of which the princes of the royal house of Stuart afforded so noble an example.

[1] This was the second atrocity in which the spoiled darling of Charles had been a principal instigator within two months. The first was an attack on sir John Coventry, who had incurred the king's displeasure, during a debate on the proposal of taxing theatres, by a sarcastic *bon-mot*, glancing at his majesty's affection for actresses. Monmouth undertook to punish Coventry for this presumption, which, in spite of the duke of York's earnest remonstrances, he performed, in the cowardly fashion of employing thirteen of his troop, with Sandys, their lieutenant, and O'Brien, the son of lord Inchiquin, to waylay him as he was returning from the House of Commons, Dec. 23, 1670. These ruffians threw him on the ground, beat him, and slit his nose to the bone with a pen-knife, and would have finished by taking his life, but were interrupted. Parliament took cognizance of the outrage, and punished four of the miscreants with banishment; but Monmouth was screened. The Coventry act against cutting and maiming was passed on this occasion, for the protection of individuals from such treatment for the future. Charles pardoned all the parties concerned in the death of the beadle, though the poor creature had begged his life on his knees.—Maxwell. Macpherson. Lingard.

Evelyn, it seems, was deeply interested in the success of Grinling Gibbon, afterwards so celebrated for his exquisite carvings in wood, whom he had by accident discovered by looking through the window of a poor solitary thatched house in the fields, near Say's-court, and seeing him engaged in carving the large cartoon or crucifix of Tintoret, containing more than 100 figures, exquisitely executed, with a frame wrought in festoons of flowers, the most delicate and lovely that could be imagined. Evelyn asked if he might enter. The artist civilly opened the door, and permitted him to examine the work, which that accomplished virtuoso considered more beautiful than anything of the kind he had seen in all his travels. He asked the price, which was 100*l.* Evelyn considered the frame alone well worth the money; and the next time he saw the king he mentioned the young artist, and the manner in which he had found him out, and begged his majesty would allow him to bring his work to Whitehall. Charles graciously replied, "that he would himself go and see the artist," but probably thought no more of it till the first of March, when Evelyn told him "that Gibbon and his work had both arrived at Whitehall, and were in sir Richard Brown's chamber; and if his majesty would appoint any place whither it should be brought, he would take care for it." "'No,' says the king, 'show me the way; I'll go to sir Richard's chamber;' which he immediately did," continues Evelyn, "walking along the entries after me as far as the ewry, till he came up into the room. No sooner was he entered, and cast his eye on the work, than he was astonished at the curiosity of it, and having considered it a long time and discoursed with Mr. Gibbon, whom I brought to kiss his hand, he commanded that it should be immediately carried to the queen's side[1] to show her. It was carried up into her bed-chamber, where she and the king looked on and admired it again. The king being called away, left us with the queen, believing she would have bought it, it being a crucifix; but, when his majesty was gone, a French peddling woman, one Madame de Boord, who used to bring petticoats, and fans, and baubles, out of France, to the ladies,

[1] That range of the palace where the queen-consort's apartments were situated, was always called, for the sake of brevity, "the queen's side."

began to find fault with several things in the work, which she understood no more than a monkey; so, in a kind of indignation, I caused the person who brought it to carry it back to the chamber, finding the queen so much governed by an ignorant Frenchwoman, and this incomparable artist had his labour only for his pains, which not a little displeased me, and was fain to send it down to his cottage again, where he sold it for 80*l.*, though well worth 100*l.* without the frame."

How much more there is in the manner of doing a thing than in the thing itself! The king was the person for whose inspection the carving was brought to Whitehall, not without hope, on the part both of the artist and his friend, that he would be the purchaser. Charles was in pecuniary straits at that time, for he was almost without linen; he had only three cravats in the world, very few stockings, and no credit at the linendraper's, to procure more of these absolute necessaries;[1] consequently he could not readily command the money to buy Gibbon's carving, but he gratified the pride of the artist by extolling it, and shifted the expectation of purchasing from himself to his wife. He adroitly causes it to be carried to her apartment, whither he conducts Evelyn and the artist, and leaves them with her, for her to settle the matter her own way. Catharine's income was unpunctually paid, and she was probably as much at a loss for an extra hundred pounds as his majesty; the women who are about her have reason to know it, and one of them comes to her aid by depreciating the work, and this affords an excuse for not buying it.

Catharine, not being skilled in the delicate art of declining an inconvenient purchase with a compliment, is regarded as a person destitute of taste and liberality, and gets chronicled by the wisest man of the age as a simpleton, while Charles escapes uncensured. It is, however, to be regretted that no traits of her generosity, or encouragement of literature or the fine arts, have been recorded.

Charles II., with all his follies and all his sins, was so frank and gracious in his manners, and so perfect in all the minor arts which form an important part of king-craft, that he won the hearts of all who came within the sphere of his fascinations. He seldom resented the sarcasms with which

[1] Pepys.

he was occasionally assailed, because he possessed more wit than those who satirized him, and generally retorted with a repartee. The earl of Rochester one day took the liberty of writing the following impromptu epigram on his majesty's chamber door:—

"Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

"It is very true," replied Charles, after he had read the lines, "my doings are those of my ministers, but my sayings are my own." Addison has given a pleasant account, in one of the papers in the "Spectator," of the good-humour with which his majesty yielded to the lord-mayor's over-affectionate request for him to come back and finish the carouse, when he had been feasting with his loving citizens in the Mansion House. Certain it is that he knew how to be everything to every man. "The king came to me in the queen's withdrawing-room, from the circle of ladies, to talk with me as to what advance I had made in the Dutch history," says Evelyn; and who can wonder that he loves him and passes lightly over his faults, startling as they must have been to so pure a moralist? He easily induced the king to employ Gibbon for the decorations in the new buildings at Windsor. "I had a fair opportunity of talking to his majesty about it," pursues he, "in the lobby next the queen's side, where I presented him with some sheets of my history. I thence walked with him through St. James's Park to the garden, where I both saw and heard a familiar discourse between * *" (his majesty of course) "and Mrs. Nelly, an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and * * * (his majesty) standing on the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene. Thence the king walked to the duchess of Cleveland,[1] another lady of pleasure, and curse of our nation."

From an entry in a loose sheet of the salaries paid to the ladies and officers of queen Catharine's household, while

[1] The magnificent mansion of this woman occupied the site of Cleveland-row and its vicinity.

sir Thomas Strickland was the keeper of the privy purse,[1] we find that thirty-six pounds a year was disbursed to her majesty's parrot-keeper, a large sum in comparison to the ridiculously low salaries of the fair and noble damsels who attended on her in the capacity of maids of honour, who received but ten pounds per annum each, and the mother of the maids twenty. It is scarcely credible that any gentlewoman could have been found to undertake such a charge as the superintendence of maids of honour to the queen of Charles II. for so paltry a remuneration.[2]

A few items of the payments in the royal household list of Catharine of Braganza, from this sheet, may be amusing to some of our readers, as illustrating the increased amount of the salaries in the present times; but the difference of the queen-consort's revenue, the relative value of money, and, above all, the manner in which she was too often left in arrear by the crown, must be taken into the calculation; also, the enormous amount of fees and perquisites attached to every office in the court in those days.

[1] This curious document I found among the Strickland papers at Sizergh Castle, between the leaves of one of the books of household expenses of the years 1669 to 1674, kept by Thomas Shepherd, the steward of sir Thomas Strickland, knight-banneret, keeper of the privy purse to the queen of Charles II., till the operation of the Test Act compelled him, and many other honest gentlemen of the Roman-catholic persuasion, to relinquish his place. He vacated his seat in parliament as knight of the shire for Westmoreland, at the time of the Popish plot. The privy-purse, the badge of his office, is still preserved among the heir-looms of the family at Sizergh. It is of crimson velvet, the size and shape of a large reticule, richly embroidered with the royal arms, and the initials C. R. in gold and silver twist and coloured silk twist.

[2] The abstract from the salary list of queen Catharine's household, in which these entries appear, is in the hand-writing of sir Thomas Strickland's steward, Tom Shepherd, and seems to be a rough transcript made by him for the instruction of the worthy cavalier-banneret, on his entering upon the duties of his office. It is indorsed "List of her majesty's servants' wages." It has no date, but the period to which it belongs is verified by the circumstance of its being found between the leaves of the book where the items of expenses incurred by sir Thomas Strickland, on his entering into his office of privy purse to her majesty, are noted, June, 1671:—

	£	s.	d.
"Fees at the Signet-office	0	3	4
The bill for the privy purse	6	2	6
The king's silver at the privy seal	2	0	0
The furnishing of the outer apartment at Whitehall . .	13	10	0"

The next entry is indicative of the foppery of the gallants of the court of Charles II.—"Three pair of jessamy gloves, seven shillings."

According to this account, then, Catharine's lord chamberlain received a yearly salary of 160*l.*; her master of the horse, 50*l.*; her secretary the same—only fourteen pounds more than that important functionary, her parrot-keeper; her cup-bearers, two in number, had 33*l.* yearly; her carvers the same.

"Her eight grooms of the privy-chamber had each 60*l.*; her apothecaries, twelve in number, 50*l.*; her surgeon the same; Hugh Aston, clerk, 37*l.*; Edward Hill, *brusher*, 30*l.*; lady of her majesty's robes for her entertainment, 300*l.*; maids of honour, being six in number, a-piece, 10*l.*; chamberers, eight in number, 50*l.*; keeper of her majesty's sweet-coffers, 26*l.* Her laundresses are rated much higher, so are her starchers."

Her musicians, or *mushioners*, according to honest Tom Shepherd's orthography, were the best off of all, for twelve of them are paid 120*l.* a-piece; and the master of the music, for himself and eight boys, is allowed 440*l.* per annum; her tailor is paid a yearly salary of 60*l.*, and the shoemaker, 36*l.*; the cook, 30*l.*; the master of her majesty's games, 50*l.*

The hunting establishment of Catharine of Braganza savours of that of a queen of England in the days of the Plantagenet and Tudor sovereigns; for there is "the master of her majesty's bows," with a salary of 61*l.* attached to his office; "a yeoman of her majesty's bows," and "a groom of her majesty's bows;" "a master of her majesty's bucks," who receives 50*l.* per annum; and "two yeomen of her harriers," at 25*l.* each.

Her clock-keeper's wages are 45*l.* yearly.

The countess of Penalva figures in this list, as "madame nurse," with a yearly pension of 120*l.* Four foreign ladies in queen Catharine's service are quaintly designated by Tom Shepherd, as "four other of the madames, at 60*l.*"

There are also some brief statements relative to her majesty's income, and the sums due to her from the exchequer, and from fines, &c., which, together with the amount received, makes up precisely the revenue of 30,000*l.* per annum, secured to her by her marriage articles. While the queen-mother, Henrietta Maria, lived, Catharine's income was paid with difficulty by a necessitous government, burdened with the maintenance of two queens;[1] and even at the death of that princess, the queen-consort's case was

[1] Lord Arlington's Letters, vol. i. p. 400.

not at first improved, as, from lord Arlington's statements, it appears that two years of Henrietta's income, after her death, was mortgaged to pay her debts,[1] after which time the whole was to revert to Catharine.

Queen Catharine was present at the death of her sister-in-law, Anne Hyde, duchess of York. She came to her as soon as she heard of the sudden fatal turn her sickness had taken, and remained with her till she died. She was present when Blanford, bishop of Oxford, visited the duchess; and Burnet, who never omits an opportunity of attacking Catharine, pretends "that the bishop intended to administer the sacrament, and read the service for the sick to the duchess of York, but when he saw the queen sitting by her bedside, his modesty deterred him from reading prayers which would, probably, have driven her majesty out of the room; but, that not being done, she, pretending kindness, would not leave her." Now it is certain that the bishop, after the conversation he had just had with the duke of York in the drawing-room, had no such intention. The duchess had charged her husband to inform Blanford, or any other bishop who might come to speak to her, "that she was reconciled to the church of Rome, and had accordingly received its sacraments; but if, when so told, they still insisted on seeing her, they might come in, provided they did not disturb her with controversy." The duke repeated this to Dr. Blanford, with further particulars, who replied, "that he made no doubt she would do well, as she had not been influenced by worldly motives; and afterwards went into the room and made her a short Christian exhortation, and so departed."[2]

Queen Catharine, according to Burnet, remained while the bishop delivered this exhortation, and never left the bedside till the duchess breathed her last; but James II. takes no notice of this, nor does he mention her visit to his dying consort.

A few months previously to this event, there had been a coolness between queen Catharine and the duke of York,

[1] What these debts amounted to was best known to king Charles and Arlington; they are in complete contradiction to the testimony of her chaplain, Père Cyprian Gamache, and to her French biographers, who were witnesses of her conduct. It is possible they might pertain to repairs and improvements at Somerset House, in progress at her death. See p. 246 of this volume, Life of Henrietta Maria.

[2] Journal of James II. in Stanier Clark.

which had manifested itself on the following occasion. The duke of York had asked, as a favour of the king, that his regiment of guards might not lose its rank, when the Coldstream, on the death of Monk, was given to lord Craven, and called the queen's troop. The king gave him his word that it should not; but the queen, who, James says, "was not of herself very kind to him, was induced, by some about her, who were very glad to put any underhand mortification on him, to ask the king that her troop of guards might have the rank next to his majesty's guards." She and others, who had perhaps more influence than herself, pressed the king so hard on this point, that he was a little embarrassed between their solicitations and the promise he had given his brother. When this was told to James, he came to the king and said, "he saw that his majesty was teased by the women and others on that account, and though he must consider it a hardship, he would voluntarily release him from his promise; for, whatever others did, he was resolved never to make him uneasy for any concern of his." It was, in consequence, settled that the queen's guards should be called the second troop of guards, with precedency over the duke's regiment, an arrangement only consistent with her rank as queen-consort, a point she appears to have contested with all the stiffness which her Portuguese and Spanish descent was likely to inspire in a matter of etiquette.[1]

Like all very proud persons, Catharine of Braganza occasionally committed herself by a more than ordinary departure from the stately ceremonies by which her movements were generally regulated. It was, however, only when her spirits were excited in the quest of amusement that she forgot the stiffness of the infanta and the dignity of the queen. The most notable of her frolics occurred towards the end of September, 1671, when the court was at Audley End,[2] the palatial residence of the earl and countess of Suffolk,[3] where she and the king were enter-

[1] Journal of James II.

[2] This princely mansion, situated on the borders of Essex and Suffolk, passed by inheritance to the late lord Braybrooke, and is the family seat of his son, the present peer, the noble editor of Pepys' Diary and Correspondence.

[3] Young James Howard, the grandson of this noble pair, was married to the lady Charlotte Jemima Henrietta Fitzroy, king Charles's natural daughter by Elizabeth, viscountess Shannon, daughter to sir Henry Killigrew. The countess of Suffolk was queen Catharine's principal lady in waiting.

tained for several days with great magnificence. While there, her majesty, Frances, duchess of Richmond, and the duchess of Buckingham, took into their heads to go *incognito* to see the fair, which was held at the neighbouring town of Saffron Walden. They arrayed themselves for this foolish expedition in short red petticoats, with waistcoats and other articles of what they imagined to be the costume of country lasses, and in this disguise set forth. The queen, mounted on a sorry cart jade, rode on a pillion behind the brave old cavalier, sir Bernard Gascoigne,[1] the duchess of Richmond behind Mr. Roper, and the duchess of Buckingham behind another gentleman of the court. But they had all so overdone their disguises, in consequence, we may presume, of copying the representation of peasants at the theatres and court masques, instead of taking their models from reality, that they looked more like antics than rustics, and the country people, as soon as they entered the fair, began to follow them, in the expectation, no doubt, that they were a strolling company of comedians, who were about to contribute to their amusement by their droll performances; but the queen going into a booth to buy "a pair of yellow stockings for her sweetheart," and sir Bernard asking for "a pair of gloves, stitched with blue, for his sweetheart," "they were soon found out," says our author, "by their gibberish, to be strangers,"[2] meaning foreigners. Doubtless the queen's Portuguese, and sir Bernard Gascoigne's Italian attempts at imitating what they supposed to be the manners and language of Essex and Suffolk peasants at a fair must have had an

[1] Sir Bernard Gascoigne was a Florentine gentleman, who, in the beginning of the great rebellion, entered the service of Charles I., and so greatly distinguished himself by his valour, that he incurred the peculiar ill-will of the parliament, and, on the surrender of Colchester, was selected by Fairfax and his council as a fellow-victim with the heroic Lisle and Lucas, to expiate the crime of having defended that town to the last extremity for the king. Sir Bernard was led out with those loyal gentlemen into the castle-yard to share the same deadly volley, and had thrown off his doublet that he might die airily, when it was recollected by an officer of the parliament, that he was a subject of the duke of Tuscany, who might possibly make reprisals for his murder on all the English in Florence, and he was therefore reprieved. He was a very old man when performing the part of equerry extraordinary to Catharine of Braganza at Saffron Walden fair.

[2] Letter from Mr. Henshaw to sir Robert Paston of Oxneade. Ives' Select Papers.

irresistibly ludicrous effect, independently of the queer dress and appearance of the party.

The queen and the duchess of Buckingham were both little dumpy women. Her majesty, with her dark hair, olive complexion, and large black eyes, might, perhaps, have borne some likeness, in her short red petticoat, to a foreign gipsy; but then the graceful figure and fair face of Frances, duchess of Richmond, she who, as "*la belle Stuart*," had been the star of the court, must ill have assorted with such a gaberdine. The mystery was, however, presently unravelled. A person in the crowd, who had seen the queen at a public state dinner, recognised her, and was proud of proclaiming his knowledge. This soon brought all the fair in crowds to stare at the queen. The court party, finding themselves discovered, got to their horses as fast as the eager throng of gazers, who pressed to see her majesty, would permit; "but as many of the country people as had horses straightway mounted, with their wives or sweethearts behind them, to get as much gape as they could," and so attended the queen and her company to the gates of Audley End, greatly to her confusion.[1] It would have made an agreeable sequel to this pleasant tale, if Pepys or Evelyn had been there to record the sayings of the merry monarch and his good-for-nothing witty premier, Buckingham, when they saw their luckless wives return in such unwonted guise at the head of the rabble rout, by whom they had been detected in their vain attempt to personate wenches of low degree. It was well for queen Catharine that her cavalier was an ancient gentleman, a knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, respected in the court, and personally endeared to the king by his sufferings and perils in the royal cause. The duchess of Buckingham was the daughter of Fairfax, and bred in all the strictness of the puritan school, yet both she and the Catholic queen enjoyed a harmless frolic, no less than the beautiful mad-cap, Frances Stuart, who was the soul of whim and fun, and most probably had led those discreet matrons into this scrape.

Charles must have been pretty well convinced by this adventure that there were small hopes of persuading Catharine to take the veil. Their majesties left Audley

[1] Ives' Select Papers.

End the next day, for Euston hall, the seat of the earl of Arlington, Charles's lord chamberlain, and from thence went in progress to Norwich. The king, queen Catharine, with all her ladies, the dukes of York, Monmouth, and Buckingham, and many other nobles, entered that city on Thursday, Sept. 28. Their majesties were met at Trowse-bridge, the utmost limits of the city, by the mayor and corporation in their robes, with the civic regalia, and the militia newly clothed in red, and by them conducted to the duke's palace,[1] as the mansion of the representative of the house of Howard was still called, though there had been no duke of Norfolk for a century. Lord Henry Howard, the great grandson of the unfortunate ducal peer who was beheaded by queen Elizabeth, received king Charles II. and queen Catharine as his guests in this palace, where he entertained them with great magnificence.[2]

The next day the king went to the cathedral, where he was sung in with an anthem, and when he had ended his devotion at the east end, where he kneeled on the hard stone, he went to the bishop's palace, and was there nobly entertained, and, returning through the cathedral, took coach at the west door, came up to the Guildhall in the market-place, and there showed himself to the people from the balcony, and viewed the trained bands drawn up in the market-place, whence he rode to the New Hall, as St. Andrew's Hall was then called, when he and the queen, with the ladies and nobles in attendance, were feasted by the city, and the expenses are stated to have amounted to 900*l.* Those two loyal Norfolk knights, sir John Hobart, of Blickling, and sir Robert Paston, performed a feudal service on this occasion, by placing the first dishes on the table before his majesty. Charles was earnest to have knighted the mayor at this feast, who as earnestly begged to be excused. His majesty, however, conferred that honour on that deserving physician, sir Thomas Browne,

[1] The duke's palace was in so dilapidated a state, that lord Howard contrived, with great ingenuity, a temporary building of boards for the banqueting-room, in which he entertained their majesties and the whole court. —Evelyn.

[2] In 1672, king Charles created this hospitable nobleman earl of Norwich, restored to him the forfeited dukedom of Norfolk, and constituted him hereditary earl marshal of England.

the author of "Religio Medici," one of the most learned and accomplished men of Norwich.[1]

From Norwich their majesties proceeded to Blickling hall, according to all the existing records, the same day, being a distance of fifteen miles. The register-book of Blickling church contains the following notice of this visit:—"King Charles II., with queen Catharine, James, duke of York, accompanied by the dukes of Monmouth, Richmond, and Buckingham, with divers lords, arrived and dined at sir John Hobart's, at Blickling hall, the king, queen, duke of York, duchesses of Richmond and Buckingham, &c., in the great dining-room, the others in the great parlour beneath it, upon Michaelmas-day, 1671. From whence they went, the queen to Norwich, the king to Oxnead, and lodged there, and came through Blickling the next day about one of the clock, going to Rainham, to the lord Townsend's."

Here the events of four days, at least, are crowded into one. The king and queen had already dined at St. Andrew's hall, in Norwich, on Michaelmas-day, after his majesty had attended divine service in the cathedral, and lunched at the bishop's palace, which proves that the dinner was not in the early part of the day. After his collation at the bishop's palace, he goes through other ceremonials in the Guildhall, and inspects the trained bands in the market-place, which would make the civic dinner hour as late as four o'clock. Their majesties, with all the ceremonies pertaining to a royal state banquet and departure, could scarcely leave Norwich before six o'clock, neither could they reach Blickling much before eight in the evening, consequently it must have been supper of which they partook on Michaelmas-day in Blickling hall, and dined there the following day; for it is absolutely impossible that, after so many hours of excitement and fatiguing ceremonials, they should go on to Oxnead the same night, a distance of upwards of seven miles, and afterwards partake of supper there. They, of course, arriving late at Blickling, supped and passed the night there.[2] The state bed in which Charles and his queen

[1] Blomefield's Norwich, and the corporation records of that city.

[2] The discrepancy of the time with the events may possibly have arisen from the confusion in the computation between new and old style—the difference of ten days From the letters of the earl of Arlington, there is no

slept at that stately hall is still shown. The canopy and hangings are of rich white satin, fringed and ornamented with gold. It has the initials C. R., with the crown of England, wrought in bullion on the satin that covers the head-board. The counterpane under which the royal pair are said to have reposed, is also of white satin, tamboured most exquisitely with natural flowers and butterflies in coloured silks. It would therefore be the day after their arrival, that the king, queen, and court dined at Blickling hall,[1] and rode, in the evening, to Oxnead. While at Blickling, his majesty knighted the youthful heir of the house, Henry Hobart, who was about thirteen years of age.

No such fair and splendid cavalcade, as that which attended Charles II. and his queen will ever again sweep through the green bowery lanes and rural villages, through which sir Robert Paston proudly conducted his royal and noble guests to his manorial house. Oxnead hall was large enough to feast and lodge them all, and well did Paston play the host on the occasion, if we may trust the pleasant rhymes of the Norfolk poet, who has thus commemorated the attentions paid by him and sir John Hobart to the sovereign.

STEPHENSON'S POEM ON THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

"Paston and Hobart did bring up the meat,
Who, the next day, at their own houses treat.
Paston to Oxnead did his sovereign bring,
And, like Arannah, offered as a king.
Blickling two monarchs and two queens has seen;[2]
One king fetched thence—another brought a queen.
Great Townsend, of the treats brought up the rear,
And doubly was my lord-lieutenant there."[3]

The glories of Oxnead have departed with the ancient family of the Pastons; for the princely mansion where sir Robert Paston feasted the merry monarch and queen Catharine, and the bevy of beauties who attended their royal mistress in the capacity of maids of honour and ladies of

evidence of the arrival of the royal party at his house earlier than the 8th of October. In his letter of the 9th, he says, "The king will go to Newmarket the next day." There can be little doubt but the Norfolk progress occupied ten days.

[1] Blickling hall is the seat of Caroline, baroness Suffield, the representative of the Hobart family.

[2] Anne Boleyn and Catharine of Braganza.

[3] Lord-lieutenant of the county and of his own house.

the bed-chamber, has been levelled for nearly a century, but the ground-plan of the building may be distinctly traced.[1] The garden terraces of the old hall remain, descending one below the other to the banks of the pastoral Bure, which still glides in peaceful course through woods and velvet meads, that once formed the park and chase.

A gigantic oak, the last of the stately threefold avenue that once led up to the mansion, was, within the memory of man pointed out, beneath which, according to the traditions of the place, king Charles and his queen stood when they shot at the butts, and it was added that his majesty hit the mark. The fact that Catharine of Braganza was the patroness of the honourable fraternity of bowmen in London, and greatly delighted in witnessing feats of archery, gives a strong confirmation to the village tradition, that she and her lord exercised their skill in shooting with bows and arrows, during their brief visit at Oxnead hall. For, in the year 1676, a silver badge for the marshal of the fraternity was made, weighing twenty-five ounces, with the figure of an archer, drawing the long English bow to his ear, bearing the inscription, "REGINÆ CATHARINÆ SAGITARII," having also the arms of England and Portugal, with two bowmen for supporters.[2]

King Charles's eldest natural daughter, Charlotte Jemima Henrietta Fitzroy, after the death of her first husband, lord James Howard, married the eldest son of sir Robert Paston, who was created earl of Yarmouth. She was most probably in attendance on the queen during the visit to Oxnead.

The king and queen parted company at Oxnead; he went on with his retinue to Rainham, and she returned with her train to Norwich, where she was a second time entertained at the duke's palace, by lord Henry Howard.[3] Catharine must have been quite at home, and on terms of

[1] The ancient grange has been rendered, by the taste of the late Edward Repton, esq., a charming residence, combining the comforts of a modern dwelling with the picturesque interest attached to a relic of the olden times.

[2] Encyclo. Britannica; Article, Archery. A few years afterwards, there was a procession and fête given by the Finsbury archers, at which his majesty Charles II. was present, when the titles of duke of Shoreditch and marquis of Islington were conferred, according to ancient national custom, on the most skilful marksmen.

[3] Blomefield's Norwich.

intimacy with all of that name and lineage, as cardinal Howard was her grand almoner, the countess of Suffolk her mistress of the robes, and the beautiful mistress Dorothy Howard, one of her maids of honour. She had other members of the Howard family in her household.

She remained at Norwich till ten o'clock on the Sunday morning, and then rode to Euston hall in Suffolk, the seat of the earl of Arlington, then lord chamberlain, where she was rejoined by the king. It was then Newmarket races, in which his majesty took much interest. On the 9th of October, the great match was run between two celebrated horses, named Woodcock and Flatfoot, one of which belonged to the king, the other to Mr. Elliot of the bed-chamber. King Charles had just rebuilt his palace at Newmarket, a mean building, situated in a dirty street, without either court or avenue. He was there all day, or on the heath, attending the sports, but often rode over to Euston in the evening, to sup and sleep.[1]

When the week's sports ended, the king came to spend the Sunday at Euston hall, whither he was followed by all the company from Newmarket. The nobility and gentry of Norfolk and Suffolk flocked thither to pay their court to him and the queen, and the whole house was filled with lords, ladies, and gallants. The French ambassador, Colbert, and his suite, were there, and more than two hundred persons were entertained in the most princely manner for fifteen days. The queen, her ladies, and the more refined portion of the noble guests, passed their mornings in hunting, hawking, or riding out to take the air. The French ambassador and that courtly philosopher, John Evelyn, generally joined this gentle company, to escape the gambling that was going on all day long among the gentlemen. This, however, was nothing in comparison to the riotous proceedings which took place during the next week's races at Newmarket.

Queen Catharine remained, with the virtuous portion of her ladies, quietly at Euston, while the king and his profligate associates pursued their orgies at Newmarket. The earl of Arlington was, in secret, a professor of the same re-

[1] Evelyn.

ligion with herself; he was a man of learning, of elegant tastes and polished manners, but specious and unprincipled.[1]

Catharine's name has never been involved in any of the intrigues and unconstitutional measures of her royal husband and his profligate ministers. They were one and all unfriendly to her, and persevering in their machinations against her. Shaftesbury, the new lord chancellor, when the negotiations for the marriage of the duke of York with a catholic princess became public in the spring of 1673, took occasion to moot the question of a divorce between their majesties once more; and, without so much as consulting the king, had engaged Vaughan, one of his creatures, to move in the House of Commons, "that there would be no security for the established religion without a protestant queen," and "that parliament should allow the king to divorce queen Catharine, and vote him a dower of 500,000*l.*, with a consort of the reformed religion." There was even a day appointed for bringing this proposition before parliament, but Charles, when it was named to him, had the good feeling to put a decided negative upon it;[2] he had, on a former occasion, used this strong expression, when tempted by Buckingham and Lauderdale to follow the unprincipled example of Henry VIII. in ridding himself of his innocent wife on a false pretence. "If my conscience," said he, "would allow me to divorce the queen, it would suffer me to despatch her out of the world."[3]

After this repulse, the enemies of the queen permitted her to remain unmolested for nearly five years. Little of interest occurs in her history during that time. The arrival of the duchess of Mazarine in England, who, when Hortense Mancini, had inspired the king with a passion so romantic,

[1] He was one of the secret council of Charles II. called the Cabal, because the initial letters of their names could be arranged so as to form an acrostic spelling that word. His only daughter, the most lovely and promising child in the world, was betrothed at five years old, and afterwards married at twelve, to the duke of Grafton, the eldest son of Charles II. by the countess of Castlemaine. Evelyn grieved to see this charming young creature married at that tender age to a rudely-bred ill-mannered boy, who, he feared, was incapable of appreciating the value of such a prize. It is a remarkable fact that, of the numerous illegitimate offspring of Charles II., not one possessed the slightest talent or worth of character.

[2] Macpherson's Original Papers.

[3] King James II.'s Autograph Journal.

that he had offered to make her his wife, must have been an alarming event to the queen, who naturally apprehended a formidable rival in one whom he had thus regarded. The lapse of fifteen years had, however, banished every particle of romance from the heart of Charles; love was with him no longer a sentiment. He gave Hortense a residence at Chelsea, and a pension of 4000*l.* a year, and visited her occasionally, but her influence never equalled that of the duchess of Portsmouth.[1]

None of our monarchs, with the exception of James II., and our late patriotic and beloved sovereign, William IV., appear to have taken a more lively interest in naval affairs than Charles II. Catharine of Braganza entered very fully into his tastes as regarded aquatic excursions, going to ship launches, and down to Chatham to inspect the vessels building there, and was happier still if permitted to see the fleet go out of port and drop down to the Nore. Charles did not always gratify his poor little queen by making her his companion on his voyages, which were sometimes suddenly and privately undertaken by him. The earl of Arlington gives the following account of one of these impromptu expeditions. "On this day seven-night,[2] his majesty left Windsor, with a pretence only to see the New Forest, and Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight, where, as soon as he arrived, he put himself on board a squadron of ships, posted there on purpose to take him to Plymouth, to see the new fort there, where he arrived on Monday night, which is the last news we had of him. If the wind were fair for it, we should quickly expect him again, and by *long sea*,[3] where twenty leagues are more pleasing to him than two by land. It is a new exploit for kings, but I hope God will bless him in it, according to those happy constellations which have yet appeared for him."

The same minister, when the fleet under the command

[1] Waller celebrates the quarrels between the three duchesses, Mazarine, Portsmouth, and Cleveland, in a poem, entitled the "Triple Combat;" it commences with these lines:—

"Now through the world fair Mazarine had run,
Bright as her fellow-traveller the sun,
Hither at length the Roman eagle flies,
As the last triumph of her conquering eyes."

[2] This letter is dated July 20th, 1671.

[3] So written; probably, *open sea*.

of the duke of York was preparing for sea in April, 1672, tells lord Sunderland, "that his majesty had gone down that evening to make them weigh anchor as fast as they could for the Downs," adding, "and I am to follow him by break of day to-morrow." The reason of this haste was the report that the Dutch fleet had come out, and Charles was determined that no want of vigilance on his part should cause a second surprise. "I was ordered," says Evelyn, May 10, "by letter from the council to repair forthwith to his majesty, whom I found in the pall-mall in St. James's Park, where his majesty coming to me from the company, commanded me to go immediately to the sea-coast, and to observe the motion of the Dutch fleet and ours, the duke and so many of the flower of our nation being now under sail coming from Portsmouth through the Downs, where 'twas believed there might be an encounter." A glorious victory was won by the English fleet, under the command of the duke of York, over the Dutch, May 28th, off Southwold Bay.

King Charles went down to the Nore with all the great men of his court, to meet and welcome his victorious brother on his return. He went on board the shattered fleet, and ordered particular care to be taken of the wounded seamen. On the 17th of June, when all the stains of battle, and everything that might shock the heart and eye of woman, had been removed, queen Catharine accompanied his majesty on his second visit to the fleet, which was then refitting for sea.[1]

The first Italian opera ever performed in England, was produced January 5th, 1674, under the auspices of Catharine of Braganza, whose devotion to that style of music, and exclusive patronage of foreign musicians, did not increase her popularity in England. The divine compositions of Purcell were then considered the perfection of melody, and were more in unison with national taste than the artificial and elaborate style which has since been permitted to supersede the inspirations of native talent. It was, however, long ere an English audience learned to relish the Italian opera, much less to give it the preference over the masques of Ben Jonson and Milton and the operas of Dryden, combining, as they did, the simple sublimity of the Greek tragedy with the enchantment of vocal poetry

[1] Arlington's Letters.

and instrumental music. It was not easy to persuade the public in those days that a combination of incomprehensible sounds, however harmonious they might be, were capable of exciting feelings of admiration and delight, like those with which they listened to the national opera of Arthur, where Dryden's numbers are wedded to Purcell's melodies, compelling British hearts to thrill impulsively when the stormy defiance of the battle chorus of the Saxons is answered by the spirit-stirring air of "Britons, strike home."

Catharine of Braganza, as a foreign princess, could not be expected to share in the enthusiasm which was awakened by the historical traditions connected with the subject of "Arthur," neither could she enter fully into the beauties of English poetry; but Purcell's music had in it a poetry independent of language, which every ear might comprehend, and every heart appreciate.

The angelic voice of Mrs. Knight was considered by Evelyn and other of the cognoscenti of that era to excel those of the queen's Italian vocalists, and her singing was regarded as a greater attraction than the wonderful violin playing of signor Nicholao at musical meetings, where, also, the lute of Dr. Wallgrave rivalled the harpsichord of signor Francesco.

The king's excessive admiration for Mrs. Knight excited Catharine's jealousy, although she was first introduced at court, to sing Waller's complimentary verses on her majesty's recovery from sickness, in 1663. Eleven years after that period, another novelty was introduced in the way of royal amusements, which was the performance of a celebrated Italian scaramouch at Whitehall; and it is noticed that money was paid by the public for the first time on that occasion, for admittance to the theatre at that palace. This was regarded as a disgraceful innovation in the customs of the good old times.

The maids of honour, and even the two princesses Anne and Mary, were accustomed to perform in the masques at the royal theatre. Crowne wrote the celebrated masque of Calisto, for the use of the two princesses and the ladies of Charles's court, at the express desire of queen Catharine.[1] Several of Dryden's tragedies were brought out there by the public actors.

[1] Warton's History of English Poetry.

Among the few memorials that have been preserved of queen Catharine's doings in the year 1676, is Evelyn's record of the 28th of April: "My wife entertained her majesty at Deptford, for which the queen gave me thanks, in the withdrawing-room at Whitehall." It is to be regretted that he did not indulge us with the particulars of her majesty's visit, and the manner of her reception at his little paradise, Say's Court, where everything that could interest persons of elegant tastes and cultivated minds had been collected and arranged by that accomplished virtuoso, whose memory renders even despised and deserted Deptford classic ground.

CATHARINE OF BRAGANZA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF CHARLES II. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

CHAPTER III.

Queen presides over the marriage festivities of the princess Mary—Receives her farewell visit—Estrangement of the king from queen Catharine—Persevering malice of Shaftesbury against Catharine—Her servants accused of the murder of sir Edmundbury Godfrey—Oates accuses the queen of conspiring against the king's life—Contradictions in his statement against her—Bedloe's perjuries—Execution of her servants—Oates accuses the queen of high treason—Proposal to remove her from Whitehall—The king protects her—Malice of her enemies—The king's affectionate demeanour to her—His dangerous illness—The queen with the king at Newmarket—Her letter to the duke of Ormond—Shaftesbury's last struggle to effect the queen's divorce—Queen present at lord Stafford's trial—Fresh attempts against her—Queen goes with the king to Oxford—His kindness to her—Temporary disgrace of the duchess of Portsmouth—Queen's pecuniary difficulties—Ryehouse plot—Queen intercedes for Monmouth—Her birthday fête—Splendid illuminations on the Thames—The king attacked with apoplexy—Queen's attendance on him—They exchange forgiveness—Death of Charles II.—Respect paid to Catharine as queen-dowager—Her manner of mourning—Retires to Somerset House—Debt owed her by the crown—Pleads for the duke of Monmouth to James II.—Her suit against lord Clarendon—She wishes to go to Portugal—Puts off her voyage—She is present at the birth of the prince of Wales (son of James II.)—Stands godmother to him—Attests the verity of his birth—Revolution of 1688—Arrest of queen Catharine's lord chamberlain—She is visited by the prince of Orange—Queen Catharine experiences hostility from Mary II.—Harassed and unkindly treated—She leaves England—Her journey to Portugal—Reception—Respect paid her there—Her English ladies—Visited by the king of Spain—Governs Portugal during the illness of her brother—Her popular administration—Constituted queen-regent of Portugal—Her brilliant successes—Her death—Obsequies—Burial.

THE arrival of the king's nephew, William, prince of Orange, caused more than ordinary festivities in the court, in

the autumn of 1677. Queen Catharine was present at the marriage of that prince with the princess Mary, eldest daughter of the duke of York, which was celebrated at Whitehall on the 4th of November. The queen's birth-day was kept that year on the 15th,[1] instead of the 25th of that month, because the departure of the newly-wedded pair was appointed for the 21st. A very splendid ball was given on that occasion, both on account of her majesty's anniversary commemoration, and in honour of the recent nuptials of the royal cousins. They both danced, but the ill-humour and ungracious deportment of the bridegroom, and the evident distress of the youthful bride, cast an unwonted gloom over the entertainment.

Catharine who had known the princess Mary almost from the day of her birth, and regarded her with the affection of an aunt, felt great compassion for her when she came bathed in tears to take leave of her, previously to her embarkation for Holland. The sight of her grief doubtless recalled to the queen's mind her own feelings on bidding a long adieu to her own country and friends; and she reminded the weeping bride, "that such was the lot of royalty, and that she had herself experienced a similar trial when she came to England, where she was a stranger to every one, and had not even seen the king her husband."

Mary, who thought no sorrow like her sorrow, petulantly replied, "But, madam, you came into England, and I am leaving England."[2]

Catharine of Braganza had had little reason to rejoice in the destiny that had conducted her to this country, for never had any queen, with the exception of Anne of Cleves, been treated more injuriously both by the sovereign and his ministers. Her case was, at this period, worse than it had ever been before, for the king had for the last five years wholly withdrawn himself from her company, so that they rarely met except in public, and had ceased to occupy the same apartment. The cause of this virtual separation may doubtless be traced to the increasing infatuation of the king for the duchess of Portsmouth, and the machinations of Shaftesbury, who,

[1] The 15th was, according to the new style, the 25th in Portugal, and the day on which Catharine had been accustomed before her marriage to celebrate St. Catharine's anniversary and her own fête.

[2] Dr. Lake's Private Journal, quoted from the inedited MS., by R. Blencowe, Esq., in his Diary of the Times of Charles II.

although he had been unable to obtain Charles's sanction for a parliamentary divorce, was pertinacious in his determination to effect the ruin of the queen. He had injured Catharine too deeply to allow her to remain in peaceful possession of the name of queen-consort and the few privileges she retained. His hatred of the duke of York was a still more active principle, and his desire of depriving that prince of the succession to the crown, urged him into incessant attempts either to dissolve or invalidate the marriage of the king with the childless Catharine. Relying on Charles's parental fondness for his illegitimate offspring, which on many occasions betrayed him into the most inconsistent acts of folly, he one day had the audacity to tell his majesty "that if he would but say he had been married to the mother of the duke of Monmouth, he would find those that should swear it."[1]

The last lingering spark of honour, and all the pride of Charles's nature, revolted at the idea, not only of being considered the husband of so abandoned a woman as Lucy Walters, but of avowing himself an unprincipled bigamist; nay, suborning false witnesses to establish him as such, by a series of perjuries, for the purpose of depriving his brother of his rightful place in the regal succession, invalidating his own marriage with his lawful wife, and imposing a surreptitious heir on his people.

"I would rather see James hanged up at Tyburn than entertain such a thought," was his indignant reply to the insulting proposal.[2]

Charles proved his sincerity, by taking the earliest opportunity of ridding himself of his subtle tempter. In this he acted on the advice of holy writ—"Resist the devil, and he will flee from you;" but it was not in his power to fight manfully against evil. His own paths were crooked, and of course those persons who had once been in his councils, became the most dangerous of his enemies. Shaftesbury, who, on account of his frequent changes of party, bore the nickname of "my lord *Shiftsbury*,"[3] was speedily transformed, by his loss of office, from the master-fiend of the cabinet into the master-fiend of the opposition. He was a man, alike devoid of honour and religion; his ruling passions were

[1] Journal of James II. Macpherson. Lingard. [2] Ibid.
[3] Aubrey's Lives and Letters of Celebrated Men.

ambition and revenge. Little doubt now exists that the bugbear called the popish plot was got up by his emissaries,[1] for the purpose of effecting the destruction of the queen, and the duke of York, he having vainly laboured for nearly ten years to annul the marriage of the one and to rob the other of his rightful place in the succession. The details of this complicated tissue of iniquity would occupy a folio, and can only be briefly sketched. The infamy of the characters of Titus Oates, Bedloe, and, in fact, of every person who came forward, in the shape of informers and witnesses, to swear away the lives of a great number of innocent victims, has been acknowledged by every historian of integrity, and stands forth so palpably in the State Trials and Journals of the House of Lords, that it is needless to dwell on them further than as connected with the audacious attempts to fix the charges of high treason and murder on queen Catharine and her servants.

On the 13th of August, 1678, Charles II. was about to take a walk in the park, when a person of the name of Kirby stepped forward, and begged his majesty not to separate from the company, as his life was in danger. Charles, being a stranger to personal fear, took no notice of this warning. He had, however, some personal knowledge of Kirby, who had been employed to work in his laboratory, for, among his various pursuits, Charles II. had a taste for experimental chemistry. Kirby was a ruined speculator, of plausible manners, engaged with Oates and Tong.[2]

Titus Oates was the son of an anabaptist weaver and preacher, but, on the Restoration, was ordained a minister of the church of England, from which he was expelled for his crimes. He took refuge in the church of Rome, and studied at Valladolid; his misdoings caused his expulsion from that college; but, on professions of great penitence, he was admitted into the seminary of St. Omer, whence he was, however, finally driven with disgrace for his bad conduct. He returned to England, and applied for relief to one of his old companions, Dr. Tong, the rector of St. Michael, Wood-street, the editor of a quarterly polemical

[1] "Some papers I have seen convince me he contrived it," says that profound documentarian, sir John Dalrymple, "though the persons he made use of as informers ran beyond their instructions."—Memoirs of Great Britain, vol. i. p. 43.

[2] Lingard. Macpherson.

periodical. Tong, who had been accustomed to appeal, by many marvellous tales of blood and terror, to the passions of the vulgar, found Oates a valuable ally; for his powers of invention were singular, and he had acquired a knowledge of conventual habits and many other technicalities connected with the Romish church, which gave a tone of reality to his fictions. While at St. Omer, Oates had discovered that a private meeting of the jesuits was held in London in April; this was the triennial convocation of the order; but with the aid of Tong he, on this slight foundation, built a story of a secret meeting of the Roman Catholics, at which a conspiracy was organized for the murder of the king, a second conflagration of London, and the destruction of the protestant religion. Tong, having written and prepared a narrative, setting this forth in a business-like form, directed Kirby to accost the king, as related, and refer his majesty to him for further information. In the evening he obtained an audience, and presented his narrative. Charles regarded it as a fabrication, and, being mightily bored with its details, to save himself from further trouble, referred the matter to the lord treasurer, Danby, and went off the next day to Windsor,[1] to hold his court for the first time since the new alterations and improvements in the castle, being impatient to witness the effect of the fresco paintings of Verrio and the wood carvings of Grinling Gibbon, with which it was decorated.

Danby was at that time under the apprehension of being impeached of high treason, at the approaching meeting of parliament, for his ministerial conduct; and, being well aware that his proceedings would not bear the stern investigation of the leaders of the opposition, he was eager to divert the attention of the house to some other object of attack than his own peccadilloes.[2] Nothing could be more pat to his purpose than the popular bugbear of a popish plot, certain as it was to influence vulgar prejudice against the duke of York, of whom he was a concealed foe. Accordingly, with all the selfish cunning of his nature, he made the most of the wild tales of the informers, and insisted on their importance with a vehemence that excited the laughter of the king; but, when he proposed to lay the matter before the council, Charles hastily exclaimed:—

[1] North's Examen of the Plot. L'Estrange. Journal of the Lords. Lingard. State Trials. [2] Ibid.

"No; not even before my brother! It would only create alarm, and may, perhaps, put the design of murdering me into the head of some individual, who would not otherwise have thought of it."[1]

Oates did not intend the matter to drop thus: he took means to compel public attention to his pretended discoveries, by going to a city magistrate, sir Edmundbury Godfrey, and making a deposition, on oath, of the particulars which the king had received so coolly, and added a list of persons, whom he denounced as conspirators. Among the rest was a person of the name of Coleman, lately secretary to the duchess of York. Sir Edmundbury Godfrey was Coleman's friend, and kindly wrote to give him warning of what was in agitation against him—a proceeding not very likely to incur the ill will of the Roman catholics. Coleman told the duke, who immediately perceived that some deep-laid scheme was in agitation against himself, and urged the king to investigate the matter to the bottom. Oates was now summoned before the council, who repeated the depositions he had made before Godfrey, with the addition, "that the jesuits were determined to kill, not only the king, but the duke of York, if he should prove unwilling to join the plot;" and "that they had received from Père la Chaise, the French king's confessor, a donation of 10,000*l.*, and from De Corduba, the provincial of New Castile, the promise of a similar sum, to be expended on this undertaking."[2]

The duke of York pronounced the whole to be an impudent and absurd fabrication. The king desired Oates to describe the person of don John of Austria, with whom he pretended to have conferred at Madrid: he replied, "that he was a tall, spare, and swarthy man." The royal brothers looked at each other, and smiled, for both were acquainted with don John, and knew him to be a little, fat, fair man, with blue eyes.[3] Charles asked him next, "Where he saw La Chaise pay down the 10,000*l.*?" "In the house of the jesuits, close to the Louvre," replied Oates, forgetting the intimate acquaintance of the monarch with the localities of Paris and its palaces. "Man!" exclaimed the king, "the jesuits have no house within a mile of the Louvre."[4]

[1] L'Estrange's Brief History. Echard. Lingard.
[2] Memoirs of James II. [3] Ibid. [4] Lingard.

Oates had now committed himself sufficiently to destroy his own credit in any court of justice; but the guilty practices of Coleman, who had been for years a secret spy and pensioner of France, were brought to light by his arrest and the investigation of his papers. Coleman was actually in correspondence with La Chaise, from whom a letter was found, offering for his master to furnish him with 20,000*l.*, to be employed by him and his friends for the service of France and the interests of the Roman church.[1] While Coleman was thus receiving the wages of France, he had been discharged from the service of the duchess of York, for writing seditious letters and newspapers, attacking the jesuits and the French, for all which he was highly caressed by the Whigs, who considered him as one of their party.[2] He appears to have been one of those persons, of whom there were too many at that time, who made a trade of agitation, and sold himself to all parties in turn. He was tried, convicted, and executed for his misdemeanors, on the 3rd of the December following. In the mean time, the king chose to go to Newmarket and pursue his pleasures there, in spite of the intreaties of his brother and every person of common sense, for him to remain at Whitehall, and sift the matter thoroughly to the bottom before parliament met. Danby persuaded the indolent Sardanapalus, his master, to leave it to his management, and go and recreate himself with the autumnal sports. Charles went, and, during his absence, sir Edmundbury Godfrey, the magistrate before whom Oates had made his depositions, left his house one morning, and his body was found, after five days, in a dry ditch on Primrose-hill, transfixed with his own sword. The duke of York, little foreseeing that this circumstance was hereafter to form the foundation of a most absurd accusation against himself, gives the following brief outline of the occurrence, in a letter to his son-in-law, the prince of Orange, on the subject of the plot:—

"There is another thing happened, which is, that a justice of peace, one sir Edmundbury Godfrey, was missing some days, suspected by several circumstances, very probable ones, to design the making himself away. Yes-

[1] Commons' Journals. State Trials.
[2] MS. Memorandums of lord keeper North.

terday his body was found in a bye place in the fields, some two or three miles off, with his own sword run through him. This makes a great noise, and is laid on the catholics also, but without any reason for it, for he was known to be far from an enemy to them."[1]

The death of sir Edmundbury Godfrey has generally been attributed to his own act, from constitutional and hereditary melancholy, his father having destroyed himself, during a fit of mental despondency; but, considering the use that was made of it by the incendiaries engaged in the fabrication of the popish plot, that it was the hinge on which the whole of their machinery turned, there is every reason to believe that the murder was perpetrated by themselves, for the purpose of charging it upon those who were marked out for their victims. There is a passage in the note-book of an eminent civilian, the lord keeper North, who was an acute observer of the proceedings of Oates and his supporters, which leaves no doubt as to his opinion of the matter. "Godfrey's murder," says he, "they shall contrive as a stratagem of mischief."

The funeral of the unfortunate magistrate was conducted more like a theatrical pageant than a Christian rite; nothing was omitted that could create tragic excitement, and kindle the indignation of the populace against his alleged murderers, the Roman catholics; no one pausing to inquire what persons of that persuasion had to gain by so useless a crime, a vague suspicion of which drew upon them one of those terrible outbursts of popular fury, such as, in former ages, was occasionally excited against the Jews, when a pretence was required to plunder and annoy them.

The absurd statements of Oates were received with eager credulity by all ranks, and those who presumed to question them were regarded in the light of accomplices. "The business of life was interrupted by confusion, panic, clamour, and dreadful rumours."[2]

The king offered a reward of 500*l.* for the discovery of the murderer of Godfrey, and, notwithstanding his own conviction that the whole was a monstrous fabrication, had not the moral courage to stem the torrent of popular delusion. At the opening of the session of parliament, he called the attention of the house to the alleged popish plot. Danby

[1] Quoted by sir John Dalrymple, in his Appendix, vol. ii. p. 322.
[2] Macpherson.

had now gained his point; his impeachment was averted by the astute policy with which he had substituted this new and marvellous affair for the discussion of parliament. It was seized on with avidity. Oates was sent for, his impudent falsehoods were listened to, and things possible and impossible received as gospel. The hired tools of the king of France, on the one hand, were there rejoicing in the destruction which they were paid for fomenting, and the creatures of the prince of Orange, on the other, working to effect the exclusion of the duke of York, by means of the "no popery" cry, that was now so successfully ringing from one end of England to the other.[1]

Danby now fancied that he should weather out the storm, and that by crying out against popery he should pass for a pillar of the church, and ward off the blow which he foresaw was falling on his shoulders; but my lord Shaftesbury, who soon found out his drift, said, "Let the treasurer cry as loud as he pleases against popery, and think to put himself at the head of the plot, I will cry a note louder, and soon take his place."[2] Shaftesbury had hitherto been felt but not seen in the business, his proceedings resembling those of the spider that lurks *perdue* in some dark chink of the wall, over which she has stealthily woven her web, and never permits herself to be visible till she can dart on her prey. Before the parliament had sat a week, he got a committee appointed for the investigation of the plot, and made himself the directing power by which everything was managed. Oates was then rewarded with a pension of 1200*l.* a year for his information, and encouraged to denounce every catholic peer, whose abilities or influence would be likely to oppose his designs against the queen and the duke of York, as concerned in the plot. It was in consequence of these denunciations that all Roman catholic peers were deprived of their seats in parliament.

The first week in November saw a new actor in the farce, now fast progressing to a tragedy of the most extensive and bloody character.

An oft-convicted and punished felon, of the name of Bedloe, newly discharged from Newgate, tempted by the idea of obtaining the reward of 500*l.*, offered by the royal proclamation for the discovery of the murderers of sir

[1] D'Avaux's Despatches. [2] Journal of James II.

Edmundbury Godfrey, swore "that the murder was committed by the queen's popish servants, at Somerset House; that he was stifled between two pillows by the jesuits, Walsh and Le Fevre, with the aid of lord Bellasys's gentleman, and one of the waiters in the queen's chapel." He added, "that he saw the body there, lying on the queen's back stairs; that it lay there two days; and he was offered two thousand guineas to assist in removing it, and that at last it was removed at nine o'clock on the Monday night, by some of the queen's people. Four days afterwards he deposed, that in the beginning of October he had been offered 4,000*l.* to commit a murder; that Godfrey was inveigled into the court at Somerset House, about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the murder was committed," not, as he had at first sworn, by stifling him with pillows, but by strangling with a linen cravat. The king was indignant at these impudent statements, which were aimed against the queen's life, as she was then residing at Somerset House; but, luckily, he was himself a witness of her innocence, and of the falsehood of the tale, as he visited her majesty that day, and was with her at the very hour named by the perjurer as that when the murder was perpetrated, and which must have been instantly discovered, because a company of foot guards were drawn out, and centinels placed at every door.[1]

Bedloe pointed out the room to the duke of Monmouth, where he pretended the corpse of the murdered man was carried, and that he saw standing round it the four murderers, and Atkins, clerk to Mr. Pepys, of the Admiralty;[2] but this was, as it happened, the waiting-room appropriated to the use of the queen's footmen, who were

[1] Burnet. Macpherson. Lingard. James II.'s Journal.

[2] The arrest of Atkins was followed by that of his principal in the Navy Office, the worthy Pepys, a man to whom this country was, and is at this day, under important obligations. He was a zealous member of the church of England; but was marked out for an early victim, in the hope of involving his royal master the duke of York, whose affection for him was well known. Fortunately for Pepys, his butler, who had been suborned against him, was suddenly taken ill, and on his death-bed made confession of the false witness he had borne against his good master, who, more in sorrow than in anger, observes, in one of his letters from the Tower, where he was long imprisoned on this false charge, "To my grief must I charge some eminent pretending protestants with dealings, as unbecoming Christians, as the worst of them with which we reproach papists."

there in waiting all day long, and all her majesty's meals were brought through by no other way. Yet even these self-evident contradictions did not convince the public of the falsehood, and wickedness of the impostor. Grave legislators listened with apparent credulity to tales of invading armies of pilgrims and friars coming over from Spain to cut all protestant throats, and even of armies of papists underground, that were all ready, under arms, to break forth at the proper moment, and kill every one who would not conform to their dogmas.

It was now evident that the death of sir Edmundbury Godfrey was to be charged upon the queen, though the first attack was made on her priests and servants. Her birth-day was, however, celebrated with more than ordinary splendour this year. "I never saw the court more brave," says Evelyn, "nor the nation in more apprehension and consternation." The gaols were crowded with prisoners, who were arrested on the informations of Oates, as accomplices in the plot. A feverish excitement pervaded all ranks of the people, in the expectation of fresh discoveries, and their thirst for the marvellous was duly fed by pamphlets and announcements in the newspapers, calculated to increase the delusion and inflame the national mania.

The supporters of Oates, who were chiefly to be found among the republican party, held councils for carrying on their designs at the King's Head, in Fleet Street, and other places. "They also had their dark cabals and associations in city and country, where they invented news and libels, and with that success, that in twenty-four hours they could entirely possess the city with what reports they pleased, and in less than a week spread them over the kingdom."[1] At this perilous crisis, when the lives of the queen, the duke of York, and all their servants, hung on the same fragile thread, which the next breath might sever, a coolness arose between them on the following grounds.

The king had been compelled to issue a proclamation for banishing priests, on which it was moved in council that those attached to the household of the duchess of York might be excepted, as well as those belonging to the queen. This was negatived, it being too dangerous to make such

[1] MS. memorandums of lord keeper North.

an exception, but it was suggested that those ecclesiastics might be added to her majesty's list. Catharine, who knew she had more priests of her own than was at all safe at that juncture, refused to sanction this subterfuge, although both the king and duke requested her to consent to the arrangement.[1]

The duke and duchess were offended at her non-compliance, but she acted with far greater friendship, in refusing to aid them in evading the mandate published in the king's proclamation, than if she had obliged them by a compliance, which would doubtless have involved both herself and the duchess in the most imminent danger. Surrounded as Catharine was at this time by spies and bloodhounds, one false or even doubtful step would have thrown her into their toils, but the truthfulness and simplicity of her character was her best defence against their malice. She had no guilt to conceal, and, by walking in the broad light of day, she avoided all cause of suspicion; so that, when she was charged with practising against the life of her royal husband, there was a witness in her favour, in the heart of every honest man who knew her, that attested her innocence.

"Oates grew so presumptuous," says Evelyn, "as to accuse the queen of a design to poison the king, which certainly that pious and virtuous lady abhorred the thoughts of, and Oates's circumstances made it utterly unlikely, in my opinion. He probably thought to gratify some who would have been glad his majesty should have married a fruitful lady; however, the king was too kind a husband to let any of these make impression on him." Evelyn, when he made this observation in his private diary, was probably unconscious of the manner in which his opinion was verified by the following fact. Dr. Tong, on the 23rd of October, sent one of his confederates, Mrs. Elliot, the wife of a gambling gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, to solicit a private audience for Oates, on the grounds, "that he wished to communicate some important secret information against the queen, tending to implicate her in the plot." Perceiving that this intimation was received by the king with tokens of impatience and displeasure, she had the boldness to tell him "that she thought his majesty would have been glad to have parted with the queen on any terms."[2]

[1] King James's Journal. [2] Ibid.

"I will never suffer an innocent lady to be oppressed,"[1] was Charles's indignant reply to the base emissary of those who, presuming on his ill-conduct as a husband, had dared to insult him with a proposal of assisting in a conspiracy against the life of his ill-treated consort.

Catharine's unpopular religion, her numerous ecclesiastical establishment, her chapels at St. James's and Somerset House, and her endeavours to reserve all the preferments in her own household for persons of her own faith, had always been displeasing to the people, and therefore any attack on her, it was supposed, would expose her to their fury at a moment when their passions and prejudices had been excited to a degree of blind ferocity, by the marvellous fictions of the originators of the plot. The avowed devotion of the duke of York to the tenets of the church of Rome had alarmed the timorous, and offended the bold of the reformed faith. Those who venerated his father as a martyr, were disposed to look upon him as an apostate, and to consider that the evil communications of the popish queen had been the cause of seducing him from his former attachment to the church of England. In Portugal, the whole credit of his conversion was given to Catharine of Braganza; and it is to this day blazoned as one of her good deeds in the chronicles of that country,[2] in such different lights do national feelings and the strong prejudices inculcated by education teach persons to look upon the same thing. Catharine had, however, nothing to do with the change in the duke of York's creed; she never possessed the slightest influence over his mind, neither does it appear that there was any increase of friendship between her and him in consequence of his catholicism. She would not relinquish her chapel at St. James's palace to his young duchess, Mary of Modena, and she passionately resented the attentions which a mistaken and unworthy policy induced the duke to allow his innocent consort to pay to the duchess of Portsmouth. Yet the faction that was bent on excluding that prince from the regal succession treated the queen as if her want of children were a crime on her part, and had been actually contrived between her and Clarendon, to secure the throne to the duke of York and his progeny.

The secluded manner in which Catharine had been living

[1] Life of James II., by Stanier Clark. Lingard. Journals of the Lords.
[2] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

apart from the king in her dower palace at Somerset House, while the duchess of Portsmouth was queening it at Whitehall, and her apparently neglected and defenceless condition, had encouraged Oates and Bedloe to mark her out as an easy victim, on the supposition that Charles would be glad of an opportunity of playing Henry VIII., and would give her up to the vengeance of that party whose malice she had excited by refusing to become their tool in political agitation.

Oates now deposed on oath, before the king and council, "that, in the preceding July, he saw a letter, in which it was affirmed by sir George Wakeman, the queen's catholic physician, that her majesty had been brought to give her assent to the murder of the king; that, subsequently, one sir Richard, or sir Robert, of Somerset House, evidently pointing at sir Richard Bellings, the queen's secretary, came with a message from her majesty for certain jesuits to attend her, with whom, one day in August, he went to Somerset House,"[1] for no other purpose, as it should appear, than to be made an unnecessary witness of their high and horrible designs. "They went into her majesty's closet, leaving him in the antechamber, the door of which these clever plotters were so obliging as to leave ajar, in order to enable him to hear the discourse which, he pretended, passed between them and the queen." He said "he heard a female voice exclaim, 'I will no longer suffer such indignities to my bed. I am content to join in procuring his death and the propagation of the catholic faith,' and that 'she would assist sir George Wakeman in poisoning the king.'" He added, "that when the jesuits came out, he requested to see the queen, and had, as he believed, a gracious smile of her majesty; and while he was within, he heard the queen ask father Harcourt 'whether he had received the last 10,000*l.*,' and, as far as he could judge, it was the same voice which he had heard when he was in the anteroom, and he saw no other woman there but the queen."[2]

Charles, who knew that every tittle of this tale was false, insisted on his describing the room and ante-chamber, where he pretended he had overheard the queen hold this discourse with the priests. Oates, who was not acquainted

[1] Lords' Journals. North's Examen of the Plot. Lingard. James II.'s Autobiography, &c. &c. [2] Ibid.

with the private apartments of her majesty in Somerset House, merely described one of the public reception rooms. Those who knew the relative situation of the queen's closet and privy chamber were aware that it was impossible for him to have heard anything the queen had spoken there, unless, she had exerted the utmost power of her lungs, to make her treasons audible to the whole palace, or, to use Burnet's elegant phraseology, "had strained for it, for the queen," says he, "was a low-voiced woman;"—a point in her favour, as contributing to exonerate her from this murderous aspersion, and also as being a feminine charm commended by Shakespeare, as "an excellent thing in woman."

The king considered that Oates had entirely committed himself by this local blunder; but then came Bedloe to confirm the slander, by swearing "that he too had been witness of a conference between the queen and two French priests, in the presence of lord Belasyse, Coleman, and some jesuits, in the gallery of her chapel at Somerset House, while he stood below. He was informed by Coleman, that at this conference the project of murdering the king was first propounded to the queen, and that at the first mention of it she burst into tears, but that her objections had been overcome by the arguments of the French jesuits, and she had reluctantly signified her consent."[1] He was asked "why he had not disclosed such a perilous matter, in conjunction with his previous information touching the murder of sir E. Godfrey?" to which he coolly replied, "that it had escaped his memory."

In pursuance of his determined attack on the life of the queen, Oates proceeded to depose "that at first 10,000*l.* was offered to sir George Wakeman, in his presence, to bribe him to the murder of the king, which he refused, saying it was too little for so great a work; then 5000*l.* more was offered, and accepted, and he signed a receipt to father Harcourt for 5000*l.* paid in advance." It was pretended "that Wakeman was to prepare the poison, and Catharine to administer it to the king."

This murderous calumny on the innocent queen is thus indignantly noticed by Dryden, in his famous political poem, "Absalom and Achitophel," in which she is designated by the name of Michal:—

[1] Lords' Journals.

"Such was the charge on pious Michal brought,
Michal, that ne'er was cruel e'en in thought.
The best of queens, the most obedient wife,
Impeach'd of cursed designs on David's life,
His life the theme of her eternal prayer—
'Tis scarce so much his guardian angel's care.
Not summer morns such mildness can disclose,
The Hermon lily and the Sharon rose.
Neglecting each vain pomp of majesty,
Transported Michal feeds her thoughts on high;
She lives with angels, and, as angels do,
Quits heaven sometimes, to bless the world below;
Where, cherish'd by her bounty's plenteous spring,
Reviving widows smile and orphans sing."

Catharine's devotion to her own religion had prompted her to bestow a part of her royal manor at Hammersmith to found a convent for nuns—but secretly, because of the penal statutes, which prohibited every institution of the kind. The tradition of the present Benedictine ladies of the convent at Hammersmith is, that Catharine of Braganza first sent for a sisterhood of nuns from Munich, whom she established in that house, which was supposed to be a boarding-school for the education of young ladies of the Roman-catholic persuasion. They did not venture to wear the conventual dress and veil, or any distinctive costume, but contented themselves with a strict observance of their vows and the rules of their order. They were in some peril and considerable alarm during the persecution caused by the perjuries of Titus Oates and Bedloe, but escaped attack. If the queen had been suspected of founding a convent in England, there is no telling to what extent popular prejudice would have been excited against her and her protegées. They were the first nuns who settled in England after the accession of queen Elizabeth.

Catharine's principal adviser at this alarming crisis was count Castelmelhor, a noble Portuguese exile, who had taken refuge in England, after incurring the ill-will of the reigning sovereign of Portugal, don Pedro, by his fidelity to his old master, don Alphonso. His prudent councils were so salutary to the queen at the time of her great danger, that she bestowed such substantial proofs of her gratitude on him, as enabled him to retrieve his ruined fortunes by the purchase of a new estate, to which, out of compliment of her, he gave the name of Santa Catarina.[1] She sent an express to her

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

royal brother, don Pedro, telling him of the predicament in which she stood, and entreating his protection, in case of her life being put in jeopardy. Catharine at that time anticipated nothing less than that the parliament would bring her to the block, like king Charles I., and this fear she expressed in her letters to the king her brother, who is said to have exerted himself in her behalf; but it was not till 1680 that he sent a special envoy, the marquez de Arrouches, to assure her of his brotherly affection and support, under any troubles that might befal her, and with instructions to interpose for her protection if required.[1] Her persecutors showed themselves more in earnest. On the 28th of November, Bedloe delivered his depositions against her majesty, in writing, to the House of Commons; then Oates advanced to the bar, and, raising his voice, exclaimed, "I, Titus Oates, accuse Catharine, queen of England, of high treason;" or, rather, according to his way of pronouncing the words, "*Aye, Taitus Oates, accause Caatharine, quean of England, of haigh traison.*"[2]

The members, not in the secret, were paralyzed with astonishment, and remained speechless; while those under whose encouragement the meaner villain played so bold a part, took advantage of their consternation to vote an address to the king for the immediate removal of the queen and her household from Whitehall, and some proposed that she should be forthwith committed to the Tower. The peers refused to concur in the unconstitutional resolution of the Commons, to treat their queen as a convicted traitress, till they found more conclusive evidence of her guilt than the incredible depositions of such men as Oates and Bedloe, and contented themselves with appointing a committee to investigate the charges, and to state their reasons for opposing the precipitate vote of the Commons. Shaftesbury, with two of his creatures, in defiance of common decency, protested against this equitable and prudent mode of treating the question.[3]

From the moment that Bedloe had denounced the queen's servants as the murderers of Sir E. Godfrey, and named

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

[2] Sir Walter Scott has noted this drawling intonation as an affectation peculiar to this false witness; but lord keeper North has proved that the wretch aped it from the original affectation of one of his suborners, the treble renegade Sunderland.

[3] Lords' Journals.

her majesty's palace of Somerset House as the scene of the tragedy, the king had perceived there was a conspiracy in agitation against her—a conspiracy proceeding from no ordinary cabal. He could not but remember the pertinacity of Shaftesbury in urging the divorce question, even against his express declaration that "it was against his conscience;" and as every fresh coil in this volume of iniquity unfolded, he significantly repeated, "I believe they think I have a mind for a new wife, but I will not suffer an innocent woman to be wronged."

In the commencement of the business, he made the queen return to Whitehall, and, by treating her with the most decided marks of attention and respect, demonstrated his intention of acting as her protector. "The king told me," says Burnet, "that, considering his great faultiness towards her, he thought it would be a horrid thing to abandon her."

"If the king had given way in the least," observes the historian of the plot,[1] "queen Catharine had been very ill used, for the plotters had reckoned on his weakness in regard to women, and flattered him with hopes of having an heir to inherit his dominions."

Charles disappointed these calculations by the indignation with which he met their calumnies against his wife. He ordered Oates into confinement, and placed a guard about him, to prevent his receiving fresh lessons from abler villains than himself; but their clamours compelled him to withdraw this wholesome restraint, and restore him to his former liberty and power of disturbing the public peace. Five of the principal catholic lords were sent to the Tower on his impeachment. Thirty thousand persons of the same denomination were driven out of London, and every day witnessed fresh arrests, and at length fresh executions, of innocent persons, whose lives were remorselessly sacrificed against all law and justice, merely to serve as preludes to the fall of the queen and the duke of York, for whose especial ruin this storm had been conjured up.

"I dined," says sir John Reresby, "with that excellent man, Dr. Ganning, bishop of Ely. The *famous* Dr. Oates was at table,"—no very high proof of the excellence of the bishop. "This man, flushed with the thoughts of running down the duke of York, expressed himself of the

[1] Roger North's Examen of the Plot.

duke and the royal family in terms that bespoke him a fool or something worse, and, not content with that, he must rail at the queen-mother and her present majesty; in this strain did he hurry on, and not a soul dared oppose him, lest he should be made out a party to the plot—but, unable to bear with the insolence of the man, I took him to task to such purpose, that he flung out of the room with some heat. The bishop told me 'that such was the general drift of his discourse, and that he had sometimes checked him for the indecency of his talk, but to no purpose.'"[1]

Religious zealots, with heated imaginations, and polemic passions, always in a state of excitement, might possibly give implicit credit to the depositions of Oates and Bedloe. That the credulity of the simple unreflecting classes was thoroughly imposed on, is certain; but who can suppose that men of strong intellect, sound judgment, and habitual caution, like lord William Russell, and the other leaders of the exclusion faction, could for one moment believe such palpable absurdities? They could not, and they did not; but they made use of them as powerful political weapons against the queen and the duke, and they remorselessly hallooed the bloodhound on his prey. They assisted him with all the strength of their party, in hunting a succession of innocent persons to the scaffold, and voted him rewards for crimes which have left an indelible stain on the annals of their country. Several of these pretended patriots, such as Algernon Sidney,[2] and Hambden, had the bribes of France,

[1] Reresby's Memoirs, p. 111.

[2] Algernon Sidney actually sold himself to France for 500 guineas, half the sum that was paid to the worthless Buckingham, who received 1000 guineas. Harbord, Hambden, Littleton, Baber, Colonel Titus, and Algernon Sidney, each received 500 guineas from the French ambassador, Barillon. "Depuis le dit jour, 22 Decembre, jusque 14 Decembre, 1679, j'ai donné savoir à M. le duc de Bouquinham, 1000 guinées, qui font 1087*l.* dix schelings sterling; à M. de Sidney, 500 guinées, qui font 543*l.* quinze schelings sterling."—Etat de l'Argent employé par M. de Barillon, ambassadeur du Roi en Angleterre, depuis le 22 Decembre, 1680, in Dalrymple's Appendix, copied by him from the depôt of State Papers.

Barillon, in a letter to Louis XIV., dated December 14, 1679, says of Algernon Sidney:—"Mr. Sidney has been of great use to me on many occasions. He is a man who was in the first wars, and who is naturally an enemy to the court. He has for some time been suspected of being gained by lord Sunderland; but he always appeared to me to have the same sentiments, and not to have changed maxims. He has a great deal of credit among the independents, and is also intimate with those who are most opposite to the court in parliament. He was elected for the present one. I gave him only

or of Holland, in their pockets at this very time, for very deeply implicated were both Louis XIV. and William of Orange in this iniquity, as the documents of the times will prove.

Although the king had foiled the attempt to brand the queen with treason, by raising the shield of his prerogative before her, and had refused to compromise her dignity as his consort by permitting any investigation of her conduct to take place, Bedloe persevered in his attempts to fix the murder of sir Edmundbury Godfrey on her servants. He now pointed out Miles Prance, a silversmith, who was employed to clean the plate belonging to her majesty's chapel in Somerset House, as one of the murderers. This wretched creature was hurried to Newgate, terrified and cajoled alternately, till he was induced, on promise of pardon, to confess the charge, and give up his accomplices. He named three of the inferior domestics in her majesty's service, who protested their innocence in vain; they were tried, and condemned to death. Struck with remorse, he demanded to be brought before the king and council, and, throwing himself on his knees, he protested "that he had accused them falsely, for he knew nothing of the murder."[1] He was hurried back to Newgate, chained to the floor of the condemned cell, and driven to partial madness by terror and the practices of his keeper Boyce, who told him constantly "that, unless he agreed with Bedloe's evidence, he should be hanged;" and at last got him to confess a conspiracy for the assassination of lord Shaftesbury, and many other things, which he afterwards disowned; but finally became a thorough-going witness against all those accused by Oates. The unfortunate men, Hill, Green, and Berry, the last of whom was a protestant, were all executed, protesting their innocence. The horror of the queen at the treatment of her poor servants may be imagined; but, though assured by the duke of York that the parliament

what your majesty permitted me (500 guineas). He would willingly have had more; and if a new gratification were given him, it would be easy to engage him entirely. However, he is very favourably disposed to what your majesty may desire, and is not willing that England and the States General should make a league. I believe he is a man who would be very useful, if the affairs of England should be brought to extremities."

[1] Macpherson. Journals of Lords. State Trials. Lingard.

intended her and himself for the next victims, she preserved a courageous calmness, and was satisfied that the king believed her incapable of the crimes with which she was charged. Charles would not suffer her to be driven from the sanctuary of his palace, and treated her with greater kindness than he had done for many years. It was probably in compliance with his desire that Catharine, on being permitted to choose nine ladies out of her household, who should be exempted from taking the test enforced on all the rest, after causing eight of those who were of the Roman church to be chosen by lot, named the duchess of Portsmouth as the ninth, without subjecting her to the chance of being excluded, although her dislike to this woman was deservedly great. The duchess had been appointed as one of the ladies of her bed-chamber, with an implied understanding that she was not to intrude her services on the queen. One day, however, she insisted on waiting on her majesty at dinner, and conducted herself so impertinently that the queen was greatly discomposed, and at last, unable to control her feelings, burst into tears. Her audacious rival, with the insolence common among persons of her calling, uttered some audible ejaculation of contempt, and laughed behind her fan, which provoked a reproof from the king.[1]

Among the many painful apprehensions with which Catharine was assailed during the inauspicious year of 1679 was the renewal of attempts to dispute the lawfulness of her marriage, by Shaftesbury's old project of establishing the pretence that the duke of Monmouth was the legitimate son of the king. The health of the duke was publicly drunk several times by the title of prince of Wales; and it was reported that four witnesses could be brought forward to prove the king's marriage with Lucy Walters. The king, to satisfy the queen and his brother, called the council together for the purpose of contradicting this, and made a

[1] The duchess of Portsmouth, though at first threatened by the supporters of Oates and his plot, and greatly terrified at the idea of an impeachment, became ultimately one of their confederates. They flattered her with the hope of her son being appointed for the successor to the crown, in case of the bill for the exclusion of the duke of York being carried. It was through her influence that the earl of Danby prevailed on the king to command his brother to leave England. She subsequently induced the infatuated monarch to agree to the appointment of Shaftesbury as the president of the council of thirty.

solemn protest, that he had never been married to any other woman than to her present majesty, queen Catharine. He subsequently published a proclamation to the same effect.[1]

Catharine was not permitted to enjoy much repose. "I believe," writes the duke of York to his treacherous son-in-law, the prince of Orange, "you will very soon see the queen fallen upon, with intent to take her life."[2] A few days before the date of this letter, the duke of Monmouth's cook, a man of the name of Buss, deposed before the secret committee, at the head of which was Shaftesbury, that, "being at Windsor in September last, he heard one Hankinson, who had belonged to the queen's chapel, desire Antonio, the queen's confessor's servant, to have a care of the four Irishmen he had brought along with him, who, he said, would do the business for them." This business was, of course, the king's murder. The committee, with consummate art, affected to treat this matter lightly, in order to induce the informer to make it public, as Oates had formerly done his deposition, by going and swearing it before a city magistrate, the recorder. Then Antonio was examined; and though he denied having used such words, or knowing anything of the Irishmen, or the business for which they were conjured up, he was committed for high treason.[3] Nothing came of the charge; for, on one point, the king, so indolent and pliant on everything besides, was positive; he would not permit the queen to be compromised in any way, by sanctioning inquiries on charges that were ostensibly fabricated as pretexts to swear away her life.

"The king," observes James, in his Journal, "seemed highly sensible of so injurious an aspersion on so virtuous a princess; however, nothing was done to vindicate her, in such awe did his majesty stand of the popular rage, whose drift being to disappoint the duke's succession, there was no way of compassing it but either ruining him or the queen." It was moved, in the extraordinary meeting of the privy-council, on the 24th of June, "that it would be best

[1] See James II.'s Journal. London Gazette. Macpherson's History of England.

[2] Dated July 9th, 1679.—Dalrymple's Appendix.

[3] Journal of James II. Buss was brought as a witness at the trial of Langhorne, where he deposed the same thing, which was by no means relevant to the charges against Langhorne.

for the queen to stand her trial,"[1] but the king, who knew it would not be a fair one, would not permit it. The murderous design of the party against the queen is plainly indicated by this now-forgotten rhyme of the lampoon-writer, Marvel:—

> "With one consent let all her death desire,
> Who durst her husband's and her king's conspire."

The acquittal of sir George Wakeman and the jesuits who were indicted with him, on the charge of uniting with the queen to poison the king, by exposing the shameless perjuries of Oates and Bedloe, acted as the first check to the current of the successful villanies of these infamous men. They were nowise daunted, but daringly accused lord chief-justice Scroggs to his face of partiality, because, departing from his usual practice of browbeating and intimidating the accused, he had given a charge to the jury in their favour.[2]

The affectionate attention with which Charles now treated his persecuted consort is thus sneeringly noticed by the countess of Sunderland, in a letter to her brother-in law at the Hague: "The king and queen—who is now a mistress, the passion her spouse has for her is so great—go both to Newmarket, the 18th of September, together with their whole court."[3]

Charles had become thoughtful and melancholy, and passed his time a good deal alone at Windsor, amusing himself with fishing and solitary walks. It was suggested to him by his council that his life was in danger, but he treated the notion with contempt. He had much to render him miserable in the reflection of what he was, and what he might have been, had he not wasted the glorious opportunities that had been given him. He had disappointed the expectations of all who loved him, and who had risked their lives and expended their fortunes in his cause. He had lavished that wealth on the associates of his vices, that might now have placed him in a position to enforce the administration of justice; but, like a ruined spendthrift, he was ready to barter all the advantages that were his right for temporary supplies of money. To propitiate an unprincipled faction, he had permitted a number of innocent persons to be executed for impossible crimes; and to please one bad woman, (Nell Gwynne,) he had restored Buckingham to his confi-

[1] Blencowe's Sidney Diary. Times of Charles II.
[2] State Trials.
[3] Blencowe's Sidney Diary.

dence, and at the persuasions of another, (duchess of Portsmouth,) he had admitted Shaftesbury and his creatures into places, which enabled them to abuse the regal power to the furtherance of their own ambitious purposes, and to degrade himself into the office of their accredited instrument. "I never saw," says sir William Temple, "any man more sensible of the miserable condition of his affairs than I found his majesty; but nothing moved me more than when he told me 'he had none left with whom he could so much as speak of them in confidence, since my lord treasurer's being gone.'"[1] This was Danby, a man every whit as false as the rest.

A few days before his intended journey to Newmarket with the queen, Charles was seized with an intermittent fever, of so malignant a character that his life was in danger. Great excitement was caused by this illness of the king, which was, according to the monomania of the period, attributed to poison. "I believe yet," writes lady Sunderland,[2] "that there is scarce anybody beyond Temple-bar that believes his distemper proceeded from anything but poison, though as little like it as if he had fallen from a horse. * * * If the privy-councillors," pursues she, "had not used their authority to keep the crowds out of the king's chamber, he had been smothered; the bedchamber-men could do nothing to prevent it."[3]

On the first alarming symptoms of his malady, Charles ordered Sunderland to summon the duke of York privately from Brussels; but, before his arrival at Windsor, the danger was over. As a grateful tribute to the skill of his physician, Dr. Micklethwaite, Charles, on the first symptoms of convalescence, honoured him with the accolade of knighthood. At the time originally appointed, his majesty went to Newmarket, accompanied by the queen and all the court. His way of life there was little to the credit of a man over whom the shadow of death had so recently impended. His proceedings are thus described by a contemporary:—"He walked in the morning till ten o'clock; then he went to the cock-pit till dinner-time; about three, he went to the horse races; at six, he returned to the cock-pit for an hour only;

[1] Temple's Works, vol. ii. p. 492.

[2] The dowager countess, Dorothy Sidney, the far-famed Sacharissa of Waller.

[3] Blencowe's Diary, and Correspondence of the Times of Charles II.

then he went to the play, though the actors were but of a terrible sort; from thence to supper; then to the duchess of Portsmouth's till bed-time; and so to his own apartment to take his rest."[1]

During the king's illness, the famous astrologer, Gadbury, was applied to by the noted Mrs. Cellier, to cast his majesty's nativity, which he not only declined to do, but informed against his customer; yet he afterwards, in conjunction with an amateur wizard, sir Edward Deering, volunteered three political predictions, on the fulfilment of which he was willing to stake all his professional skill. They were as follows:—"That Charles II., after the burial of queen Catharine, would have a son by another wife, who should be born after his death;[2] that Louis XIV. would die in 1682; and lastly, that the earl of Shaftesbury would be beheaded." Three worse guesses were certainly never hazarded.

The death of the brave and virtuous earl of Ossory, who at that time held the office of lord chamberlain to the queen, was much lamented by her majesty, especially at an epoch when she required the support of every man of honour in her service. She wrote with her own hand the following gracious letter of condolence to his afflicted father, on his irreparable loss:—

"My lord duke of Ormond,

"I do not think any thing I can say will lessen your trouble for the death of my lord Ossory, who is so great a loss to the king and the public, as well as to my own particular service, that I know not how to express it; but every day will teach me, by showing me the want I shall find of so true a friend. But I must have so much pity upon you as to say little on so sad a subject, conjuring you to believe that I am,

"My lord duke of Ormond,

"Your very affectionate friend,

"CATHARINE REGINA."

In addressing these unaffected expressions of sympathy to the afflicted parent of her chivalric chamberlain, queen Catharine departed from her established rule of never putting pen to paper except on matters of indispensable necessity. When Henry Sidney, some months previously to this event, took leave of her majesty, on his appointment as ambassador to the Hague, she desired him to tell the prince and princess of Orange, "that she never writ any

[1] Sir John Reresby's Memoirs. [2] Blencowe's Sidney Diary.

letters, but she hoped he would make the best compliments he could for her."

This may appear somewhat cool, considering the nearness of the connexion; but Catharine was no dissembler, and she had little reason to feel kindness for those, who had encouraged the fabricators of the murderous false witness, that had so recently been aimed against her life, in the business of the popish plot. Catharine had probably pretty correct information of the share the prince of Orange had in that great iniquity, which he afterwards proclaimed to the whole world, by pensioning the notorious tool of the exclusionists, Titus Oates.

In August, death delivered Catharine from one of her false accusers, Bedloe. He endeavoured to support his part in the tragic farce, in which he had been so prominent an actor, to the last, by sending for lord chief-justice North, and making oath, "that all he had deposed of the popish plot was true;" but, as the judge was leaving the room, he detained him, and said, "he had somewhat to disclose to him in private," and then, in presence only of his wife and North's clerk, he swore "that the duke of York was guiltless of any design on the king's life, though otherwise connected with the plot;" and of the queen, against whom he had previously sworn point blank, he now said, "that, as far as he knew, she was ignorant of any design against the king, nor any way concerned in his murder, nor otherwise, than by her letters, in the plot, by consenting and promising what money she could to the introduction of the catholic religion—nay, it was a great while, and made her weep before she could be brought to that."[1]

This statement, although "even the dying words," as Echard wisely observes, "of one hardened by many years of villanies must be cautiously mentioned," was probably the real state of the case as regarded Catharine. She was a very cautious person, and, though passionately devoted, even to bigotry, to her own religion, she was unlikely to rush into so many crimes and dangers for the furtherance of any visionary scheme. Her great object was to obtain acts of toleration for English catholics; and she had good reason to know that the king was perfectly willing to oblige her in that particular; he having a strong personal

[1] Rapin, from North's Deposition. Lingard.

bias in favour of catholicism. She loved him with the most unbounded affection, and always cherished the hope of his reconciliation with the church of Rome, which she lived to see accomplished. If her correspondence with the pope and the members of her own family could be laid open, it would be found full of her hopes and prayers for his conversion to that creed.[1] Her almoner, cardinal Howard, and her secretary, sir Richard Bellings, through whom these correspondences were carried on, were both involved in the accusations of Oates as accomplices in the popish plot; and, doubtless, there was a secret pact of association in which all these persons were united for the support of their own religion, attended with some mysteries, which gave rise to suspicions and misconstruction.

A converted jew, named Francisco de Feria, the interpreter of the late Portuguese ambassador, next pretended to take up the profitable business of informer, and accused that nobleman of having offered to employ him to assassinate Oates, Bedloe, and Shaftesbury. The enemies of the queen failed to make a case against her out of this improbable fiction.[1]

With all the excitement and anxiety she had suffered, it is not wonderful that Catharine was attacked with illness this autumn; yet she bore up under her trials, with a quiet resolution and moral courage worthy of the daughter of the liberator of Portugal.

A daring blow was struck at her by Shaftesbury, Nov. 17th, in the House of Lords, when, the bill for the exclusion of the duke of York being thrown out, this profligate politician moved—"as the sole remaining chance of security, liberty, and religion, a bill of divorce, which, by separating the king from queen Catharine, might enable him to marry a protestant consort, and thus to leave the crown to his legitimate issue."[2] The earls of Essex and Salisbury and the base lord Howard of Escrick immediately seconded this motion; but the king, however faithless he had been to Catharine, would not submit to have her torn from him by the murderous faction who pursued her with such unrelenting malice;—nay, he showed such horror of the design, that he went himself from man to man, to solicit the peers to vote against the measure, that he might, if

[1] Journal of James II. [2] Lords' Journals.

possible, stifle this wicked design in its birth.[1] The honourable feelings of British nobles were in truth against offering so great an injury to their innocent queen, and the project of dissolving her marriage with the king was once more abandoned, and for ever.

Catharine was so little intimidated by the avowed hostility of those who had caused the lives of so many of her servants to be taken away, under pretexts too absurd for credibility, that she was present with her ladies at the trial of the venerable viscount Stafford, in Westminster Hall, where a private box had been prepared for her accommodation.

It was no common tragedy that Catharine witnessed when she saw this aged nobleman, who was involved in the same accusation with herself, of a design to overthrow the protestant religion and poison the king, brought to the bar, on his sixty-ninth birthday, after a rigorous imprisonment of two years. He and the four other catholic peers had, in the boldness of conscious innocence, demanded the benefit of the *habeas corpus* act—namely, to be either brought to trial or discharged. Lord Stafford was selected for trial by the committee of prosecution, because, from age and infirmity, and the nervous excitability of his temperament, he was less capable of defending himself. The unfortunate prisoner was assailed, on his way from the Tower to Westminster Hall, by the pitiless rabble with yells and execrations. A spirit equally ferocious was exhibited by many of the members of the House of Commons within the hall, so that the lord high-steward was compelled to remind them that they were not at a theatre. Sergeant Maynard, who opened the case against him, began, with great unfairness, by appealing to the polemic prejudices of those by whom his fate was to be decided, by observing, "that there was no improbability that the catholics should have devised this plot in order to propagate their religion, because the histories of all times and all countries, particularly our own, afforded many instances of such plots carried on by them, as in the reign of Elizabeth, when they expected a popish successor, and afterwards the powder plot."[2]

Queen Catharine must have been a woman of some firmness, to listen calmly to this ominous commencement, which showed how little justice might be expected

[1] Journal of James II. [2] State Trials.

by the accused. She, doubtless, sat with a painfully-throbbing heart, while her own name was from time to time introduced by the perjured witnesses. The very first that was called, Smith, deposed, "that when at home, he read in Coleman's letters how the duke of York, the queen, and the chief of the nobility, were in the plot." Oates repeated the tale of sir George Wakeman's undertaking to poison the king, with as much audacity as if that gentleman had not been honourably acquitted of the charge. Her majesty's almoner, cardinal Howard, was also frequently named as implicated actively in the plot. Lord Stafford convicted the witness Dugdale of a slight mistake of three years in his statement, on which the lord high-steward sternly checked the noble prisoner, by saying, "he must not make a strain." "Is three years a strain?" exclaimed the unfortunate peer, with passionate emotion.[1]

Turbeville, another of the witnesses against him, swore "that he proposed to him, when in France, to kill the king," and "that he returned to England by Calais." Lord Stafford proved that it was by Dieppe. This discrepancy was treated as a matter of no moment. Plato has said, that "geography and chronology are the two eyes of history," yet the judicial victims of the popish plot persecutions were not permitted to controvert the perjuries of Oates and his accomplices by those important tests. Lord Stafford's counsel were not allowed to stand near enough to him to allow of a word being exchanged that was not audible to those who, in pleading against him, took the most unfair advantages. The trial lasted seven days, and the unfortunate old man complained sorely of his utter want of sleep during that period of agonizing excitement, and also of the cruel insults of the rabble, who had pressed upon him. The lieutenant of the Tower, on one occasion, called on Oates to keep them off. Oates replied, "they were witnesses." The lieutenant said, "Not half of them were," and bade him "keep them down;" on which Oates told him "he was only a jailor," and called him "a rascal." The lieutenant retorted, "that if it were not for his cloth he would break his head." This being reported in court, sergeant Maynard said, "It did not become the lieutenant for a word to tell Mr. Oates he would break his head." "I

[1] State Trials. [2] Ibid.

should not deserve to be the king's lieutenant," responded the undaunted officer, stoutly, "if a man in another habit out of the court, should call me rascal, and I not break his head."[1]

Lord Stafford, in invalidating the testimony of Oates, laid great stress upon the fact, that when he was asked, before the privy council, at the time he made his first depositions, if he had any one else in England to accuse, he replied "he had not," yet he afterwards accused the queen. Sir W. Jones, the attorney-general, endeavoured to extricate Oates out of that dilemma, by saying, that "his accusation against the queen was not positive, and indeed he did not know, at that time, whether she were a person whom he might venture to accuse."[2]

The knowledge that her majesty had sufficient courage and strength of mind to sit by and hear everything that was said about herself, had no doubt a very restraining influence on the tongues of some of the false witnesses who were confederated against her. Most agonizing it must have been to her to see that aged man fighting against such fearful disadvantages for the brief span of life that yet remained to him. The filial piety of the marchioness of Winchester, who was seen seated near the axe-bearer, assisting her aged parent by taking notes for his defence,[3] added to the tragic interest of the scene, and afforded the first example of an English lady rendering that service to a prisoner under such circumstances. Similar heroism, when practised by lady Russell, was deservedly applauded by the world; that admirable lady, however, incurred no peril by her conjugal devotion, while the marchioness of Winchester was a marked person, having been previously attacked by Oates, for taking notes in the gallery, at sir George Wakeman's trial, for the information of her captive father, and she was grossly insulted by sir W. Jones for her evidence, proving the discrepancies between Oates's depositions at that trial and at her father's, on the subject of dates. Lord Stafford vainly solicited the indulgence of a single day to prepare his defence: worn out as he was, he was compelled to answer then or never. A verdict of guilty was returned against him, and he was doomed to die the horrible and ignominious death decreed to traitors. A

[1] State Trials. [2] Ibid. [3] Evelyn. State Trials.

majority of the peers interceded with the king to commute this sentence into decapitation. The pitiless city sheriffs, Cornish and Bethel, presented a petition to the House of Commons, intimating, that the king had no right to mitigate the sentence. Lord William Russell was also so inhuman as to desire that all the unspeakable horrors of a traitor's death should be inflicted on the venerable victim, who had, to use Evelyn's expression, been condemned "on testimony that ought not to be taken on the life of a dog."

To his eternal disgrace, Charles signed the warrant for the execution of this unfortunate nobleman. A reaction of popular feeling had taken place in his favour, and when he made a protestation of his innocence on the scaffold, the spectators unanimously exclaimed, "We believe you, my lord! God bless you, my lord!" The executioner performed his office with hesitation and reluctance, and the descent of the fatal axe was echoed with an universal groan.

The dismal year of 1680 closed with this tragedy. Early in 1681, a fresh cause of disquiet to queen Catharine presented itself. A new performer in the popish plot-information scheme appeared on the scene, of the name of Fitzharris, who, after accusing the duke of York of various absurdities, pretended "that don Francisco de Mello had told him "that her majesty was engaged in the design of poisoning the king."[1] Fitzharris was a pensioner of the duchess of Portsmouth, who was deeply enleagued with Shaftesbury, Sunderland, and that faction, who, playing on her boundless ambition, continued to feed her with hopes of making her son the king's successor. The king, however, perceiving that Fitzharris was to be employed for the destruction of both his consort and his brother, took some pains to circumvent the party who were confederated to bring him before the parliament, as a pretence for the attack on those exalted persons. Charles summoned the parliament to meet at Oxford, on the 21st of March, and, accompanied by queen Catharine, left Windsor on the 14th, escorted by a troop of horse-guards. They travelled with all the pomp befitting royalty, and were received by the high-sheriff on the confines of the county, and, at Wheatley, by lord Norris, the lord lieutenant of Oxfordshire, and so conducted with every mark of honourable respect to Oxford. There they

[1] Autobiography of James II.

were greeted with loyal enthusiasm by the university, and welcomed with addresses, rejoicings, and feasts. No one knew how to act the part of a popular sovereign with a better grace than Charles II. He manifested his grateful sense of the affection testified for his person on this occasion, with all the heartiness which the momentous crisis of his fortunes required. It seemed, indeed, as if the struggle between him and his parliament was about to be fought, not with sharp wits but drawn swords, for Shaftesbury and the popular party came into Oxford in rival pomp, and more than equal force, as regarded the crowds of armed retainers who followed them, wearing round their hats ribbons with the incription, "No popery!—no slavery!"[1]

The rival epithets of whigs and tories had just been devised for each other, as terms of vituperation, by the court party and the opposition. They were pretty nearly synonymous to those of cavalier and roundhead, in the preceding reign, though many words might be wasted in explaining the shades of difference, if the limits of this work would permit. The king opened the parliament in person on the 21st. His first parliament sat eighteen years, and was called the long parliament, having exceeded in duration any that ever sat before, or since. This parliament was even yet more remarkable for its brevity, and was with equal propriety named the short parliament, for it lasted only six days. Charles wanted money—this parliament wanted more blood. He had made up his mind to proceed against Fitzharris as a libeller of royalty, and a disturber of the public peace—they were determined to use him and his falsehoods for the purpose of keeping the passions and prejudices of the multitude in a state of murderous effervescence.

In a word, the exclusion of the heir-presumptive of the throne, and the fall of the queen, were to be attempted once more by means of this new tool, who, to outward appearance at any rate, bore a less revolting aspect than the train of apostates, felons, and convicts whom they had arrayed against the royal wife and brother, since Fitzharris, though himself an unprincipled adventurer, was the son of a brave and loyal cavalier. He was, withal, a

[1] Macpherson. James II. Lingard.

member of the church of Rome, and, doubtless, great results were anticipated from his depositions. The commons determined that the judges of the Court of King's Bench should not try him, but that he should be impeached, when they would have the opportunity of giving his disclosures any colour they pleased for the crimination of others. The lords opposed them—a furious altercation ensued, and the commons postponed that question, and revived the exclusion bill. That bill was introduced on Saturday, March 26th. On Monday, the 28th, the king, who had taken his resolution, put on his robes, and was conveyed in his sedan chair to the house, drawing the curtains close to conceal his crown, which he carried on his knee, or between his feet, according to Burnet. He entered the House of Lords unattended, almost unannounced, took his seat on the throne, placed the crown on his head, and bade the usher of the black rod summon the commons, and, the moment they entered, told them "that proceedings which began so ill could not end in good," and commanded the lord chancellor to declare the parliament dissolved. Before they had time to recover from their consternation, the king and queen had entered their travelling carriage, and, escorted by their guards, were on the road to Windsor. The next day they returned to Whitehall.[1]

If Charles had used equal courage and energy at the beginning of the pretended disclosures of the popish plot, instead of weakly sailing with the stream, and permitting his name to be used to sanction proceedings from which both his judgment and conscience revolted, a sea of innocent blood might have been saved, and all the miseries which were inflicted on the relatives of Oates's victims. He now followed up his victory by bringing Fitzharris to trial for high treason, who was convicted and condemned. When under sentence of death, this person offered to discover those who had induced him to accuse the queen, the duke of York, and the earl of Danby, if his sentence might be changed into perpetual imprisonment.[2] He was examined before the council, and affirmed that the sheriffs, Cornish and Bethel, with Treby, the recorder, had persuaded him to invent the fictions touching the popish plot, and that

[1] Macpherson. Lingard. James II. Journals of Parliament.
[2] Lingard.

lord Howard of Escrick had written the libel for which he stood condemned. The king would not pardon him, and he was executed.

The same day the unfortunate Plunket, the Roman-catholic titular primate of Ireland, was brought to the scaffold. He was the last victim of the party who had shed so much innocent blood under the pretence of the popish plot. The earl of Essex, who had been lord lieutenant of Ireland, was touched with remorse at the idea of the judicial murder of this harmless old man, and solicited the king to pardon him, assuring him that, "from his own knowledge, the charge against him could not be true." The king indignantly replied, "Then, my lord, be his blood on your own conscience; you might have saved him if you would; I cannot pardon him, because I dare not." A bitter truth, but degrading to the lips of majesty. A little moral courage ennobles both the monarch and the man a thousand fold more than the mere physical firmness of temperament which enables him to stand the fire of a battery unmoved in the front of battle.

Charles II. and the earl of Essex were both the sons of good men—men who had both testified on the scaffold that they preferred death to acting in violation of their consciences. How deeply would it have added to the sufferings of Charles I., and his devoted friend, the virtuous lord Capel, could they have imagined that such communings could ever take place between their sons, and on such a subject. Charles II. stifled the upbraidings of self-reproach in the society of his profligate associates; yet the deeply indented lines of misanthropic melancholy with which his saturnine countenance is marked, but ill accord with his popular title of "the merry monarch." The man's face tells another tale. The earl of Essex, a person of virtuous inclinations, but weak intellect, an irritable temper, and feeble constitution, had been made the tool of a remorseless party, and having consented to things which conscience could not in cooler moments justify, he became, when left in solitary hours, a prey to his own reflections—and finally a victim to constitutional despondency and sinful despair. Henry, earl of Clarendon, when speaking of the number of lives that had been taken away on the pretence of the popish plot, said, "All honest men trembled when they reflected how much innocent blood had been spilt upon it."

Six Irish witnesses, five of whom were protestants, now gave evidence of Shaftesbury having suborned them to accuse the queen and the duke of York falsely, together with the duke of Ormond and the chancellor of Ireland. A tissue of villany was unveiled by their disclosures in happy hour for the queen, for this unprincipled politician, her relentless and really unprovoked enemy, was now disarmed of the power of offering her further injury. His boldness forsook him when the warrant for his committal was signed; and the rabble, who had before hooted his victims on their way to trial and execution, and beaten their witnesses, now, shifting with the tide of fortune, pursued him to the Tower with yells of execration.[1]

The duchess of Portsmouth had disgusted all the world, but her political allies, Shaftesbury, Russell, and Sunderland, and the minor members of their party, by her intrigues with Fitzharris, at whose trial she and her maid, Mrs. Wall, figured as witnesses. She had deeply offended the king, and was fain to retire with her friends, the earl and countess of Sunderland, to their seat at Althorpe; while the queen enjoyed the satisfaction of going with her royal husband to Chatham and Sheerness, without the bitter alloy of this insolent woman's company.[2] Charles appeared desirous at this time of making some atonement to Catharine for his former neglect, by the affectionate attention and kindness with which he treated her. This change, which ought to have been regarded with pleasure by all true friends of their king and country, was contemplated with uneasiness by men whose hearts the demon of party had hardened against every good feeling and virtuous sympathy. Mr. Sidney, in a letter to the prince of Orange, dated June 28th, says, "I delivered a compliment from your highness to the duchess of Portsmouth, which she took extremely well; but it will do you little good, for she hath no more credit with the king, and these ministers are persuading

[1] He did not meet with the punishment his crimes had merited; the grand jury, who had been returned by his creatures, the new sheriffs, Shute and Pilkington, ignored the bill against him, on which a fresh reaction of popular feeling took place. The bells rang, bonfires were kindled, and the city resounded with shouts of "A Monmouth, a Buckingham, and a Shaftesbury!" Lingard.

[2] Diary of the Times of Charles II. Edited by Blencowe.

the king to send her away, and think by it to reconcile themselves to the people."

Thus we see the decline of this vile woman's political influence, which had been no less disgraceful to the king than pernicious to the realm, is regretted by the tool and spy of William, who adds, "but which is most extraordinary is the favour the queen is in." If the king had persevered in the resolution he had formed at that time, of seeing the duchess of Portsmouth no more, and devoting himself to his virtuous consort, there would have been an end of buying and selling places in the cabinet, or bartering state secrets and measures to foreign powers. Unfortunately, Charles's evil habits were too deeply rooted to be lightly shaken off. He was capable of virtuous impulses, but they were unsupported by sound principles, and therefore of an evanescent nature. He had sternly recommended the duchess of Portsmouth, on her reappearance at court, to try the Bourbon waters for the benefit of her health. This advice, and the tone in which it was given, amounted to a sentence of banishment. Her absence was, however, only temporary; she had friends about the royal person, who effected a reconciliation in evil hour between this national nuisance and the king, and, in the course of a few months, her influence was as great as ever. Her cupidity wrought on Charles to permit the return of his brother to court,[1] whence she had been the means of persuading his majesty to banish him, at the desire of her colleagues in the opposition. The presence of the heir presumptive to the throne gave, however, a greater air of comfort and union to the royal family. "The king, queen, and duke, go on Monday," writes lord Arlington, "to see the Britannia launched at Chatham, and return to sleep at Windsor on Wednesday. These days they have made a shift to pass at Whitehall, notwithstanding the buildings there."[2] Charles II. was never so happy as when superintending the labours of architects or shipwrights. Under his auspices the metropolis rose, like a phœnix, in improved glory, from the funereal flames of old London, in an inconceivably short space of time, to the admiration of all Europe.

Charles II. was desirous of restoring the ancient splendour

[1] Autobiography of James II.

[2] In a letter to the earl of Chesterfield, dated June 28th, 1682.

to the once royal city of Winchester, by building a palace on the site of the old castle, in order to reside there with his court a part of the year, as the Norman and Plantagenet sovereigns had formerly done, the neighbourhood of Southampton and Portsmouth rendering it very agreeable to his love of maritime and naval matters, and for field sports its contiguity to the New Forest gave it peculiar advantages. A plan of this projected palace was made, with an estimate of the probable expense, which was calculated at 35,000*l.* It was commenced, but left unfinished. When the narrow revenue of Charles II. is considered, it appears scarcely credible how many stately buildings were erected, and noble national institutions founded and endowed during his reign, which may truly be regarded as an Augustan era for the encouragement of science, literature, the arts, and architecture. At his restoration, he found the nation exhausted by a long civil war and the oppressive taxation of the protectorate, in debt, and those branches of trade allied to ornamental art, which bring employment to the higher classes of artisans and mechanics, wholly extinguished by the semi-barbarism into which the state of society had retrograded during the absence of a settled monarchical government. Civilization had gone back many degrees between the years 1640 and 1660.

The next twenty years saw the foundation of the Royal Society and the Observatory at Greenwich, an institution for the honourable maintenance of military veterans in their old age at Chelsea College, the regular organization of the navy, the establishment of the most lucrative commercial relations between England and all parts of the world, and the East India Company rising into a mighty power, which owes the commencement of its territorial importance to the marriage treaty between Charles and Catharine of Braganza. Religious toleration, though treated by the bigots of that age as a crime, was an object which Charles II. was desirous of effecting. The horrible statute for burning heretics was abolished by him. Had he but imitated the conjugal virtues and purity of conduct which adorned his father, the name of this prince might have been classed with some of the ablest of our royal legislators, but as he was incapable of self-government, history has of course told a different tale.

The queen's pecuniary straits, in consequence of the want of punctuality of the officers of the revenue in paying her income, are noticed by the earl of Arlington, in a letter to her former lord chamberlain, Chesterfield, June 28th, 1682. "Our receivers," says he, "promise to accommodate themselves in some measure to our propositions for bringing part of the money in sooner, in order to her making the present yearly income answer the yearly charge. Yet my lord Clarendon, her treasurer, is not well satisfied with it; and though all their accounts be declared, yet he says he is not ready with his, but will quickly be so, which augments the queen's displeasure towards him."

Catharine was so unreasonable as to consider her treasurer accountable for the deficiencies of her receipts, and she commenced a long and vexatious suit against him for the arrears in which she was soon after left at the demise of the crown. Her income had been considerably augmented since the death of the queen-mother, and at this time amounted to 50,000*l.* per annum,—when she could get it.[1]

The following elegant little poem was addressed to her majesty by Waller, on New Year's day, 1683. She had then been married nearly one-and-twenty years, and if we may rely on the assertions of the courtly bard, time had dealt very gently with her. Waller is, however, the most complimentary of poets.

"What revolutions in the world have been!
How are we changed since first we saw the queen!
She, like the sun, does still the same appear,
Bright as she was at her arrival here.
Time has commission mortals to impair,
But things celestial is obliged to spare.
May every new year find her still the same,
In health and beauty as she hither came,
When lords and commons, with united voice,
The infanta named—approved the royal choice.

[1] From a contemporary statement among the inedited Lansdowne MS., made in the succeeding reign, we find that Catharine of Braganza's revenue was derived from the following sources:—

	£	s.	d.
The late queen-consort's joynture out of ye Excise	18,000	0	0
Post Office	19,328	13	7
More by letters patents, during life, out of ye Exchequer rent	10,000	0	0
	47,328	13	7

She had also the dower lands and immunities.

First of our queens, whom not the king alone,
But the whole nation lifted to the throne.
With like consent and like desert was crowned,
The glorious prince that does the Turk confound;
Victorious—both his conduct wins the day,[1]
And her example chases vice away,—
Though louder fame attend the martial rage,
'Tis greater glory to reform the age."

Poor Catharine! her example, as far as it went, was good; but small, it must be confessed, was its effect in reforming a court where virtue was so much out of fashion that it was regarded as a reproach rather than a merit.

From a passage in Evelyn's Diary, we find that Catharine of Braganza occasionally walked with her ladies on fine summer nights. "It happened once," he says, "when he was spending the evening with lady Arlington, at the time she was mistress of the robes—an office which gave the noble lady by whom it was filled, the odd title of groom of the stole. Just as her ladyship and her guests had sat down to supper, word was brought that the queen was going to walk in the park, it being then near eleven o'clock; on which the countess rose up in haste, leaving her guests to sup without her, as the duties of her place required her to be in attendance on her royal mistress."

It was on the 18th of June, 1683, when Catharine and her ladies took this nocturnal promenade, just four days after the discovery of the Rye-house plot, so called from the ancient mansion at the Rye, in Hertfordshire, belonging to the conspirator Rumbold, where seditious meetings had been held, and a project devised to shoot the king and the duke of York, on their return from Newmarket, they being very slenderly attended. The king's house at Newmarket accidentally taking fire, great part of it was destroyed, which caused the royal brothers to return unexpectedly to London two days before the appointed time: they thus escaped the danger which impended over them. The conspirators were wont to designate the king as the blackbird, and the duke as the goldfinch, when discussing this scheme for their assassination.[2] Charles, on account of his swarthy complexion, was signified by the blackbird. There was also a plot for a general rising throughout England and Scotland, in which many of the popular leaders were involved, especially the

[1] John Sobieski, king of Poland.

[2] State Trials.

duke of Monmouth, who purchased his pardon by betraying his confederates, but as soon as he had got his pardon, he denied what he had disclosed.

It was for this plot that Russell and Sidney were brought to the block. It is doubtful whether they had anything to do with the assassination scheme, but certain that it was their intention to involve the kingdom in a civil war. Charles took prompt and deadly vengeance on some of those who had compelled him to shed the blood of the venerable lord Stafford and the other victims of the late conspiracy against his queen and brother.

It has been finely observed by Macpherson, with regard to the proceedings of Charles, when the opportunity of retaliation was given him—"Those who have accused him of too much severity, have done him more honour than his character deserved, by expecting from him that moderation which is sought in vain in the most virtuous of his political opponents."[1] Charles was deeply incensed against Monmouth for having enleagued himself with his enemies, and also for his conduct during the business of the popish plot, in which his servant had been brought forward with a false deposition, tending to involve the queen's name once more. Yet Catharine, acting the part of a good Christian, not only forgave him herself, but interceded for him with his father, and also with the duke and duchess of York. Monmouth, in a private diary found in his pocket, after his defeat at Sedgemoor, acknowledged that his pardon was obtained by the good offices of the queen, the king having told him so in a private interview, and that he had taken it very kindly of her majesty, and had expressed himself very thankfully to her on the subject.[2]

In October, died Catharine's eldest brother, the deposed king of Portugal, and the whole court and city put on the deepest mourning out of respect to her majesty.

The year 1684 commenced with the severest frost ever

[1] Charles, in remitting the ignominious part of Lord Russell's sentence, accompanied the favour with a sarcasm full of bitterness. "The Lord Russell," said he, "shall find that I am possessed of the prerogative which he denied to me in the case of the viscount Stafford." Alluding to the pitiless manner in which Russell had insisted that the king could not remit any part of the horrible punishment, appointed by a law disgraceful to a Christian nation, for traitors.

[2] Mr. Jesse has edited this paper in his "Courts of the Stuarts," vol. iv p. 26.

known. The king and queen both went to see the fair that was held on the frozen Thames, on which occasion an ox was roasted whole at a fire made on the ice. It was a winter of intense misery to the people, on account of the dearness of food and firing, and the interruption to trade, from the navigation being entirely stopped.

In the following November, the queen's birth-day was commemorated with unwonted splendour. "There were fireworks on the Thames before Whitehall, with pageants of castles, forts, and other devices, especially the king and queen's arms,[1] and mottoes, all represented in fire, such as never had before been seen in England. There were besides several fights and skirmishes, both in and on the water, which actually moved a long way burning under the water, and now and then appearing above it, giving reports like muskets and cannon, with granadoes, and innumerable other devices. This grand display is said to have cost 1500*l.* The evening concluded with a ball, where all the young ladies and gallants danced in the great hall. The court had not been so brave and richly apparelled since his majesty's restoration."[2] It was one of the last bright days of his life and reign, now fast hasting to a close.

Excessive gambling had become, through the evil influence of the duchesses of Portsmouth and Mazarine, one of the prevailing vices of the court; not that Charles or his brother were addicted to deep playing, or pursued cards otherwise than as an amusement.[3] Queen Catharine was fond of ombre and quadrille, the latter game, with its mat-

[1] "Queen Catharine bore on her great seal the arms of England and those of Portugal impaled, supported on the dexter side by the lion of England, and on the sinister by a dragon, taken from the achievement of Portugal. The coat of Portugal is with an azure field on five escutcheons, cross, azure, as many plates in saltire, all within a bordure, gules, charged with eight castles, or. The plates were (according to tradition) adopted by Catharine's royal ancestor, Alphonso I. of Portugal, in honour of the five wounds of our Saviour, and to have been used as his device at the battle of Ourigne, in 1139, where he defeated five Moorish kings. He is said to have in consequence repeated the charge on the five escutcheons of the conquered monarchs. The bordure was added by Alphonso V., after his marriage with the daughter of Alphonso the Wise, king of Castile, the arms of which were gules, and a castle, or."—Williment's Royal Heraldry, where a print of Catharine of Braganza's achievement may be seen.

[2] Evelyn.

[3] Sheffield, duke of Buckingham's Works. Character of Charles II. He affirms that the king himself never either won or lost five pounds at a sitting.

adores and spadas, bearing a quaint analogy to the chivalric struggle of her ancestors with the Moors, as well as to the bull-fights of modern times, carrying her back in fancy to the land of her birth, and its national associations. If she played, it was for the sake of the pastime rather than the stake; but the duchess of Portsmouth had been known to lose 5000 guineas at a sitting,[1] and the countess of Sunderland complains in one of her letters, that her husband had lost much greater sums than that. No wonder that the bribes of France and Holland were alternately accepted by persons with propensities of so ruinous a nature.

The evening of February 1st, 1685, the last Sunday that Charles II. was permitted to spend on earth, the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were playing at basset, round a large table, with a bank of at least 2000*l.* in gold before them. The king, though not engaged in the game, was to the full as scandalously occupied, "sitting in open dalliance with three of the shameless wantons of his court, the duchesses of Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine, and others of the same stamp, while a French boy was singing love songs in that glorious gallery." "Six days after," pursues our author, "all was in the dust."[2] The queen is not mentioned as being present on that occasion; she was probably engaged with her ladies, in attending one of the services in her chapel, or performing her private devotions in her own apartment, while this scene "of inexpressible luxury, profaneness, dissoluteness, and all forgetfulness of God," was acting in the presence chamber, unchecked by the restraining influence of so virtuous a princess as Catharine, for there is an involuntary respect which even the most profligate of persons are compelled to pay to the pure in heart.

The king, who was far from well, had scarcely tasted food all that day; at night he went to the apartments of the duchess of Portsmouth, where he called for *spoon-meat*. A porringer of some kind of soup was prepared for him, but not liking the taste of it, he said "it was too strong for his stomach," and eat very little of it,[3] a circumstance that might very easily have fixed on the duchess the suspicion of having poisoned the king—an imputation which she and some of her confederates afterwards, shamelessly,

[1] Jameson's Beauties of the Court of Charles II.
[2] Evelyn. [3] Burnet.

and without a shadow of evidence, endeavoured to cast on his brother the duke of York.

The king—who can wonder at it, after such orgies?—passed a feverish and restless night. He rose at an early hour, and occupied himself some time in his closet before he dressed. To his attendants he appeared drowsy and absent, his gait was unsteady, and his speech imperfect.[1] He often stopped in his discourse, as if he had forgotten what he intended to say, of which he himself became sensible at last.[2] About eight o'clock, having finished dressing, he was attacked with a violent fit of apoplexy, as he came out of his closet into his bed-chamber. The earl of Aylesbury caught him as he fell, suggested that he should be bled, and went to fetch the duke of York.

Dr. King, a skilful physician and surgeon, was in the drawing-room, and hastened to his assistance. Perceiving the urgency of the case, he took upon himself the responsibility of bleeding the king, well knowing that if he waited for the preliminary ceremonies, the royal patient would be past hope. Not having a lancet with him, he opened a vein in his majesty's arm with a penknife, declaring at the same time, "that he cheerfully put his own life in peril, in the hope of saving that of the king."[3] The blood flowed freely, but the blackness and distortion of the features continued till a cautery was applied to the patient's head.

On the first alarm of the king's illness, the queen flew to his apartment, and when lord Aylesbury returned with the duke of York, they found her there.[4] Catharine was soon followed by her sister-in-law, the duchess of York, whose verbal narrative of the agitating scene furnishes some curious facts. "I hastened to the chamber,"[5] said she, "as soon

[1] In effect, he had all the symptoms of a person labouring under a brain affection. About four months before he had insisted on having an issue in his leg dried up, and at the same time, instead of taking his usual active exercise, he had occupied himself very much in his laboratory, in an experimental process of trying to fix mercury.—Wellwood.

[2] Letter of lord Chesterfield to the earl of Arran.

[3] Recital of the death of Charles II. by the queen of James II.—Chaillot MS. *Archives au Royaume de France.* Dr. King alluded to the law which made it high-treason to bleed the king without a warrant from the council.

[4] Letter of the earl of Aylesbury to Mr. Leigh, of Addlestrop, cited by Jesse.

[5] Recital of the death of Charles II. by the queen of James II.—Chaillot MS., in the *Archives au Royaume de France.*

as I was informed of his majesty's state. 'I found there, the queen, the duke of York (who is now king), the chancellor, and the first gentleman of the bed-chamber. It was a frightful spectacle, and startled me at first. The king was in a chair—they had placed a hot iron on his head, and they held his teeth open by force. When I had been there some time, the queen, who had hitherto remained speechless, came to me, and said, 'My sister, I beseech you to tell the duke, who knows the king's sentiments with regard to the catholic religion as well as I do, to endeavour to take advantage of some good moments.'" Overpowered by her feelings, Catharine gave way to such paroxysms of grief that she was seized with convulsion fits, and was carried out of the room.[1] The duchess of York remained for the purpose of speaking to the duke, her husband; but he was so completely engrossed by the state of his royal brother, that it was more than an hour before she succeeded in catching his eye. She then made a sign that she wished to speak to him. He came to her; and she communicated the message with which the queen, her sister-in-law, had charged her.[2] "I know it," he replied, "and I think of nothing else." Thus we see that the first hint on the subject of Charles's reconciliation with the church of Rome proceeded from queen Catharine. The earl of Aylesbury indignantly refutes Burnet's fiction, "that the duchess of Portsmouth sat in the king's bed, and waited on him as a wife would on her husband." "My king and master," says the earl, "falling on me, in his fit, I ordered him to be blooded, and went and fetched the duke of York; when we came to the bed-side, we found the queen there; and the impostor (Burnet) says it was the duchess of Portsmouth was there."[3]

The strong remedies that were used, acting as stimulants, caused a temporary rally in the royal patient. After the fit had lasted two hours all but seven minutes, he recovered his faculties, and the first word he uttered was to ask for the queen.[4] She was incapable of attending his summons at that moment, and sent a message to excuse her absence,

[1] Letter to the rev. Francis Roper, in Ellis, vol. iii. p. 337

[2] Chaillot MS. [3] Letter of the earl of Aylesbury, to Mr. Leigh.

[4] Ellis, vol. iii. p. 337.

and to beg his pardon, if she had ever offended him in her life. "Alas, poor lady!" exclaimed Charles, "she beg my pardon! I beg hers, with all my heart."[1] After he was placed in his bed, Catharine was permitted to come to him, but she was unable to articulate a word. Prayers were solemnly made in all the churches for his recovery, especially in the royal chapels. "I never," writes the earl of Chesterfield, "saw sorrow better expressed than it was yesterday in the looks of all the common people, whose hearts, unlike to courtiers, might be read in their faces." A deceptive amendment took place that day, and it was hoped the king was out of danger. This favourable report was received with great joy; the bells rang, and innumerable bonfires were kindled. A fatal change, however, succeeded, and a general gloom prevailed. The archbishop of Canterbury, the bishops of London, of Durham, and Bath and Wells, were in constant attendance to offer their spiritual aid. On Thursday morning that holy prelate, Dr. Kenn, took upon himself the solemn duty of warning his royal master of his danger, and reminded him of the necessity of penitence and prayer. Charles received the intimation with firmness and resignation, and the bishop proceeded to read the office for the sick and dying, from the liturgy. He paused, and then asked the king, "if he repented of his sins?" Charles declaring his contrition, Kenn pronounced the absolution from the service for the sick, and inquired if he might proceed to the administration of the Lord's supper? Charles did not answer. Kenn, in a louder voice, repeated the question, and the dying man replied, "There will be time enough for that." The elements were placed on a table in readiness for the solemn rite, but when the king was entreated to communicate, he merely said, "he would think of it."[2]

Meantime his brother, the duke of York, was urged from two very opposite quarters, the queen and the duchess of Portsmouth, to obtain for the king the last offices prescribed by the church of Rome. The duke was greatly perplexed, naturally expecting that the king would, in that awful hour, lay aside his habitual dissimulation, and proclaim the real state of his mind. It was, withal, a perilous

[1] Ellis, vol. iii. p. 337.
[2] Memoirs of James II. Lingard.

thing to bring any priest to the royal chamber on such a mission; for, by the laws of England, it was death for any one to reconcile a person to the Romish church.

Time fled; the king gave no other intimation of his preparation for eternity than an evident disinclination to die in communion with that church of which he had been a nominal member all his life, and of which he was recognised as the Head. The queen, exhausted by her long attendance by his bedside, and overpowered by her feelings, had been removed from his chamber in convulsions. She lay in a long and deathlike swoon, in her own apartment, and her physicians judged it necessary to bleed her, and keep her as quiet as the violence of her grief would permit. The duchess of Portsmouth was in a state of restless excitement. Her intriguing disposition prompted her to interfere, but she was not permitted to approach the king. At five o'clock the French ambassador visited her, and she immediately took him into a little closet, and said, "I am going to entrust you with a secret, which, if divulged, may cost me my head. The king is, in his heart, a catholic, but he is surrounded by protestant bishops; no one speaks to him of his danger, or of God."[1] This observation, while it proves how little the duchess of Portsmouth knew of what had passed between the king and Dr. Kenn, is of itself a refutation of Burnet's fiction, that she was in the royal chamber, attending on her dying paramour; and no less so to his calumny on that holy prelate, of whom, he says, "Kenn was also censured for another piece of indecency. He presented the duke of Richmond, lady Portsmouth's son, to be blessed by the king."[2] Well may an honest eye-witness of the death-bed of Charles call an historian, who could deliberately pen such falsehoods, an impostor. The heavenly-minded, the courageous, the conscientious Kenn, who never scrupled to withstand kings in the day of their wrath, when their wills interfered with his Christian duties,[3] was not a very likely person to act

[1] Report of the death of Charles II., by Barillon.

[2] Burnet's History of His Own Times.

[3] Kenn, in the height of Charles's infatuation for Nell Gwynne, when she, presuming on the office she held in the queen's household and the favour of the king, had taken up her abode in his house at Winchester, (where lodgings had been appointed for her by the lord chamberlain,) while the court was in progress, sternly bade her "begone, for a bad woman should

the odious part assigned to him by his slanderer. The duchess of Portsmouth, shameless as she was, did not venture to cross the threshold of the chamber of death, where he, as even Burnet acknowledges, "laboured much to awaken the king's conscience, and spake like a man inspired." "I cannot, with propriety, enter the room," said she; "besides which, the queen is almost constantly there. The duke of York is too much occupied with business to take the care he ought of the king's conscience. Tell him that I conjure him to look to the safety of the king's soul.[1] He commands the room, and can turn out whom he will. Lose no time, or it will be too late."

What mockery, what presumptuous hypocrisy, was such a speech from a woman who had lived with the king for upwards of twelve years, in open violation of the laws of God. No wonder that she considered his soul in danger; but that she should think so much of his creed, and so little of his sins—the gross and deadly sins of which she had been partaker with him—appears passing strange; and that her conscience should not have been in the slightest degree awakened to a sense of her own guilt and responsibility, affords a startling instance of spiritual insensibility, self-delusion, and hardness of heart. It may be argued that she placed a superstitious reliance on the mere outward forms and ceremonies of the church of which she was a nominal member; but those who saw her dealing out her encouraging smiles and *bonbons* to the perjured witnesses who swore away the life of the venerable lord Stafford, and knew that in the prosecutions for the popish plot she acted as the tool of Shaftesbury and Sunderland, and the accomplice of Oates and Fitzharris, must have regarded her professions as nothing but grimace. She knew that the duke of York would be on the throne in a few hours, and she played on his weak point. James was the very person to cajole on the subject of religion. He who could believe in the con-

not remain under his roof." He was one of the prebends of Winchester at that time. Nell candidly admitted that he was in the right; and the king, with that blunt frankness which characterized his manners, said to him, "Odds fish, man! I am not virtuous myself, but I can respect those who are," and soon after elevated him to the see of Bath and Wells.—See the life of this apostolic prelate.

[1] Barillon's Report to Louis XIV. of the death of Charles II.

version of Sunderland was not likely to refuse his credence to the solicitude expressed even by the duchess of Portsmouth for his brother's salvation.

The king's chamber was crowded with people day and night—five bishops, twenty-five peers and privy-councillors, besides foreign ambassadors, his doctors, and attendants. What chance, poor man, had he of sleep or quiet? The air must have been exhausted, and recovery rendered impossible by the fatal restraints that were imposed by the rigour of state etiquette. He appeared fatigued by the number of ladies who claimed the privilege of following the queen whenever she came into his chamber.[1] He often apologized to this courtly company that he was so long in dying, regretted the trouble he caused, and expressed his weariness of life. The duke of York, who loved him better than anything on earth, was almost always on his knees by his bedside, and in tears; yet the constant presence of the privileged spectators of the expiring monarch's sufferings, prevented them from speaking in confidence to each other on any subject. Barillon, in order to deliver the message of the duchess of Portsmouth to the heir-presumptive of the realm, was obliged to request him to go with him into the queen's chamber, which opened into that of the king. Their entrance into Catharine's apartment must have been at a most unseasonable time, for she was fainting, and her medical attendants had come to bleed her.[2] Barillon made his communication, nevertheless. The duke seemed to recover himself from a deep reverie. "You are right," said he, "there is no time to lose, and I will hazard every peril rather than not do my duty on this occasion." He returned to the dying monarch, and stood by his bedside, when the bishops once more entreated the king to receive the sacrament. Charles, in a faint voice, replied, "I will consider about it." James then, requesting the company to stand a little from the bed, knelt down, and putting his mouth to his majesty's ear, said, in a low voice, "Sir, you have just refused the sacrament of the protestant church, will you receive those of the catholic?"[3] "Ah!" said the

[1] Recital of the death of Charles II. by the queen of James II.—Chaillot MS.
[2] Report of Barillon.
[3] Recital of the death of Charles II.—Chaillot MS. Journal of James II. Despatches of Barillon.

dying prince, "I would give everything in the world to have a priest." "I will bring you one," said the duke. "For God's sake, brother, do!" exclaimed the king; "but," added he, "will you not expose yourself to danger by doing it?" "Sir, though it cost me my life, I will bring you one," returned the duke. He re-entered the queen's chamber, where Barillon still lingered, having waited for him nearly an hour. He told the ambassador that he had been compelled to repeat his words many times over to the king before he could make him understand, for his hearing had begun to fail. He entreated Barillon to bring a priest, as those of the duchess were too well known. The wary diplomatist replied, "that he would do so with pleasure, only it would consume too much time," adding, "that as he came in he saw all the queen's priests in a closet near her chamber." James despatched count Castelmelhor to fetch one of them. "Though I should venture my head for it," said the count, "I would do it, but I know there is not one of her majesty's priests speaks English."[1] James begged him to go to the Venetian minister, and entreat him to send an English priest. At that moment, father Huddleston appeared, an aged ecclesiastic, who had preserved the king's life five-and-thirty years ago, by concealing him after the retreat from Worcester. He was, in consequence of that loyal service, exempted from all the penalties attached to the exercise of his function as a catholic priest, and apparently the only person, of all that had been sent for, who ventured to obey the summons. He arrived between seven and eight o'clock, but came in such haste, that he had not brought the host. As soon as he learned the state of the case, he despatched one of the queen's Portuguese priests, to fetch all that was required for the administration of the last rites of the church of Rome, from St. James's chapel.[2] The necessary preliminary of clearing the chamber for his introduction appeared to puzzle the duke of York. He and the French ambassador considered over many schemes for that purpose, all of which seemed objectionable. Among the rest, the duke suggested the feasibility of leading the queen in once more to take her last farewell of her dying

[1] James's Memoirs. Barillon's Despatches.
[2] Huddleston's Brief Account.

lord,[1] which might afford a proper reason for asking the company to withdraw, but Catharine was not sufficiently recovered to be brought forward. The duke at last ventured to act on his own authority. Kneeling down by the pillow of his dying brother, he told him, in a whisper, "that all things were ready, and father Huddleston in attendance, and asked if he would see him?" The king replied, in a loud voice, "Yes, with all my heart." And the duke, turning to the company, said, "Gentlemen, his majesty wishes every one to withdraw, but the earls of Bath and Feversham." Then father Huddleston, being disguised in a wig and cassock, the usual costume of the clergy of the church of England, was brought by a secret staircase through the queen's chamber, and introduced through the door of the *ruelle* near the bed's head, into the alcove in which his majesty's bed stood. The duke of York presented him to the king, with these words, "Sir, I bring you a man who once saved your life: he now comes to save your soul." Charles, in a faint voice, replied, "He is welcome."[2]

The king having made his confession, Huddleston bade him repeat the following prayer, which is called by him an act of contrition:—[3]

"O, my Lord God, with my whole heart and soul I detest all the sins of my life past, for the love of Thee, whom I love above all things; and I firmly purpose, by thy holy grace, never to offend Thee more. Amen, sweet Jesus, amen! Into thy hands, sweet Jesus, I commend my soul. Mercy, sweet Jesus, mercy!"

Huddleston then gave him absolution, and administered extreme unction and the sacrament according to the rites of the church of Rome.

In half an hour the company was re-admitted into the royal chamber, and then the king prayed heartily with Kenn; but when that prelate again asked him to receive the sacrament, he replied, "that he hoped he had already

[1] Barillon.

[2] It seems that Charles, while concealed in this ecclesiastic's chamber, at Moseley, five-and-thirty years ago, had, to divert the tedium of his solitary hours, amused himself by reading a controversial book in favour of the doctrines of the Romish church, which made at the time a powerful impression on his mind—an impression which was probably strengthened by the persuasive manners and eloquence of Huddleston, and the peculiar circumstances in which he was then placed.

[3] For full particulars of the Roman-catholic ceremonies, see Huddleston's Brief Account, dedicated to queen Catharine.

made his peace with God."[1] According to Barillon, the excitement produced a temporary rally in the royal patient, so that the enthusiastic began to hope God was about to work a miracle by his cure.[2] The physicians judged differently, and pronounced that he would not outlive the night.

It is, however, certain that he appeared much revived, and spoke more distinctly and cheerfully than he had yet done. He addressed the duke of York in terms so full of affection, that he and all present melted into tears.[3] The physicians now permitted the queen to come to him. He was in his perfect senses when she entered. James declares, "that he spoke most tenderly to her."[4] She threw herself on her knees, and once more repeated her request, "that he would forgive her for all her offences," and Charles again replied, "that she had offended in nothing, but that he had been guilty of many offences against her, and he asked her pardon."[5] The violence of her grief prevented her from being a witness of his last agony; her physicians forbade her to quit her chamber again."[6] A last message of mutual forgiveness was, however, exchanged between the royal pair. Burnet's false statement, "that the king never mentioned the queen," is thus entirely contradicted by the evidence of those who were present on that melancholy occasion. Burnet also affirms "that the king recommended the duchess of Portsmouth, over and over again, to his brother, saying, 'he had always loved her, and now loved her to the last.'" Now, Barillon, the only person present who mentions the name of this woman at all, merely says, "that the king twice recommended the duchess of Portsmouth and her son, the duke of Richmond, to his brother, and also his other children." He never spoke of Monmouth.[7]

During the night, the king occasionally slumbered, but from time to time awoke in mortal agony. He bore all with manly firmness and resignation. About two in the morning, he cast his eyes on the duke of York, who was kneeling by his bed, kissing his hand, and with a burst of fraternal tenderness, called him "the best of friends and

[1] The earl of Chesterfield's Diary. He was among the company present on this occasion.

[2] Letter to Louis XIV.

[3] James II.'s papers, relating to Charles's death. [4] Ibid.

[5] Macpherson. [6] Lingard.

[7] Barillon's Report to Louis XIV.

brothers," begged him to forgive the harshness with which he had sometimes treated him, especially in sending him into exile. He told him, "that he now willingly left all he had for his sake, and prayed God to send him a long and prosperous reign; and entreated him, for his sake, to be kind to his children, and not to let poor Nelly starve."[1] He preserved his patience and composure during the long weary night. His royal sister-in-law declared "that it was impossible for any one to face death with greater composure." At six in the morning, he asked "what o'clock it was?" and when they told him, he said, "Draw up the curtain, and open the window, that I may behold the light of the sun for the last time."[2] There was a time-piece in his chamber, which was only wound up once in eight days, and he reminded his attendants, "that it must be wound up that morning, or the works would be deranged." He was seized soon after with acute pain in the right side, attended with difficulty of breathing, on which they took eight ounces of blood from his arm. It caused a temporary relief; but at eight o'clock his speech failed; he lost consciousness at ten; and at twelve he ceased to breathe. "He died," says the earl of Chesterfield, who was with him for the last eight-and-forty hours, "as a good Christian, praying often for God's and Christ's mercy; as a man of great and undaunted courage, never repining at the loss of life and three kingdoms; and as a good-natured man, in a thousand particulars. He asked his subjects' pardon for anything that had been neglected or acted contrary to the rules of good government."

Charles died in the 54th year of his age, and the 36th of his reign; but he can only be reckoned a sovereign *de facto* from the date of his restoration. He had been married to Catharine of Braganza two-and-twenty years, eight months, and twenty days. The Portuguese historians impute Charles's conversion to the Roman-catholic faith entirely to the influence of his queen; and by them it is recorded,[3] that she had many masses sung in Lisbon, for the repose

[1] James endowed her with a pension of 1500*l.* per annum. (Clarendon's Diary.)

[2] The author uses the words of the duchess of York, in preference to those of Barillon—she was a much honester person.

[3] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

of his soul, on the anniversary of his death, as long as she lived. It is certain that she loved him passionately, and cherished his memory with devoted tenderness.

The same day on which Charles II. died, the privy-council, after the proclamation of his brother was over, and their homage paid, waited on the royal widow with an address of condolence.[1] King James also paid her a brotherly visit, and offered her every mark of affectionate sympathy and respect. Catharine received all visitors on a bed of mourning, the walls, the floor, and even the ceiling, of her chamber being covered with black, the light of day excluded, and tapers burning,[2] having to the full as lugubrious an appearance as the apartment in which the remains of her royal consort lay in state under his canopied hearse. Charles was buried on the 14th of February, in Westminster Abbey, at midnight. His funeral was comparatively private, on account of the proscribed rites of the creed he had adopted on his death-bed. Prince George of Denmark was chief mourner. The privy-council, the members of the royal household, and most of the nobility, however, attended their royal master to the grave. His effigy in wax, clothed in black velvet, with point lace collar and ruffles, according to the costume worn by him at the time of his death, is preserved in Westminster Abbey.

Notwithstanding the many errors of Charles II., both as a sovereign and a man, he was greatly beloved in life, and passionately lamented in death, by the great body of the people. The faction who had laboured to exclude James II. from the regal succession, endeavoured to excite the popular fury against him, by circulating reports that the death of Charles had been caused by poison. This cruel calumny on the new sovereign was ushered in by mysterious whispers that the ghost of king Charles had been seen, like the buried majesty of Denmark, in Hamlet, to revisit the glimpses of the moon, not armed cap-à-pie, but attired in a full suit of deep mourning for himself. The following minutely circumstantial account of this alleged apparition, from a contemporary periodical, affords an amusing picture of the superstition or the knavery of the times:—

"A gentleman and lady, persons of very good note and credit, belonging

[1] Barillon. [2] Evelyn.

to the court, gave the following relation:—In the reign of the late king James, presently after the death of king Charles II., as they were walking in the long gallery at Whitehall, in the evening about candle light, at the further end of the gallery there seemed, as it were, an arched door, and in the middle a tall black man standing bolt upright, and through the door there appeared a light, as of many flambeaux burning; whereupon they stood still, thinking it to be king James or some great courtier in mourning; but not seeing him stir, they began to be amazed, and had not the power to speak to one another. However, the gentleman took such a full view of him, as to see he had plain white muslin ruffles and cravat, quilled very neat; and they both saw his face, and were satisfied it was that of king Charles II., if ever they had seen him in their lives, having taken such a particular view as they thought they could not be mistaken; whereupon the gentleman calling to the sentinel to bring a light, he took the candle in his hand, and searched for the door, but in the place where it appeared he could see nothing but the bare wainscot; he then asked the sentinel whether there was no door thereabouts? who replied, there was none within a stone's-cast; and, seeing him disturbed, asked if he had seen anything, which the gentleman would not acknowledge. The gentleman likewise charged the lady with him not to reveal what she had seen, lest they might both come into trouble; but they are now both ready to make an affidavit of it, or give a fuller account, if required."[1]

Queen Catharine was treated with the greatest consideration and kindness by James II. and his queen, after the death of her royal husband. She even continued to occupy the same apartments in Whitehall which had pertained to her while queen-consort, for upwards of two months after she became queen-dowager. It was not till the 8th of April, that she removed to her own palace, Somerset House, where she held her dowager-court[2] with suitable splendour. Before she left Whitehall she received autograph letters of condolence from all the sovereigns in Europe.[3] Whenever she was weary of the fatigues and pomp of royalty, she sought repose in her country residence at Hammersmith, where she enjoyed, in privacy, the society of the nuns who lived under her protection in the adjoining convent. Her lord chamberlain, the earl of Feversham, had the entire control of her household and the management of her affairs. The favour with which she was suspected of regarding him, obtained for him the nickname of "king-dowager."[4]

[1] This story was published in a periodical which preceded the Tatlers and Spectators. The tale was evidently devised to fix a suspicion of the death of king Charles on his brother, as the editor's comment is, "We see no reason to deny it was a real apparition, though the reason of his disturbance and appearance God only knows. Who knows how princes come by their ends?"

[2] Evelyn. [3] Barillon. [4] Granger.

Some years after Catharine of Braganza's death, the princess Louisa, James II.'s youngest daughter,[1] asked the exiled queen, her mother, "if there were any foundation for what the world had said of the partiality of Catharine, the dowager of England, for the earl of Feversham." Mary Beatrice, herself the most correct of women, replied, "there was none."[2] The testimony of so virtuous a queen is certainly quite sufficient to acquit her royal sister-in-law of one of those unsupported scandals, which vulgar malignity occasionally endeavours to fix on persons of exalted station.

The goodness of Catharine's heart was shown by her kindness to the unfortunate duke of Monmouth, to whom she had always proved herself a friend in the time of trouble, although he had perpetually endeavoured to invalidate her marriage with his father, and had made himself an active accomplice with those who had combined against her life at the time of the popish plot. After he was condemned to death, he wrote the following earnest letter of supplication to his royal stepmother, imploring her good offices with his uncle, James II.:—

THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH TO CATHARINE OF BRAGANZA.

"From Ringwood, the 9th of July, 1685.

"Madam,

"Being in this unfortunate condition, and having non left but your majesty, that I think may have some compasion of me; and that, for the last king's sake, makes me take this boldnes to beg of you to *intersed* for me. I would not desire your majestie to doe it, if I *wear* not, from the *botom* of my hart, convinced how I have bine disceaved into it, and how angry God Almighty is with me for it; but I hope, madam, your *intersesion* will give me life to repent of it, and to show the king (James II.) how *realy* and truly I will serve him hearafter; and I hope, madam, your majesty will be convinced that the life you save will ever be devoted to your service, for I have been, and ever shall be, your majesty's most dutifull and obedient servant. "MONMOUTH."[3]

Catharine made the most earnest entreaties for the life of this rash and misguided man, and it was in consequence of her passionate solicitations that James was induced to grant

[1] Who was born at St. Germains, after the deposition of James II. Full particulars will be given in vol. 9 of the Lives of the Queens.

[2] Inedited MS. diary of some years of the life of the queen of James II., in the secret *Archives au Royaume de France.*

[3] Lansdowne Papers. It has been folded in a small square, and sealed with an antique head; is addressed merely to the queen-dowager, endorsed July 9th, 1685.

him an interview.[1] That he did not receive mercy was no fault of hers.

During her residence at Somerset House, Catharine amused herself with giving regular concerts. Her love of music equalled her passion for dancing, in which she no longer indulged, nor in any other kind of gaiety. Soon after the death of Charles II., Catharine wrote to her brother, don Pedro, for permission to return to her native land, where she earnestly desired to finish her days. Leave was instantly accorded, and her old attached friend, count Castelmelhor, now in the service of her royal brother, was despatched from the court of Lisbon to England, to make the proper arrangements for her removal.[2] Catharine then changed her mind. The reason was supposed to be, that the crown was indebted to her six-and-thirty thousand pounds, for the arrears of her unpunctually paid income, and she determined not to leave England without the money.[3]

In January, 1688, she commenced a suit against the earl of Clarendon, who had successively filled the offices of secretary, chamberlain, and lord treasurer to her majesty, for certain monies in which she considered him indebted to her; but, whether the dispute was connected with any irregularities in his own accounts, or that she held him responsible for the deficiencies of her income when it was left in arrear, does not by any means appear in the diary of that nobleman.

The earl of Halifax, who had at that time the management of Catharine's pecuniary affairs, prosecuted the suit with great vigour; and the unfortunate Clarendon, in great distress of mind, solicited the interference of his royal brother-in-law and sovereign, James II. He gives the following account of his conversation with that prince, January

[1] Memoirs of James II. [2] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

[3] Evelyn.—The following particulars connected with Catharine of Braganza's dower revenue is in the MS. Lansdowne, 1054, fol. 97.—Extract from a statement of the revenue for the year 1687:—

	£	s.	d.
Queen-dowager hath out of ye Excise annually, during her life	10,972	19	3
Ditto more	1,236	16	1½
Ditto out of ye Exchequer in generall . .	6,000	0	0
	18,209	15	4½

31st, 1688:—"I was," says he,[1] "at the king's levee, and when he was dressed, I desired to speak with him, and he took me into an inner room. I told his majesty of my law affairs with the queen-dowager, and that his solicitor-general was my counsel, and had even taken several fees of me, but that he was now forbid to appear for me. The king declared, 'It was indeed considered wholly contrary to etiquette that any counsel of his should plead against the queen-dowager, and that it was impossible for him to seem to disoblige her. But,' continued king James, 'I wonder extremely that queen Catharine should sue you for such a kind of debt, which will not be to her honour when opened in a public court. I have told lord Feversham, (Catharine's chamberlain,) my mind on it, and I will, if it comes in my way, speak to the queen-dowager myself.' He asked 'if I knew that the queen-dowager was going to Portugal?' I said 'No, truly, this was the first word I heard of it.' His majesty said 'that she had sent him word yesterday, by his own confessor, father Warner, to acquaint him that she intended to go to her own country—that she had acquainted her brother with it, and that an ambassador would speedily come for her.' The king expressed himself hurt that queen Catharine should send to the king of Portugal before she had communicated her resolution to himself, and he observed, 'that he deserved to be better treated by her.' It must be indeed confessed," subjoins lord Clarendon, "that king James has been exceedingly kind to her, treating her with the same respect as when the late king was living."[2]

James II. told Clarendon "that he would speak to queen Catharine that very afternoon, and he would have done so on the previous day, only it was well known that he never went abroad on the 30th of January, out of respect to the memory of his father."

This law-suit with the queen-dowager alarmed and aroused all the lawyers in the service of her sister-in-law, the queen-consort, Mary Beatrice, whose attorney-general was on the alert to know whether the interests of his royal mistress would not be compromised by the trial; then the king's solicitor-general began to question whether

[1] Diary of lord Clarendon, vol. ii. p. 158. [2] Ibid.

the prerogative of his royal master was not invaded; till the unfortunate ex-treasurer began to surmise that the whole legal swarm meant to rise and devour him.

King James granted his afflicted brother-in-law another audience, in which he affirmed, "that he was ashamed of the queen-dowager's proceedings, but he could not interfere with the law, which he understood not, or control his law officers in what they deemed proper for his interests. As to the queen-dowager, she was a hard woman to deal with, and that she already knew his opinion of this suit."[1]

There is the difficulty in this dispute of only possessing the opinion of the opponent of Catharine of Braganza; and, if he is to be credited wholly, she was dealing very hardly with him, because she had allowed his predecessor in her service, Mr. Harvey, who had died as her treasurer, more fees than Clarendon claimed. The case seems to have been, that Catharine, in whom love of money increased with years, was grasping all that was possible, to add to the large capital of her savings, which she intended to carry off with her to Portugal. It is possible that lord Halifax had alarmed her into the project of departure from England, by some hints of the approaching revolution.

She had again written to her brother, don Pedro, appointing a time for her return, and he had despatched the count de Ponteval and his nephew to Paris, to meet her there.[2] Early in May she signified her intentions to king James, who went himself to Chatham, to select a ship to convey her to Portugal. He made choice of one of the new vessels which he had lately added to his fine navy, and ordered it to be fitted out for the voyage. Before the end of the month, however, she changed her mind once more, and told her secretary, sir Richard Bellings, "that she had wholly given up her intention of going to Portugal," to the great joy of her household, and no less so of the king, who, on the 29th of May, writes to his son-in-law, the prince of Orange—"The queen-dowager being resolved not to go to Portugal, will save me the charge of the great third-rate I was fitting out for her."[3]

[1] Diary of lord Clarendon, vol. ii. p. 176.
[2] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa. [3] Dalrymple's Appendix.

Twelve days after this, Catharine was present at the accouchement of her royal sister-in-law, the queen of James II. June 10th, Trinity Sunday, she came soon after eight o'clock in the morning, attended by her lord chamberlain, and the married ladies of her household, and took her seat in a chair of state, under a canopy that had been prepared for her near the queen's bed, and never left the room till the little prince was born.[1] She stood godmother to the royal infant,[2] and on the 22nd of October, seven days after she had performed that office, she, at the request of king James, attended at the extraordinary meeting of the privy council at Whitehall, to afford her important testimony in the verification of his birth.

A chair was placed for queen Catharine at the king's right hand; as soon as she was seated, king James explained the cause for which he had convened this meeting, and said "that he had given her majesty, the queen-dowager, and the other ladies and lords who were present, the trouble of coming thither to declare what they knew of the birth of his son." Then Catharine, with that grave and dignified simplicity, which is far more characteristic of true modesty, than an overstrained affectation of delicacy when the cause of truth requires a statement of important facts, gave her evidence in these words:—"The king sent for me to the queen's labour. I came as soon as I could, and never left her till she was delivered of the prince of Wales."[3] This deposition was taken down in writing, and then handed to her majesty to attest with her signature, which she did by writing under it,

The married ladies who attended her, confirmed her evidence by deposing, on oath, to many circumstantial particulars, verifying the birth of the infant prince. King James very properly laid great stress on the testimony of his royal brother's widow, as she was, next to his own consort, the lady

[1] Report of the privy council. [2] Sandford.
[3] Report of the privy council.

of the highest rank in the realm, and could have no motive for favouring an imposition, even if she had not been a person of the most unimpeachable integrity, in word and deed. The very circumstance of Catharine of Braganza performing the office of godmother to the babe, was of itself a sufficient refutation of the aspersions that party had endeavoured to cast on his birth.

At the landing of the prince of Orange, Catharine conducted herself with great prudence and dignity. The passions of the rabble had been excited against persons of her religion; the catholic chapels were demolished, the houses of the ambassadors attacked and plundered, and papists were accused of the most horrible designs; but she calmly bided the storm, remaining quietly at Somerset House, while her lord chamberlain, Feversham, was exerting himself in the cause of his unfortunate king. When that nobleman was arrested by the prince of Orange, for the simple performance of his duty, in delivering a letter to him from king James, Catharine, of course, felt some uneasiness, but betrayed no sort of alarm. Her royal brother-in-law was so well convinced of her honourable and conscientious conduct in the time of his sore perplexity and distress, when abandoned by his own children and the creatures of his bounty, that, on his return to London, after his first retreat, he stopped at Somerset House, and conferred with her before he proceeded to Whitehall. Probably he required intelligence of the state of the metropolis, and he well knew that he might depend on her sincerity, or he might expect to learn the fate of lord Feversham from her. This interview, which was their last, was on the 18th of December—James retired to Rochester on the 30th. The prince of Orange paid a visit to queen Catharine the same evening. He found her pensive and unoccupied, and asked "why she was not playing at basset that night?" The queen, who was very anxious to plead the cause of the earl of Feversham, said, "she had not played at basset since the absence of her chamberlain, who always kept the bank." The prince replied, "he would no longer interrupt her majesty's diversions," and ordered Feversham to be liberated.[1]

[1] Ralph's History, and many contemporary works—Roger Coke, Anderson, &c.

It is pleasing to be able to record so agreeable an instance of good-nature in a prince, whose manners were little characterized by courtesy; but William was himself excessively fond of cards, and could therefore sympathize with the *ennui* which he concluded the royal widow felt in being compelled to pass her evenings without that amusement. Rough and ungracious as his general deportment was, Catharine experienced more kindness and consideration from William than from his queen, although Mary had been accustomed from infancy to receive the affectionate endearments of an aunt from her, Catharine having always lived on the best possible terms with Mary's deceased mother, and was with her when she breathed her last.

A difficult course remained for poor Catharine after the expatriation of James II. and his queen, when she was left alone and friendless in a land where she was the only tolerated professor of a faith which she had seen bring imprisonment, death, or exile, on most of her dearest friends and faithful servants. She had her anxiety, too, on the score of her dowry, having seen that of her royal sister-in-law, Mary Beatrice, find its way into the pockets of the new sovereigns, though it had been settled on that queen by an act of parliament, not less binding than that by which her own had been secured to herself.

If she had fled to Portugal on the first alarm of the revolution, small would have been her chance of receiving her annual revenue, but, like a wise woman, she courageously weathered the storm. It was well for Catharine that William was the master power at the first settlement of the finances of the realm, and that he respected the rights of the widow of the uncle to whom he was indebted for a wife who had made him king of England.

The royal widow was not, however, without her mortifications. A bill against the papists passed in the House of Commons, July 19th, 1689, by which the queen-dowager's popish servants were limited to eighteen in number, which the lords refused to sanction. "This insult," observes sir John Dalrymple, "induced the unfortunate princess to quit for ever a kingdom, in which all knees had once bowed to her." More than two years elapsed before she was permitted to put her design into execution, and in the mean time she was subjected to some bitter annoyances.

Two days before William III. left London to embark for Ireland, he sent lord Nottingham (his queen's lord chamberlain) to tell Catharine of Braganza, "that it was observed there were great meetings and caballings against his government at her residence of Somerset House, he therefore desired that her majesty would please to leave town, and take up her abode at either Windsor or Audley End."

Queen Catharine testified the utmost astonishment at this message, but she was not in the least intimidated. She replied, "that her earnest desire was to quit his territories altogether for Portugal, if he would but have appointed ships for her voyage; as it was, she did not intend to go out of her house, which was her own by treaty." The next day she sent lord Halifax and lord Feversham to represent to the king on what frivolous ground she had been disquieted by Nottingham's message. On which king William sent queen Catharine "many profuse compliments, and bade her not think of removing."[1] From the extreme enmity expressed by queen Mary in her letters against the queen dowager, it would seem that the annoyance came from her. Before William had left England a week, Mary endeavoured to force a serious quarrel with her royal aunt, on the following pretext. She had ordered a prayer for her husband's success in the contest between him and her father, to be used in all the churches. This it seems was omitted in the Savoy chapel, a protestant place of worship attached to Somerset House. Catharine never entered it herself, but it was retained by her for the use of her protestant servants, and was subject to the regulations of her lord chamberlain. Whether Catharine did not choose her friend and brother-in-law, James II., to be prayed against in her palace-chapel, or the omission was contrived by Feversham, who was a thorough-paced Jacobite, is not known. But it is certain that some of her servants ran with the tale to queen Mary, who ordered the clergyman of the Savoy to be taken up for the omission of the prayer, and to be subjected to something like a star-chamber questioning, by her privy council. The clergyman, in a great fright, said, "that the queen's chamberlain had forbidden the prayer, for he feared that if this prayer were said, queen Catharine might put a stop to the protestant service altogether in that

[1] Diary of lord Clarendon, vol. iv. p. 316.

chapel."[1] Queen Mary was by no means conciliated by this explanation, and went so far as to tell her privy-council, "that she thought no more measures ought to be kept with the queen dowager after this, if it were her order, which no doubt it was."

Whatsoever malice was meant against Catharine by these words, was averted from her by the manly self-devotion of Feversham, who when he received a personal rating from queen Mary, took the entire blame and responsibility on himself, by affirming "that the queen-dowager was in utter ignorance of the whole transaction." Queen Mary evidently expected that the royal widow would come to her next levee, and make a humble apology for the whole affair.

Catharine, however, with more tact than the world has given her credit for, acted on lord Feversham's hint, and conducted herself as if utterly ignorant of the transaction; and it appears that Mary, bound by the rigorous chains of courtly etiquette, found no convenient opportunity of publicly attacking her on the subject. Yet the ill-will and hatred she cherished against her uncle's widow is apparent in most of the letters she wrote to king William. It is, moreover, wholly from Mary's pen that the incidents above are gleaned: how they would have appeared if related by the royal widow herself is another question.

In the course of a few days after this discussion, Catharine of Braganza resolved to quit England, and gave notice to queen Mary's ministry that she was preparing to embark for Hamburgh. The French fleet were at that instant hovering off the southern coast of England, and the government needed the whole of their ill-appointed and neglected naval power to oppose the invading enemy; the escort for the queen-dowager could not be spared, and lord Feversham was entreated to persuade her to stay where she was. The result of her decisions was communicated to king William in a letter from queen Mary, who informs him "that lord Feversham told her lord chamberlain, lord Nottingham, 'that he

[1] Queen Mary, from whose letter this incident is related, not being very perspicuous in her diction, the facts are not easy to define; but it seems to imply, that in the Savoy chapel mass was alternately celebrated for Catharine of Braganza, and the protestant service for her protestant attendants; a liberal arrangement, seen in Germany in some of the places of worship at this day.

had put the queen dowager off of the Hamburgh voyage, but she chose to go to Bath.'" This, it seems, was no less inconvenient, because it would embarrass government to have guards there. Catharine then said "she would go to Islington." Where she was to sojourn at Islington, unless at Canonbury-house, would be an enigma to the curious in topography. Lord Marlborough, however, advised queen Mary to give no answer till something was known of the success of the fleet. Two days afterwards, on the 6th of July, Catharine visited queen Mary to take leave before her retirement to Hammersmith, "where she meant," she said, "to stay till she could go to Windsor;" by which, it would seem, Catharine retained some right of residence, either at the castle or the royal demesnes in its environs.

In queen Mary's letter to king William, dated July 12, O. S., she mentions "that the queen-dowager had sent lady Arlington to compliment her on his wonderful deliverance from death, when he was wounded just before his victory of the Boyne."

Again queen Mary mentions Catharine in her letter to king William on his return to England, Sept. $\frac{8}{9}$, 1690. He had been beaten before Limerick by Sarsfield, and obliged to raise the siege at his departure from Ireland. Queen Mary tells her husband, "that she had a compliment last night from the queen dowager, who came to town on Friday. She sent it," adds her majesty, "I believe, with the better heart, because Limerick is not taken." In another letter, Mary notices that the queen-dowager "had sent her a compliment on her swelled face." This, in the affected phraseology of the times, signified a message of condolence.

It is certain that Catharine, long before her departure from England, was heartily weary of her residence in London, and the restraints and espionage to which she was subjected through the jealous enmity of queen Mary. Once she entered into a treaty with the earl of Devonshire for the purchase of Chatsworth; at another time, she wished to remove with her diminished dowager-court to Knowle; but the great wish of her heart was to return to the land of her birth. It was not till the spring of the year 1692 that she was enabled to accomplish her desire. She bade a final adieu to England on the 30th of March, having lived

there upwards of seven years from the date of her widowhood, and in the whole thirty, all but seven weeks. Evelyn makes the following notation on her departure:—"The queen dowager, Catharine of Braganza, went out of England, as pretended, against the advice of all her friends." She took several English ladies of rank in her suite, among whom were the countess of Fingall and her daughters, and lady Tuke; and she made a point of always retaining some English ladies in her service, and most honourably paid a large sum in pensions to those who were in her household at the time she left England, and this munificence she persevered in as long as she lived.[1] She had amassed a considerable capital out of her savings during her seven years of widowhood, when she lived almost in retirement. This money she carried with her to her own country.

Louis XIV. no sooner received intelligence of her landing in France, than he sent a deputation to meet and welcome her, and an escort of honour to attend her on her journey, and invited her to his court;[2] but the royal widow, who pined for her own country, could not be tempted to deviate from the direct route for all the pleasures Versailles could offer. She travelled through Spain, and was met on the road by a splendid train of Portuguese grandees of the highest rank, who had been appointed by her royal brother to conduct her into his dominions. At the head of this noble cortège was don Henriquez de Sousa, councillor of state, who, having been ambassador to the court of London, was well known to queen Catharine, and very agreeable to her. The marquez de Arrouches, who had also been on a mission to England at the time of her distress and peril, during the persecutions for the popish plot, accompanied by seven other nobles, had previously awaited her approach at Almeida, with a numerous company of attendants. The marquez de Arrouches had notice of each day's journey made by her majesty. Catharine was attacked with a dangerous illness on her homeward progress; she fell sick of the erysipelas at Mataposaelos, a place belonging to the crown of Castile. When the marquez Arrouches learned this, he sent to the university of Coimbra for Dr. Antonio Mendes, first professor of medicine and physician to the king, one of the most skilful persons in the profession, and

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa. [2] Dangeau.

brought him to her assistance. Queen Catharine was very grateful to the marquez for this kind attention; and as soon as she was sufficiently recovered, proceeded to Almeida, and from thence continued her journey to Lisbon.[1]

Catharine was received with signal honours and the most enthusiastic welcome in her native land. She entered Lisbon, Jan. 20th, 1693, amidst the *vivas* and acclamations of the people. As early as nine o'clock on the morning of that day, the king, her brother, attended by all his court, left his palace, and went in state to meet her on the road. They had not seen each other for upwards of thirty years, a period replete with eventful changes to both. The two cavalcades met in the street of Lumlar, in a place too narrow for the coaches to turn. Don Pedro paid his sister the compliment of alighting from his to welcome her: his lord chamberlain, chief equerry, and gentleman of the bed-chamber, having previously descended, he came to the door of her coach, and, with many tender and affectionate words, expressed the pleasure he felt in seeing her. Catharine alighted also, and with equal warmth responded to her royal brother's kindness. After these loving greetings had been exchanged between their majesties on the pavement, they both entered the king of Portugal's coach, queen Catharine took her seat at his right hand, and the procession advanced in the usual order.[2]

Don Pedro conducted Catharine to the Quinta de Alcantara, one of his country palaces, which he had had prepared for her residence there; his queen, donna Maria Sophia, who was waiting, received her at the top of the staircase with great demonstrations of pleasure. After the usual courtly ceremonial had taken place, the queen of Portugal took her leave; her lord chamberlain, gentlemen of honour, and the ladies and officers of the household who attended her, kissed the hand of their widowed princess, the royal dowager of England. The king returned with his consort to his own palace, leaving Catharine to take some repose in that which he had resigned to her use. Entertainments on the most magnificent scale were given in honour of her return, and these lasted for many days. The two queens, when they became better acquainted, formed a close friend-

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa. Memoirs, MS., de duque de Cadaval.
[2] MS. Memoirs of the duke de Cadaval de Nuno.—Tom. xi. p. 69.

ship, in consequence of which they agreed to dispense with all the rigid ceremonials of state, so that, if they met, neither should deem it necessary to leave the place, and in their private intercourse, to treat each other with the endearing familiarity of sisters, and dropping the formal titles of majesty—to address each other "*per vos*," which in Portuguese is tantamount to the you and I of the English, and the affectionate *tutoyer* of the French.[1] The friendship of these royal ladies was never interrupted by any of the petty jealousies and intrigues which too often create a fever of hatred among the nearest connexions in royal families.

Catharine, after residing some time in the quinta de Alcantara, removed, on account of her health, to that of the conde de Redonda, near Santa Martha, and afterwards to that of the conde de Aveiras, at Belem. In the month of February, 1699, she visited Villa Viçosa, the place of her birth, with which she was much delighted. From thence she proceeded to the city of Evora, into which she made a public entry, on the 4th of May.[2] She was received there with all the ceremonies due to majesty, and more especially due to a princess to whom Portugal might be said to owe her existence as an independent nation, for such had really been the result of her marriage with Charles II., and the good offices she had ever laboured to perform for her beloved fatherland. Nor were her countrymen unmindful of the obligations they owed to her. Although a new generation had sprung up since Catharine of Braganza became the bride of England, and the terror of the fleet which came to bear her to her royal husband drove back the invading navy of Spain from the mouth of the Tagus, yet they were the sons of the men who had fought the battles of freedom under the banner of her father, and knew that the English alliance had secured to them the fruits of their victories. Wherever she came, triumphal arches were reared for her to pass under, and she was regarded as the guardian angel of Portugal. Nor was she wholly forgotten

[1] These curious and interesting particulars, which might be sought in vain in English history, or any previous biography of Catharine of Braganza, are derived from inedited Portuguese records, for which I am indebted to the learning and liberality of J. Adamson, Esq., of Newcastle.

[2] MS. Memoirs of the duke de Cadaval.

by the loyal and kind of heart in England. Pepys, in the year 1700, makes the following affectionate and respectful mention of the widow of his deceased sovereign, in a letter to his nephew when in Portugal:—

"If this should find you in Lisbon," says he, "I give you in charge to wait upon my lady Tuke, one of the ladies attending my once royal mistress, our queen dowager, a lady for whom I bear great honour; nor if she should offer you the honour of kissing the queen's hand would I have you to omit, if lady Tuke thinks it proper, the presenting her majesty with my profoundest duty, as becomes a most faithful subject."[1]

It would have been pleasant to have been able to give the particulars of the presentation of one of her former subjects to queen Catharine in Lisbon. It is to be hoped that the dutiful and reverential message of the worthy Pepys duly reached her, and was appreciated as it deserved. She had seen enough of the deceitfulness and ingratitude of courtiers to value genuine affection, though in homely guise. Catharine came to Lisbon on the 8th of May, 1700. The countess of Fingall and her daughters, who had been in her service ever since she left England, now desired to return to their own country, after the long absence of eight years. Catharine supplied their places with Portuguese ladies of the highest rank, and some of them of her own lineage, but they were all widows like herself. About the same time, she built a new palace chapel and quinta, at Bemposta, where she principally resided, except when her presence was desired by the king, her brother, in his palace.

On the death of her unfortunate brother-in-law, James II., Catharine, as a tribute of respect to his memory, ordered her palace of Somerset House, which she retained, to be hung with black, and all her servants there to wear deep mourning for a year.

Catharine was again attacked with erysipelas in April, 1704, which confined her for a long time to her bed. It was unfortunately at the time when the archduke Charles, who had assumed the title of Charles III. of Spain, as a rival candidate with the grandson of Louis XIV. for the crown of that realm, in which he was supported by England and Portugal, came to Lisbon. His majesty often sent to inquire after her health by one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber, who delivered his message to her lady-in-

[1] Pepys' Correspondence, edited by lord Braybrooke.

waiting for the week, to whom he one day communicated the great desire felt by his royal master to see her majesty. Though nothing could be more unseasonable to a lady suffering under so painful, dangerous, and disfiguring a malady, than being required to receive a visit from any gentleman for a first introduction, especially one claiming to be considered as the sovereign of a country so proverbially elaborate in its ceremonials as Spain, Catharine courteously commanded the duke de Cadaval to inform his majesty, "that she waited with equal desire to see him, and that she left the day and hour to be fixed by his majesty."[1]

Two days afterwards, the admiral of Castile advised the duke that on Sunday, April 15th, the catholic king would come to pay his respects to the queen of Great Britain. Orders were then given by the secretary of state to the grandees and officers of the king of Portugal's household, that they should all assemble in the palace of queen Catharine. The queen of Portugal directed her ladies to repair thither also, so that the appearance of a full and splendid court was effected by this arrangement, for the royal widow of England, in her own palace. The ceremonial of the meeting between Catharine of Braganza and the titular monarch of Spain is very quaint, and will be perfectly new to the English reader, as the details are from inedited Portuguese records, affording a curious picture of the minute solemnities which attended an apposition between crowned heads of the royal houses of Spain and Portugal. Be it remembered, withal, that don Charles of Austria, who is here styled his most catholic majesty, was a youth not yet emancipated from the control of his tutor. He was, however, treated with the same formal ceremonials as if he were the reigning sovereign of the Spanish dominions and a gentleman of mature years. The king of Portugal's personal coach was sent for his use. What manner of vehicle, we cannot say; but the arrangement of the noble persons who had the honour of accompanying his majesty is thus described:—"In the front seat, on the right hand, was the prince de Lichtenstein, his tutor and grand-chamberlain; on the left, the admiral of Castile; and in the left step or boot of the carriage, the prince of Darmstadt. The suite followed in other coaches, and the royal carriage

[1] MS. Memoirs of the duke de Cadaval.

was attended by the body-guard. Rodrigo de Almeida, the gentleman-usher of the ladies of the queen of Portugal's household, was at the door of the hall passing the first and second apartments, in which the whole court were assembled. Andrea Mendez, porter to the queen's chamber, was at the door of the third, with orders not to let any *fidalgo* enter. All the ladies were in this third apartment, which was the reason that an etiquette, derived, no doubt, from the customs of the Moors, excluded gentlemen. As soon as the king of Spain arrived, all the court went below to receive him, and accompanied him from the coach. The king came uncovered, and on that account all the grandees of Portugal were bareheaded also. No one accompanied him to the chamber of the queen-dowager of England, save his tutor, who, having placed a chair of black velvet, which had been provided purposely for his use, at a convenient distance from the bed, withdrew, to wait at the door of the chamber, in the same apartment wherein all the ladies were assembled. Queen Catharine, in consequence of her severe indisposition, was in her bed. One lady only, donna Inez Antonia de Tavora, the lady-in-waiting for the week, was with her, serving at the foot of the bed, when the king of Spain entered, and as soon as he prepared to sit down, she withdrew to the hall. The interview of their majesties being strictly private, nothing is known of what passed, beyond the elaborate compliments with which they met, and the formal courtesies that were exchanged when the royal visitor took his leave of the sick queen; but as an instance of the ludicrous stress which was at that time placed on the most trivial observances in the Spanish and Portuguese courts, it is recorded by our authority, that his most catholic majesty departed without waiting to have his chair removed. His tutor, the prince of Lichtenstein, committed in the mean time a breach of etiquette, for which his beardless pupil doubtless blushed, if it was ever permitted to reach his royal ear. While he was waiting for the return of the king of Spain from the chamber of the queen of England, he found himself—privileged man!—the only cavalier in an anti-room full of ladies. Perceiving, however, that the admiral of Castile was outside the door, his serene highness, feeling for the forlorn position of his friend, took upon himself to tell the porter of queen Catharine's chamber,

Joas Carneiro, "that he ought either to allow the admiral to enter, or let him go out;" but that functionary, observant of the order he had received, and too zealous for the honour of his own court to submit to be schooled by the tutor of a king of Spain, gravely replied, "that his excellency had to be there, and the admiral not; that if he wished to go, he could do so, but that the admiral could not enter, because that apartment was reserved for the ladies, and the admiral had no business there:" "proper order being observed in that palace," our author adds, "which showed that it was the habitation of a queen, possessed of such prudence and virtues as was her majesty donna Catharina."[1] What would he have thought of her visit to Saffron Walden fair, could he have seen her majesty in her short red petticoat and waistcoat, and the rest of her masquerading gear, exalted on the sorry cart-jade, behind sir Bernard Gascoigne, and witnessed the dilemma in which she and her two duchesses were involved in consequence of the discovery of her quality? But in Portugal, perhaps, the tale was never repeated; or if it reached the court of Lisbon, through the medium of some gossiping ambassador's secret report of the daily doings of the king and queen of England, it would have been difficult to induce any one to believe that their discreet infanta could have thus committed herself. So highly, indeed, was the wisdom of Catharine of Braganza rated in her own country, and by her own family, that when her brother, don Pedro, in consequence of alarming symptoms in his constitution, deemed it necessary to withdraw for a time from the cares of government and the fatiguing parade of regal state, he confided the reins of empire to her guidance, and, retiring into the province of Beira for repose and change of air, he left the charge of his dominions entirely to her, and issued decrees to all the tribunals to give effect to her authority. He sent a paper to her from his retreat by his confessor, with his directions, recommending her that, in all things relating to the government, she should avail herself of the long experience of the duke de Cadaval, and enlarging on the zeal and fidelity of that nobleman for the royal service. He also appointed a council of state, and other ministers, for her assistance.[2]

[1] MS. Memoirs of the duke de Cadaval.
[2] Provas, or State Records of Portugal. No. 42.

It sometimes happens that persons of modest and unassuming manners are endowed with shining qualities, for which the world gives them little credit, till they are brought into public notice by the force of circumstances. Catharine of Braganza, who had been lampooned by Andrew Marvel, Buckingham, and other evil wits, while queen-consort of England, till it became the fashion in her own court to regard her as a simpleton, was, in reality, possessed of considerable regnal talents, and so popular and successful was her government, while she swayed the delegated sceptre of her brother, don Pedro, that in the following year, 1705, during the dangerous illness of that prince, she was solemnly constituted queen-regent of Portugal.[1]

The country was at that time engaged in a war with the French king of Spain, Philip of Anjou, which she conducted with such skill and energy, that the campaign was most brilliantly successful. Valença de Alcantara, Albuquerque, Salvaterra, and Carça, all yielded, in the course of a few months, to the victorious armies of donna Catharina, who proved one of the most fortunate and popular of female sovereigns.[2]

Catharine died of a sudden attack of cholic, at ten o'clock on the night of Dec. 31, 1705, the last day of the brightest year of her life, having attained to the age of 67 years, one month, and six days.[3] Who would have ventured to calculate, after all the blighted hopes, the bitter disappointments and mortifications which had darkened the meridian horizon of Catharine of Braganza's existence, that the evening of her days would be cloudless and serene, and her sunset glorious?

The king, her brother, as soon as he heard of her illness, hastened to attend her; he arrived an hour before she breathed her last, and ordered a council of state to assemble at her palace of Bemposta, to make the expedient arrangements in the event of her death, which rendered it necessary for him to resume the regal functions. Catharine had made her will as far back as the 14th of February, 1699, by which she had constituted her brother, don Pedro, her universal heir; but, dying very rich, she left ample legacies to all her relations, liberal alms to the poor, and bequests

[1] Provas. Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

to various monasteries in Lisbon and Villa Viçosa. She also endowed a house for the jesuits to bring up missionaries for India.[1]

She was attended by an English physician, "to whom," it is affirmed by Oldmixon, "she declared, on her death-bed, "that she had never intrigued for the restoration of popery in England, and that she had never desired or demanded any greater favour for those of her own faith than was authorized by her marriage articles."[2]

Either Oldmixon and his informant were not to be trusted, or Catharine must have given some latitude to her words more than their common meaning allows.

Catharine had chosen the royal monastery of Belem for the place of her interment, near the remains of one of her brothers, who had died in early youth, the infante don Theodosio. She had evidently retained a tender memory of this companion of her childhood, with whom she wished to repose in death, for she provided that in case his bones should be removed to the convent of St. Vicente de Fora, as the king, her father, had arranged in his will, her own should be removed with them, and have sepulture in the principal chapel of that monastery.

The obsequies of Catharine of Braganza commenced in the palace of Bemposta, where she died, with the office of *do corpo presente*, or the dirge, in which don Antonio de Salvanha, bishop of Portalegre, performed pontifically, assisted by six other bishops, who sang the responses.[3]

In the afternoon, all the clergy and religious communities, even the attendants on the monks and those not privileged to attend, were ranged in order from the palace of Bemposta, extending by the street of Santo Antonio dos Capuchos to the Rocis, even to Esperança, to await the removal of the deceased queen's body, for the commencement of the funeral procession from Bemposta to Belem.[4] The corpse of Catharine of Braganza was placed in an open coffin, or bier, according to the custom of her country, and when all was ready for the commencement of the rites, Manuel de Vasconcellos e Sousa, who performed the office of chief groom of the chamber, in the absence of his

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.
[2] Oldmixon's History of the Stuarts, p. 618.
[3] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa. [4] Ibid.

brother, the conde de Castelmelhor, Catharine's old and faithful friend, removed the pall which covered the bier, so that the face of the royal dead was exposed to view. The bier was then raised with great solemnity, and borne by eight grandees of the highest rank, all of them councillors of state, to the litter, and so conveyed, with great pomp, to Belem, attended by all her retinue, and the whole court of the king, her brother. The same noble persons who had placed the bier on the litter, took it off at Belem, in the churchyard. The brotherhood of Misericordia met it there, according to the practice of the interment of the sovereigns of Portugal.[1] The funeral rites of Catharine of Braganza were performed with no less grandeur and solemnity than if she had been a reigning monarch. The king, her brother, was prevented, by a violent attack of his constitutional malady, from assisting at her obsequies, but his eldest son, the prince of Brazil, and the infantes, don Francisco and don Antonio, attended at the palace of Bemposta, to sprinkle the holy water before the bier was lifted, and accompanied it till it was placed on the litter; the rigour of royal etiquette in Portugal permitted no more. As a testimony of respect, all public business and amusements were suspended for eight days; the court and its attendants mourned a year, and the ministers and their families were ordered to do the same.

Catharine was greatly lamented in Portugal, where her name is held in the highest veneration to the present day. Her virtues and the events of her life were celebrated by the learned poet, Pedro de Azevedo Tojal, in an heroic poem of twelve cantos, intitled, "*Carlos Reduzido Inglatera illustrada.*"

Catharine survived her faithless consort, Charles II., nearly one-and-twenty years; she was devoted to his memory in spite of his faults. It has been said that she allowed one of his natural sons, the duke of St. Albans, 2000*l.* a year out of her own income; perhaps he held an office in her household,[2] for she continued the salaries of all her servants in England to the day of her death. She was well able to do this out of her royal jointure, having considerable demesnes in Portugal.

The earl of Feversham was the accredited manager of

[1] Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa. [2] Dangeau.

Catharine's affairs in England; he did not accompany her to Portugal. She also appointed her old lord chamberlain, the earl of Chesterfield, one of her trustees. So great was her respect for that tried and faithful servant, that she named him as the principal executor of her will, after the king, her brother, but he did not act.

Lord Chesterfield, in his autograph notes for 1706, thus notices the death of his royal mistress:—

"This year queen Catharine, widow to king Charles II., died in Portugal, and did me the honour to make me her first, or chief, executor, which, in Portugal, is distinguished from the other executors; and the king of Portugal commanded his ambassador to come to my house and acquaint me with the honour that her majesty had done me, as also to let me know his majesty's approbation of her choice; and to show me a letter from his majesty, full of compliments and acknowledgments for the service that I had formerly done her majesty, during the time that I had the honour of being lord chamberlain to her majesty."

His lordship wrote to the ambassador a complimentary letter in French, stating "that he was very sensible of the honour his majesty had done him in approving of the choice the queen had made in naming him as one of her executors, and that it would have been to him the greatest pleasure in life, had he been able to perform the duty of principal executor to one of the greatest and most illustrious princesses in the world; but the gout, and the other infirmities of old age would prevent him from acting in that capacity."[1]

Catharine of Braganza was prayed for in the liturgy of the church of England, as queen dowager, in the reigns of James II., William and Mary, and queen Anne.

[1] Introductory memoir to lord Chesterfield's letters.

END OF VOL. VIII.

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